





A  
PARAPHRASE  
ON THE  
Book of JOB:

As likewise on the SONGS of  
MOSES, DEBORAH, DAVID:

On Four Select  
PSALMS:

SOME  
Chapters of ISAIAH,  
AND THE  
Third Chapter of HABAKKUK.

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*Ut si occupati profuimus aliquid civibus nostris, profimus etiam, si possumus,  
otiosi. Cic. Tuscul. Quæst.*

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# T H E P R E F A C E.

**T**HE great Mischiefs which we already feel, and the far greater yet, we justly fear from the Universal Depravation of our Manners, and horrible Contempt of Sacred and Divine Things, have with good reason alarm'd all the Wiser part of the Nation, who have a due Concern for the Interests of Religion, or the Good of their Country. Considering Men in all places express their Melancholy Apprehensions, that if Vice and Prophaness should without controul spread their Infection much farther, the Consequences would be fatal; and that notwithstanding we have by His Majesty's unrivall'd Courage, and most prudent Conduct, surmounted our fears of Foreign Enemies, the Nation is still in greater Danger from our Vices and Immoralities, our more formidable ones at Home. His Majesty therefore, to put a stop to the progress of this dreadful Evil, and after he has sav'd us from our Enemies, to deliver us from our Selves, (his last and hardest Task) has been pleas'd to recommend from the Throne the Suppressing of Vice and Irreligion; and our Honourable Representatives, in nothing more honourable than in this, have express'd a ready and becoming Zeal for the accomplishing this Great and Good Design.

To think of extirpating Vice would be indeed a vain Imagination; to suppress its growth, and reduce its Power

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*Power and Interest, is not impossible. And tho' it must be granted, that even this is hard to be effected, yet when a Work is necessary, the Difficulty should only whet the Courage, and provoke the Zeal of the Undertakers. And when our Government shall endeavour to stop the various Sources of this Mischief, when it shall attack with vigour the many monstrous Heads of this Hydra, that terrible one that poisons the Stage, and from thence conveys a deadly Contagion through the Kingdom, may, perhaps, receive a mortifying stroke. It must be confess'd, but not to the Honour of a Christian Nation, that Poetry was never in the worst of Times, or among the worst of Men, employ'd to more detestable Purposes than it has been by the Writers of this Age. This Weapon which might have been manag'd with great advantage against Vice and Prophaness, they have made an Instrument of Destruction, and plung'd it into the Bowels of their Native Country. I will not say that the worst of our Poets, no not he who in the late loose Reigns introduc'd and establish'd that pernicious way of Writing, which corrupted the Stage, and deprav'd our Manners, had this effect in view, and really design'd the fatal Consequences that attended their performances. 'Tis hard to imagine that any Men should be so intellectually Wicked, as to promote Immorality and Irreligion, meerly for the sake of doing so; but this has been, and is still my complaint, that it is eventually true, that the Loose and Prophan Writings of our Poets, whatever they design'd, have greatly contributed to that decay of Vertue, and corruption of Manners, which threaten the Nation with such dangerous Consequences.*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*The Regard I have for the Interests of Religion, and my Zeal for the Safety and Happiness of my Country, have extorted these Complaints from me: And though I know 'tis impossible to escape the Reproaches of those who will think themselves either unjustly, or too severely censured in this Matter; yet that is no discouragement to me. If I can escape the Defamation of their Panegyricks, I think my self very safe. I have no Personal Quarrel with any of the Writers I have censur'd; and if they think fit to expose my Name for asserting the Cause of Vertue and Religion, I have no reason to be displeased with them for doing me so great an Honour. If it be not possible to regulate this Grievance, and reform this evil Manner of Writing, at least I am willing that Posterity should know, if my Writings should continue so long, that the Interests of Religion and Vertue, I mean as far as Poetry is concerned in them, were not given up without Opposition, or any Protestations enter'd against it.*

*One of the most Famous Poets of the Stage has at last expressly own'd, that the Charge brought against him is too just. He has done it in two Lines; the two best he ever writ, and by which, in my Opinion, he has acquir'd more true Honour than by all the Volumes he has publish'd. The two Lines are these:*

What I have loosely, or prophanely writ,  
Let them to Fires, (their due Desert) commit.

*Verbes before Beauty in Distress.*

*Though particular Persons endeavour to vindicate themselves, yet in the general 'tis allow'd that the*  
a Stage

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*Stage requires a Reformation. The chief things that are said in the defence of our Modern Plays, are these; that they are an agreeable Diversion, and that they mightily polish and improve our Language. But of what Persons must that Audience be compos'd, who shall call that an agreeable Diversion, where Prophaness and Immorality are kindly treated and encouraged, and Vertue and Wisdom exposed and put out of Countenance? Was it not an Argument of the great Degeneracy of the Romans, when they became delighted with the bloody Entertainments of the Amphitheatre, where the Gladiators mangled and killed one another for the Sport and Pastime of the cruel Spectators? But 'tis infinitely more pardonable to be thus diverted, than to make Sport with the Tragical Performances of the English Theatre. 'Tis sad indeed that Humane Nature should at any time be so far divested of all tender Passions, as that it should be delighted with the Torments and dying Agonies tho' of condemn'd Criminals; but for any People to make it a Diversion to see their Religion insulted, hurt, and wounded, to see Vertue it self receive such cuts and deep gashes, is a certain mark of the most deplorable Corruption.*

*As to what is said of the Improvement of our Language by the Writers for the Stage, I believe 'tis in part true; though it must be own'd at the same time that our most famous Masters, and most correct Writers of English, are either of the Clergy, or else are Gentlemen whose Stile seems to have nothing of the Air of the Theatre in it. But suppose it were indeed true, that we owe all the Refinements of our Language*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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guage to the Stage, will that make amends for the *Mischiefs* which are universally laid to its Charge? Does the *Honour and Happiness* of a People depend upon the *Politeness* of their Language, or the *Purity* of their Manners? let these Gentlemen restore the old English *Vertue*, but so far as 'tis impair'd by them, and we'll be contented to take our old Language in the Condition they found it.

There is a degree of *Vertue* necessary to the support of every Civil Society, without which the wisest Laws, and the most prudent Provisions will be in vain. Not many Princes have *Vertue* enough for themselves, but none, no not the Best, not our Great King himself, who has enough for many Kings, has enough for himself, and his People too. For if the Corruption of any Nation should encrease to that degree, that there should not be Men of *Vertue* left to put the Laws in Execution; if the Numbers and Confidence of the Criminals become so great, that they stand upon their defence, despise the Authority, and defy the Power of the Magistrate; that Nation for want of *Vertue*, let the Magistrate and Laws be never so good, must be certainly undone. Whoever therefore, as the Poets of the Stage have done, shall by any means sink the *Vertue*, and corrupt the Manners of the People, do effectually undermine the Foundations, and subvert the Pillars of the Government; for a profligate and flagitious People will destroy themselves in spite of the best Laws and the wisest Ministers in the World.

This is the ground of my Controversie with the Stage. If a Foreign Enemy should invade the Nation, every English-man should take the alarm, although



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## The P R E F A C E.

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*though he has receiv'd from them no personal Provocation. The same Reason will justify the Opposition I have made to those Poets I have at any time condemn'd, and will plainly show that I did not do it unprovok'd. Whoever undermines the Government, provokes every Man that loves It, to resist him.*

*'Tis a great damage also to the Nation, that so much of its finest Spirit is thus wasted, or employed to very bad Ends. 'Tis plain that many of a Poetical Genius are likewise fit for the greatest and highest Employments both in Church and State; and there are but very few, that are such meer Poets, as only to be capable of being Turners of Verses. If therefore our Youth who are Poetically inclin'd, would consider the Matter, and thereupon apply themselves to Business, or severer Studies, many of them might arise to eminent Stations, and at the same time advance themselves, and become very serviceable to their Country; and by this means they would acquire greater Honour and Reputation, than ever they will do by their Rhimes and Plays: For if they would reflect, they would soon be convinc'd, that tho' Poetry is indeed an Ornament to those that have more noble and more useful Qualities, yet when it becomes a Profession, 'tis one of the meanest and lowest sort: 'Tis like Dancing and Musick which we value in a Gentleman, when a Musician or a Dancing-Master make no considerable Figure: So greatly different are the degrees of Esteem, which all Men pay, and not without good reason, to the same Attainment, when 'tis in one an Accomplishment, in another, a Trade.*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*And that I may not only censure the Performances of others, but likewise give a fresh Example of a Writing that may both entertain and instruct the Reader, I have made a third, which I intend as my last Attempt in Poetry.*

*It has been observed by great Judges, and I find Mr. Le Clerk of the same* *Parrhasiana.*  
*Opinion, that the Moderns have wholly form'd themselves on the Models of the Ancients, and that we have scarce any thing but the Greek and Latin Poetry in the World. We have no Originals, but all Copiers and Transcribers of Homer, Pindar, and Theocritus, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. Their Design, their Phrase, their Manner, and even their Heathen Theology, appear in all the Poems that have since their Time been published to the World, especially in the Learned Languages. 'Tis therefore to be wish'd that some good Genius, qualify'd for such an Undertaking, would break the Ice, assert the Liberty of Poetry, and set up for an Original in Writing in a way accommodated to the Religion, Manners, and other Circumstances we are now under. But however we write, I think 'tis high time to leave out our Allusions to the Pagan Divinity; for how beautiful soever they might be in the Pagan Authors, who wrote to a People that believ'd in those Deities, 'tis the most ridiculous and senseless thing in the World for a Christian Poet to bring in upon all Occasions the Rabble and Riffraffe of Heathenish Gods; and yet if we reflect on our Modern Poems one would think we were all Pagans to this day. What have we to do with Jupiter and Juno, Mars and Venus, and the rest?*

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## The PREFACE.

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*We know they are a Jest, and yet they are brought into all our most grave and chastest Poems. Solemn Prayers are made to them by Christian-Writers, than which there cannot be a more intollerable Absurdity. I know 'tis said, as I have elsewhere observ'd, that the Christian Scheme of Religion is not so well accommodated to Poetical Writings, and therefore our Poets are oblig'd to embellish their Works with the Pagan Theology: A wretched Apology! Are our Poets then so dry and barren, have they so little Learning, and so poor a stock of Images, that they are not able to furnish themselves with proper Allusions, surprizing Metaphors, and beautiful Similes, without reviving the old exploded Idolatry of the Heathens? As in this Book of Job, they will find a Poem that is indeed an Original, and not beholding to the Greek and Latin Springs; so they will find, if it be not depress'd by the Paraphrase, a sublime Stile, elevated Thoughts, magnificent Expressions where the Subject requires them, and great richness and abundance throughout the whole, without the Aids of the Pagan System of Divinity.*

*It has been generally allow'd that almost all the Book of Job is writ in Metre; though a very learned Person, famous for his Skill in these Matters, has assured me that this is a mistake: However that be, 'tis universally agreed that the Subject of it is treated in a Poetical manner; that is, the Narration, the Allusions, the Similes, and the Diction, are such as are proper only to Poems. But 'tis a Controversie among learned Men what kind of Poem it is: Some are of Opinion that there never was any such  
Man*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*Man in Being as Job, but that the Person is feigned, and all the Sacred Story concerning him is made up of Allegories and Fables, composed for the Instruction of Mankind, like the Parabolical Relations in the New Testament; and of this Opinion were many of the Ancient Jews. Others believe that this Book contains a relation of nothing but real Facts, without feigned Incidents or Episodes; and that therefore it is an Historical Poem, like that of Lucan, which contains the Narration of a Series of real Actions in a poetical way without interposing any feign'd Stories. Most of the Commentators and Criticks that have writ on this Book, if not all, are of one of these two Opinions. But I have in Conversation met with learned Men that are of a middle Opinion; that is, that this is a Poem founded on a true History, as those of Homer probably were: But then they say the Conduct, the Method, the Machines, the Incidents, and the Episodes, which make up a great part of the Poem, were form'd in the Poet's Imagination, and that therefore this Poem is of the Epick kind. As to the first Opinion, I think the Scriptures fully confute it, by asserting the Person and Patience of Job so plainly, that it leaves no room for any tolerable Evasion. As to the two last, many things of Weight and Importance may be urg'd on either side; and therefore I shall not undertake to decide the Controversie, but content my self in giving the Reasons that I have read or heard offer'd to support each Assertion.*

*Those of the last Opinion in the defence of it alledge, that the Frame of the whole Book shews it to be the Work of Imagination and Contrivance,*  
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## The P R E F A C E.

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*and not a relation of a Series of real Actions. No Body can believe, say they, that Satan did really appear before God, and that the Discourse recited in the Book was indeed held between them in the Presence of the Holy Angels: 'Tis not credible that the Messengers that brought an account to Job of so many Sufferings that befel him, did really come upon the heels of one another so fast, and in such a manner as is there related. They think 'tis improbable that Job should sit so long upon a Dunghil, and that his Acquaintance should wait seven days and nights together without speaking a word to their sorrowful Friend. They look on this to be a Poetical way of representing the vast Distress that overwhelmed the patient Sufferer. They say, 'tis incredible that all those prolix Discourses should be actually held between Job and his Friends; and that a Man in such sad Circumstances, as Job is supposed to be, should speak so very long, and use so many Poetical Similes, Metaphors, and beautiful Descriptions as are found in his several Speeches. They urge also that it has an Air of Contrivance to sink a Man so suddenly from the most prosperous Condition, and to lay him under such grievous Sufferings, and the very extremity of Misery, and then by a no less sudden and surprizing Revolution, in so short a space of time, to make him again the most happy Man in the World. They urge that in the Catastrophe, when this patient Man is rewarded for his inflexible Perseverance, the allotting him just the same number of Children as he had lost, and just a double quantity of Riches as he enjoyed before, seems too nice to be a real Fact. The Men of this Opinion*  
do



*do not dispute the reality of the Person of Job : They allow there was a Person of that Name, eminent for his Righteousness, and famous for his Patience ; for this the Scriptures expressly affirm ; and they suppose some great Poet, under the Guidance and Assistance of Divine Inspiration, did for the Instruction of Mankind chuse this Subject, and contrive the Poem upon it of which we are now discoursing. They affirm that this Poem of Job is of the Epick kind, here being found all the essential parts requir'd in the Constitution of such a Poem. They add farther as a confirmation of their Opinion, that though Machines, that is, the introducing of Invisible Superiour Beings, and the interesting of them in the Business of the Poem, are not necessary to an Epick Poem ; yet as it does greatly heighten and embellish the Narration , they can't but take notice that this Conduct is observed here ; for the chief Apostate Angel, and even the Divine Being himself, are both introduced in the most proper manner that can be ; and as this perhaps is the Original of that sort of Writing, so it does thereby discover a great Air of the Allegorical Epick Poetry.*

*Those on the other side argue thus : As according to a settled Maxim of Interpreting the Scriptures, we should not without apparent Necessity quit the plain and literal Sense, and embrace a foreign, more strain'd and less obvious Meaning : so without the same necessity we should not turn the Relation of any Fact into Invention and Allegory. And to make it appear that there is no such reason in this Case, they alledge that there is nothing related in this Book, but what may well be suppos'd to have actually happened ;*

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## THE PREFACE.

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*that though many things appear improbable and hardly credible to the Reader, this is no convincing proof that they were not real Facts. For all Men that are vers'd in History will meet with many wonderful and improbable Occurrences, which notwithstanding upon sufficient Evidence they are forc'd to believe; and they say that for that reason, because the Facts were so extraordinary and surprizing, they were recorded in this Book for our Admiration and Instruction. They had rather give their Assent to some things that sound only harsh and improbable, for many such Relations are undoubtedly true, than by departing from the literal Sense encourage and embolden uncautious and wanton Wits to break in upon the Scriptures, and turn the History of the Bible into Parables and Allegories; for the Consequence of such a licentious way of interpreting the Scriptures they look on as very mischievous. They think that the unnecessary Concessions of some Divines in these Points tend mightily to unsettle Men in the Principles of their Religion, and weaken their Reverence of Divine Revelation.*

*They do indeed allow the appearance of Satan before the Throne of God, and the Discourse on that Occasion to be an Allegory, for there are cogent Reasons for it; but for the rest of the relations in the Book they see no necessity of making them Allegorical also. There is the like Allegory us'd in the History of Ahab, where 'tis said a Spirit appear'd before the Throne of God, and offer'd to be a lying Spirit in the Mouths of Ahab's Prophets to persuade their Master to go down to War to Raamath Gilead, and he had leave given him to do so:*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*But though this be an Allegory, yet without doubt all the rest of the Story about this Expedition of Ahab against the King of Syria was real. And to be more particular, that Almighty God should permit the great Enemy of Mankind to afflict and persecute a great and a good Man for the proof of his Constancy and Uprightness; and to make his Vertues more conspicuous and exemplary, that he should leave him for a time under this sharp and severe Trial, and at last deliver the patient Sufferer, and restore him to his former flourishing Condition: This has nothing in it but what is very agreeable to the Course of Divine Providence; and if there be any Facts in the Book, that seem improbable, 'tis owing to the Poetical manner of representing them, in which perhaps the Time, Order, Place, and other Circumstances, are not so nicely observed.*

*But whether this be an Epick, or barely an Historical Poem, which I leave undecided, the Character of Job may in my Opinion be every way proper for the first. The Hero is indeed a passive one, and this perhaps will be made a great Objection against this Assertion; because Homer's and Virgil's Heroes are very active Persons. For the Criticks forming their Model of an Heroick Poem intirely upon the Example of these two famous Writers, make great and illustrious Actions necessary to the Hero of the Poem, which conforming my self to their Precepts, I have formerly asserted. But upon what Authority is this imposed on the World? What Commission had these two Poets to settle the limits and extent of Epick Poetry, or who can prove they ever intended to do so? They wrote according to their own Notions*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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tions and Measures; and must all future Ages be bound up to follow their Examples, without producing any other Reason? Yet this Opinion, how groundless and absurd soever it appears, some imagine, has been the great obstruction to the Improvement of Poetry among the Moderns. But it may be urged that the Book of Job was written before Homer and Virgil, and the World has as much reason to be governed by this Example, as by that of the Pagan Writers. And if we look into the Reason of the Matter, and reflect on the End and Design of an Epick Poem, which is to instruct the World in some important Moral Truth, by the Narration of some great and illustrious Subject-Matter, there is no question but the relation of the Sufferings, as well as the Actions of great Persons, are very conducive to that end; and indeed what else is the Subject of the Odysses? 'Tis true, the Iliad is all active, and a very fighting Poem; but if the Odysses be consider'd, 'tis of another nature, there is more a great deal of the Heroes Sufferings not evaded by Arms, but by little Tricks and Subtilties, than there is of Action; and yet Mr. Rapin accounts this the more perfect Poem. In short, 'tis hard to offer any Reason why the Hero of the Poem may not be as well active as passive. If it be said, the Authority of Homer is against it (for as for Virgil he is but a Copier of Homer's Model) the answer is, that the Authority of the Book of Job is for it; and moreover that Homer is of this Opinion in his second, tho' against it in his first Poem. If it be said that Reason is against it, let that Reason be produc'd; let it be shown that the Sufferings of a great Man  
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## The P R E F A C E.

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*manag'd with equal Skill, will not equally serve the Ends of Epick Poetry. As for what the Criticks say on this Point, 'tis plain that Homer has been the great Lawgiver to those Men; they have done little but turn'd his Examples into Precepts; and bringing no Reasons to support what they assert, they are of no weight in this Matter. Job then is a Hero proper for an Epick Poem, an Illustrious Person fit to support the Dignity of that Character: He is by the Instigation of Satan brought into miserable Streights and unparalell'd Sufferings, to try his Constancy and Integrity. He appears brave in Distress, and valiant in Affliction, maintains his Virtue, and with that his Character, under the most powerful Temptations, and exasperating Provocations that the Malice of Hell could invent, and thereby gives a most noble Example of passive Fortitude, a Character no way inferiour to that of the active Hero. When the various Efforts to break this mighty Man's Invincible Constancy prov'd ineffectual, he is at the latter end of the Poem acquitted by God Himself, and rewarded highly for his Patience and Perseverance; whereby the Justice of Divine Providence is asserted, and Mankind encouraged to be stedfast in their Religion and Integrity, upon a sure Belief that Vertue will not always be neglected, but will at last receive a suitable Reward.*

*Whatever others assert, in my Judgment the Hero of the Poem ought not to be drawn without some defects; for as the representing of a perfect Idea of Vertue, which is never to be found in any meer Man, offends against the Establish'd Rule in Epick Writings, which excludes all things improbable, so*  
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## THE PREFACE.

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*instead of promoting, it rather obstructs the End of that Poetry: For a perfect Idea of Vertue and Excellency may amaze and dazzle us; but when propounded for our Imitation, it will rather discourage, than excite us: But when the Examples of Vertue that are set before us, are discern'd to have a mixture of Imperfection, we are provok'd and embolden'd to form our selves according to such a Pattern, where there appears no Impossibility, as there does in the other, of becoming like it.*

*This Poem seems to me to abound in all kinds of Beauties, which are admir'd in Poetical Writings. What noble strains of Eloquence occur in every place where they ought to appear, especially in the latter part of this Book? How tender and moving are the Thoughts in the Passionate, how proper, just and instructive in the Moral, how sublime, admirable and majestick in the other Parts? What Variety is there of elegant Expression, beautiful Similitudes, bold and surprizing Metaphors, natural, strong, and lively Images and Descriptions throughout the whole? In many of these it exceeds, and in all of them it equals the most Celebrated Writings of the Greeks and Romans. And if it should hereafter happen, that Homer or Virgil should be well Translated into the English Language, I am very confident that this Book, were it Translated or Paraphrased with equal Skill, would outshine them in all sorts of Perfection. But as to the chief End and Design of an Epick Poem, the giving a noble and true Idea of the Divine Being, the Justification of his Providence, the Instruction of Mankind in Moral Duties, and animating the Reader from pro-*  
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## The PREFACE.

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*per Motives to imitate the Illustrious Examples of Piety and Vertue set before them, in this respect, which is infinitely the most considerable, this of Job puts all the Poems of the Heathen World out of Countenance. How will Homer's wretched Tribe of Gods and Goddesses, introduc'd with all the Follies and Vices too of corrupt Mankind appear to the World as now instructed and inlighten'd with the Christian Revelation? And tho' Virgil is in that, as in other things, more judicious and cautious than the Greek Poet, yet his Theology must be very odious to a Christian Reader; and if the Machines of these Poets in which so much of the Beauty of their Poems consists are so contemptible and ridiculous, a great part of their Excellency is gone.*

*There are indeed some few Moral Sentences interspers'd in these Poets; but as they seem inserted only as Embellishments of the Writing, so the Body of the Poem carries little Instruction in it. For my part, when I consider these Poems, I am of Mr. Le Clerk's Opinion, that the Authors had no-  
Ubi supra.thing else in their view than to entertain and please the Reader, and that all the Materials and Contrivance were accommodated to that End. 'Tis true, Criticks in after-Ages, a sort of Men who are very apt to discover in Writings many notable things that never enter'd into the Author's Thoughts, have found out wise and instructive Morals in the Poems before-mention'd; yet this seems an Invention of their own. For as the Learned Man before-mention'd observes, 'tis scarce possible to relate any wonderful Action of a Great Person, or any considerable Occurrence, but 'twill be very easie to draw  
some*

*some Moral Inference from it, tho' the Writer never had it in his Imagination. And the very same Person has with as great grounds of Probability drawn from the Iliad and the Æneis, Morals very different from those that are commonly mention'd, and has offer'd sufficient Reasons to make us doubtful whether the Morals attributed to these Poems were ever intended by the Authors. And if this be true of these two famous Writers, that only the pleasing and amusing, not the instructing of Mankind was their Design, 'tis more apparently true of the greatest part of the Moderns, especially the Dramatick Poets.*

*Since this Book of Job, and other Poetical parts of the Scripture, some of which I have likewise undertaken to paraphrase, does at least equal the chief Beauties of the Heathens, and by their Usefulness in their excellent Instructions infinitely excel them, 'tis a Matter of Admiration that the Christian Poets should be so far enamour'd with the Pagan Writings, as to form themselves entirely by their Patterns, to be taken up with the Study of them to the total neglect of these inspir'd Writings. What pains and labour have our Men been at, how great a part of their short Lives have they spent, what a multitude of Volumes have they publish'd to illustrate the Meaning and discover the Excellencies of Greek and Latin Poets, and to translate them into their own Languages? If this were the Work of Gentlemen, that had nothing else to employ themselves about, and had no other Capacity of being useful to Mankind, it might perhaps pass for an inoffensive Amusement, and a pardonable sort of Idleness. But 'tis indeed*  
wonder-

*wonderful that to give a new Sense to an Expression in an ancient Poet, to stop a Period more exactly, to rectifie a Word, to give a truer Spelling to a Man's Name, or to restore a corrupt Sentence, should be look'd on as such a Perfection, as sets a Man in the first Rank of Learned Men ; and that a kind of Knowledge which does not make Mankind any ways wiser or better, should procure a mighty Reputation, and dignifie the Owners of it with the honourable Titles of great Criticks, and Masters of polite Learning.*

*I would not derogate from the true value of Classical Knowledge. The Greek and Latin Poets should be study'd, that we may understand those Languages of which there is such a manifest Necessity : But 'tis most evident, that for the Sense, for the noble and sublime Thoughts, and what is more than all other Considerations, for the forming a Man's Mind according to the justest Ideas of Virtue and true Wisdom, and thereby promoting his Honour and his Happiness, the Poetical parts of the Scripture have, as before suggested, an infinite advantage above all others put together, and therefore one would think should not be less worthy of a Christian's Study and Application, than Homer and his Followers.*

*The Language in which this Book was written is Hebrew ; and considering the very great difference there is between the Stile or manner of Expression in the Eastern and Western part of the World, their Eloquence, as well as their Customs and Habits, being of another kind than ours, 'tis very strange that a literal Translation of this Book as 'tis now found in*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*the Bible, especially considering how long time since it was written, how little the Language is understood, and how much the Idiom of it is lost, should not sound much more harsh, and be less capable of being understood than it is. I am confident that if several of the Greek Poets should be verbally translated, they would be more obscure, if not altogether unintelligible. And if in a literal Translation the Book of Job written in an Eastern Language does so much affect us, and raises in our Minds such an Admiration of its Beauty and Majesty, what a wonderful and inimitable kind of Eloquence must be suppos'd in the Original, when we can't translate verbatim a good Poem from one Modern Language into another, tho' it be done by the nearest Neighbours, without a mighty diminution of its Excellence?*

*As to the Time when Job liv'd, it is highly probable that he was Moses's Predecessor, or at least his Contemporary; and that for these Reasons. This righteous and devout Man was allow'd to offer Sacrifices to God, which only the Priests under the Mosaical Dispensation had Authority to do, and that only before the Tabernacle or Temple. This devout Person seems intirely ignorant of the Modes of the Jewish Religion, and of their manner of asking Counsel of God either by Urim and Thummim, or by the Prophets; and therefore 'tis evident the Mosaical Scheme of Religion was not yet instituted. In the whole Book of Job there is no mention made of the Law and the Prophets, nor of the many Miracles wrought either in Egypt, or in the Passage of the Children of Israel to Canaan, though nothing could have been more pertinent and suitable to the*  
Design



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## The P R E F A C E.

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*Design of the Author of this Book, had Job liv'd after that wonderful Deliverance; and there is scarce any Writer that follow'd that Time, that does not mention or allude to that famous History. And this is yet farther confirm'd by the long Life of Job, which was protracted to two hundred Years, which agrees to the Times of the Old Patriarchs.*

*As to the Land of Utz, the Country in which this great Man liv'd, there are different Opinions, occasion'd chiefly by the uncertainty which Utz it was (for three are mention'd) from whom it receiv'd its Name. The first Utz the Son of Aram is mention'd, Gen. 10. 23. who is reported to be the Founder of Damascus and Trachonitis; and many Writers, for this reason, conclude the Seat of Job to have been in the Plain of Jordan in the Region of Trachonitis, where the Tomb of Job is shown to Strangers at this day: Others place it in the Famous Valley of Damascus.*

*A second Utz, the Son of Nachor is mention'd, Gen. 22. 21. from him the Country where he liv'd is call'd Ufitis or Aufitis, which by Ptolemy is plac'd near Euphrates, and the City Babylon; and therefore many Authors believe Job had his Habitation in that part of Arabia.*

*A third Utz, who, as Spanhemius observes, was a Horite of the Posterity of Schir, and not as commonly accounted of the Race of Esau, is mention'd, Gen. 36. 28. the Horites being driven out by the Edomites, their Country was after that call'd Idumea, which has for its bounds Arabia, Canaan, and the Red Sea, and in this Country many believe was the Habitation of Job.*

*But if a Man could remove the Obstructions of great Learning and Critical Remarks, methinks it should*

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## THE PREFACE.

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*should be a very easie matter to settle this controverted Point. 'Tis allow'd by all, that Utz the Country of Job was expos'd to the Incurfions and Depredations of the Chaldeans; and 'tis allowed likewise that Chaldea was Eastward of Arabia. Now suppose that in our English History there had been mention'd a great Man, that had in ancient Times been plunder'd by a Band of Scotch-men; and the Habitation or Country of this unfortunate Man being mention'd by an obscure or obsolete Word, a Controversie should arise in what part of England this Man lived; would not any Man that was deliver'd from the encumbrance of great Reading and learned Observations, presently conclude, that he lived in the North part of England not far from the Borders of Scotland? And must it not have been a Critick of extraordinary Sagacity that should have found out his Seat in Middlesex, or at the Land's End? And yet those that place the Country of Job in Idumea, or near Damascus, remove it farther from Chaldea than those two Places before-named are from Scotland. 'Tis not therefore to be doubted but that the Country of Job was in the Eastern part of Arabia, and 'tis probable 'twas near the River Euphrates, and that he was of the Posterity of Nachor. The Stories therefore of Job's Well near Jerusalem, of his Sepulchre in the Plain of Jordan, and of the Region in the North of Syria, which the Inhabitants shew to Travellers for the Seat of Job, are all Modern Fables, and not to be regarded. But much more ridiculous is the Error of those Commentators, who make Constantinople to have been the Seat of Job: The Sepulchre of Job in Armenia that favours this Opinion, 'tis very probable according to the Conjecture of several learned Men, was erected in honour of some Captain of the Turks of that Name.*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*As to the Time when the Author of this Book liv'd, there are many different Opinions. Some believe that this Book was wrote in the Time when the Israelites were under the Ægyptian Bondage, and that it was compos'd to encourage them to a patient suffering of their Afflictions, and to confirm them in their dependance upon God for Deliverance. And those of this Opinion believe, that either Moses himself was the Author, or at least the Translator of it; and that this was a Tradition among the ancient Jews several Authors testifie. Others are of Opinion, that the Writing was of much later date, and give these Reasons for it. They alledge that there are many Syriack and Arabick Words, and Forms of Expression that were not in use among the ancient Hebrew Writers, the Interpretation of which must be fetch'd from the Rabbins; that there are many Elegancies relating to the Constellations, and several Fish and Birds which shew it to be of a Modern Date, and from hence they conclude that it was then wrote when these Foreign words and manners of Expression were introduc'd into the Hebrew Language. They believe therefore that the Author liv'd after David and Solomon, and before Ezekiel, because he is mention'd by that Prophet.*

*Some believe that Isaiah himself was the Author, the time when he lived being very sutable to this Conjecture, besides the Majesty and Sublimity of his Stile, his singular Erudition, the similitude of Character, and many Words, and Forms of speaking common to them both. Grotius imagines the Author to be an Hebrew, because after the Custom of that Nation, he calls Arabia the East, tho' others suppose he was an Idumean, because he abounds with Syriack and Arabick Words: Whether he was the one or the other, 'tis plain the Author*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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thor was well vers'd in the Hebrew Language and those of the Neighbouring Countries: And that in the Writing of this Book he was under the direction and guidance of Divine Inspiration, has been universally acknowledged by the Jews and Christians in all Ages.

But one single Reflexion prevails with me to believe that the Author was of the oldest date; and that is, that I cannot imagine that if he had lived after the Deliverance of the Children of Israel from their Ægyptian Bondage, and after the Institution of the Mosaical Scheme of Religion, he could have been so perfectly silent as to both. 'Tis hardly to be imagin'd that if he had liv'd after Moses he should ever have design'd to be so accurate and nice in relation to Time, as not to say any thing in the whole Book but what might be well suppos'd to have been said by one who liv'd before Moses. This exact Care seems not agreeable to the Writers of that Age. And if it should be suppos'd, that an Author, that many years after took this Subject of Job to write upon, should resolve to say nothing but what might be fit to be said in that time when Job liv'd; yet 'tis a great difficulty to believe that he should be so successful, as not in any one Place, or in any one Expression, to drop any thing that should mention or allude to some Matters of Fact that happen'd after; especially such famous ones, as the Miracles wrought when the Israelites were brought out of Ægypt, their Settlement in the Land of Canaan, and the Rites of the Mosaical Religion. The same Reasons therefore that convince me that Job himself liv'd before, or in the Time of Moses, perswade me to think the Author of this Poem, whoever he was, did so too; and therefore 'tis very probable that this of Job is the oldest Book in the World.

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*The Argument of the Poem is this: Job, a Prince in his Country, of distinguish'd Piety and eminent Justice, at the Entrance of the Narration, is represented as happy as the favour of Heaven, and the affluence of all Earthly Possessions can make him. From this present State of Prosperity he is all on a sudden, by the permission of Providence, for the trial of his Integrity, depriv'd of his Estate, his Children, his Friends and Health, and reduc'd to a Condition as perfectly miserable, as his former had been happy. After this surprising change of his Fortune, to exasperate the bitterness and anguish of his Soul, his Wife, in a most profane manner, provokes and tempts him to quit all his Pretensions to Piety, and desperately to renounce all his dependence upon God, and all expectations of Deliverance from him. In this, she is imitated by the Ægyptians and old Grecians, as well as other Idolatrous Countries, who us'd under any great Calamities to rail bitterly at their Gods, to pull down their Images, and drag them about the Streets, to be reveng'd on them for not preventing their misfortunes. After this three Persons, eminent for their Birth, Vertue and Wisdom, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar (perhaps Elihu was with Job before) went to comfort their distress'd Friend. Their Design was good, and they considering that Wickedness was the meritorious Cause of Suffering, and that Divine Justice was not to be clear'd, if profligate and impious Men should go unpunish'd; and having themselves often seen as well as heard by Tradition from their Forefathers, that wicked Nations and Families had frequently, by the just Judgment of God, been utterly destroy'd, concluded that, Job notwithstanding the outward Figure he made of a very upright and religious Person, must needs be guilty*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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guilty of some great, tho' secret Crimes: Otherwise they could not conceive how it was consistent with Divine Justice and Mercy to suffer him to be so very miserable. Their Opinion was, that a good Man, such as Job was suppos'd to be, could never be so far forsaken of God, and abandon'd to such prodigious Sufferings. This is the Point they labour to prove. They press this very hard on their afflicted Friend, hoping thereby to bring him to a Confession of his Sins, and a sutable Repentance, upon which they believ'd, as they often assur'd him, God would withdraw his afflicting hand, ease his Complaints, and restore him to his former Prosperity. On the other hand, Job, who was sure he was no Hypocrite, but that he was in good earnest a Lover of God and of his Neighbour, and was not conscious of any such conceal'd and secret Guilt, as his Friends reproach'd him with, asserts in his defence, that his Friends proceeded in their Debates on erroneous grounds: That they mistook his Case, and the Methods of relieving him. He affirms that neither their Notions, nor their Observations were true. For tho' they asserted the contrary, he was fully assur'd that God did often afflict even with the greatest Severity many just and upright Men, and suffer'd in the mean time the Enemies of God and Man to live in the most flourishing Condition; and that therefore there could be no Argument drawn from any Man's Sufferings that he was a wicked and unrighteous Person. In some of his Debates on this Head, he is so far transported as to censure rashly the Divine Administration, as if God had too little regard to the Piety and Righteousness of good Men, whom he punish'd with so severe a hand, whilst he favour'd the Wicked, and prosper'd their Undertakings;

or

*or at least that he made not that distinction between them that the Justice of Righteous Government requires. But as to himself his Anguish and Impatience rose to such a degree, as vented themselves in many Expressions relating to God's Severity to him, unbecoming an humble and patient Sufferer, which made a learned Critick say, that Job who had a good Cause, discomposed by his Impatience manag'd it ill, as his Friends had a bad one, but manag'd it well. Their Debates being ended, Elihu a wise young Man that had heard the Arguments on either side, undertakes as Moderator to compose the Controversie, and set them both right. He agrees with Eliphaz, and his two Companions, that God was a Hater of Wickedness and Irreligion, and that he often punished those that were guilty of them; but then he will not allow that Job may from thence be justly condemn'd as a wicked Man, because a good Man may often be afflicted by God for great and wise Ends. On the other side, tho' he does not censure Job for his Hypocrisie, or any concealed or secret Guilt, yet he condemns him for the Impatience he express'd in his Sufferings, and for his bold and rash Expressions that seem'd to charge God with Injustice. After this God himself condescends to speak and put an end to their long Debate. He condemns Eliphaz, and his two Friends, for their unjust Censures of Job, and Job for his unjust Censures of Divine Providence; but on the comparison declares that Job had the better Cause, and had spoken better of him than his Friends had done; perhaps that Expression of Job's is alluded to, The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord. Then he delivers him from his great Afflictions and restores him to his former happy Condition.*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*'Tis evident that the Design of the Book is to show that the Providence of God does not only guide and over-rule the highest and most important Affairs, The Enterprizes of aspiring Princes, and the Rise and Fall of States and Empires, but that it interests and mingles it self with all the Concerns of Humane Life, and thereby prepares the Mind of the Reader to acknowledge him as the great Moderator of the World, the Director of all our Actions, and Disposer of all the Events that happen to Mankind. By which Impression he is dispos'd to submit himself and all his Concernments with humble Resignation to the Almighty's Righteous and Unerring Conduct.*

*And more particularly, the Design is to justify the Divine Providence in suffering impious and flagitious Men to live in the undisturbed Enjoyment of all the Power and Plenty their Hearts can desire, while good and upright Men are often overwhelmed with Poverty and Distress, and expos'd to the scorn and outrage of their insulting Enemies. The solving of this difficulty, which has so often puzzled the Understanding, and discomposed the Temper of the Wisest and Best of Men, seems to be chiefly aim'd at in this Writing. And 'tis observable that in the Debates between Job and his Friends, when they are prest with any difficulty concerning the Divine Administration of Affairs, and are at a loss how to reconcile Occurrences with their own Notions of Justice and Goodness, they fly to God's Infinite Greatness, and seem to resolve the Controversie into his absolute Sovereignty, and uncontrollable Power, which occasions many wonderful Descriptions of God's Majesty and Omnipotence. They seem to think that when we are puzzled and confounded, and after all our Attempts can by no means*



*means account for the Proceedings of Divine Providence, that directly thwart our Opinions of Wisdom and Justice, we should enter upon the Contemplation of the Glorious Attributes of God, and consider they so far transcend all the low created Perfections in Man, that ours are by no means to be a measure of his. They may and do assist us in many Instances, as faint Representations of the Divine Excellency; but whenever we see any Conduct of Divine Providence that we can't reduce to our ways of Reasoning, we should humbly adore and not dispute. We should fetch a Solution from the Sovereignty and boundless Perfections in God, who is always Good, and Just, and Wise, even when in his Administration he seems to be most the contrary. And 'tis very plain that when God bespeaks them in the latter end of the Book, he insists on no other Justification of his Proceedings with Men, than his Dominion and Property, his absolute Sovereignty, and transcendent Greatness, that render him unaccountable to his Creatures for all his Actions. And therefore in the sharpest and severest Trials, when Providence seems vigilant and industrious, as Job expresses it, to find occasions of afflicting, when it runs counter to all our Desires, defeats our Hopes, and disappoints all our Designs; in such a hard Case we are to moderate our Passions, submit our Wills and our Reason too, and acquiesce in this Belief, that nothing is more certain than that God can do his Creature no wrong, and that in all his Dispensations he has both wise and gracious Designs; tho' our shallow and incompetent Reason is not able to discern them.*

*'Tis probable that one Reason why we are apt to censure God's Proceedings is, that we take his Idea too nicely from our selves. For tho' we must form our*  
Idea

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*Idea of him from the Contemplation of our selves, yet this must not be too strict, nor extended too far. For 'tis plain that God's Knowledge is another thing from ours; he knows by one single Act of Intuition, we know by Reasoning, that is by deducing one Proposition from two others, and by forming in a tedious way, a long depending Chain of Consequences, which are for that reason apt to create a distrust. Now as our inferiour kind of Knowledge is by no means a measure of that most perfect kind in the Divine Understanding, so the Justice, Mercy and Goodness, which are the Perfections of a Creature's, may be of a lower kind, and therefore an unfit measure of those Perfections in the Divine Will. 'Tis probable that for this reason the Disputants in this Poem, for the clearing of God's Justice and Goodness, betake themselves so often to the transcendent Greatness and Excellency of the Divine Nature, whereby they plainly intimate that we are by no means competent Judges of his Actions.*

*Another means to quiet Men's Minds concerning the Wisdom and Justice of God's Dispensations in those Instances that are the harshest and most unaccountable to us, is to reflect on the narrow and broken, as well as obscure Prospect which we have of the wide Sphere of his Providence. Did we clearly and fully understand how we are related to all the Parts of Mankind, both to our Contemporaries, and to those who have liv'd in the past, or shall live in the future Ages of the World; had we besides a clear Knowledge of our relation to other Reasonable, but Superior Creatures, I mean the Angels that inhabit the Immense and Glorious Regions above us, and to those that fill the Stars and Planets; (for 'tis improbable this Ball of Earth, the Dregs and Sediment of the World should be so full of Reasonable*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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Reasonable Beings, and the nobler Parts of the Creation should not be peopled with sutable Inhabitants) Had we a perfect and comprehensive View of the whole Scheme of the Divine Oeconomy in relation to all these Parts of his Government, and how in his Administration in the different Parts of it he promoted the great and glorious Design of the whole, we should have quite another Apprehension of God's Wisdom and Justice. He that contemplates a Leg or an Arm with its relation to a Humane Body, of which they are Parts, has a very different Notion of them from him, who considers them divided, without any dependance on, or connexion with the Whole. It is not in our Power to make any but partial and very lame Observations of God's Government of his Creatures, and upon such imperfect Views, 'tis no wonder if our Constructions and Conclusions are often erroneous, and this, it may be, is another Reason why these Wise Men that manage the Debate about Providence in this Book, lead us so often to contemplate the Works of God's Creation, of which our selves are so small a Part.

Besides this Principal and most Conspicuous Design, other Useful and Excellent Ends are pursu'd in this Poem: One of which is to enlarge and raise our Conceptions of the Divine Being, to give us worthy and honourable Thoughts of his Infinite Perfections, and form in our Minds a sutable Idea of his Greatness. The Representations of God's Transcendent Excellencies, of his Independent, Sovereign and Irresistible Power, as well as of his Purity, Wisdom, Justice and Beneficence, are in many Parts of this Book so noble, so lively and admirable, that they are very capable of leaving in our Thoughts very deep and lasting Impressions: And to give us right and just Conceptions

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ptions of the Divine Nature, on which our Notions of Religion, the Conduct of our Lives, our Honour and our Happiness depend, is to do one of the greatest Services that can be done to Mankind.

Another great End is to set before us for our Imitation an Illustrious Example of Piety, and all kinds of Vertue, in the most contrary Circumstances of Life that can be, the most Flourishing, and the most Miserable. And this is done in the Character of Job: While he possess'd a greater Substance than any Man in the Country where he liv'd, and was blest with a compleat Collection of all those Enjoyments, that are suppos'd to make a Man happy in this World, he maintain'd his Religion and Integrity inviolable, he was no less eminent for his Piety, than for his Power and Abundance. He strictly preserv'd his Moderation and Humility, his Temperance and Justice, his Continnence, his Compassion, and his great Love to Mankind; as appears by the first, and Thirty first Chapters of this Book. And when by a strange and surprizing Revolution the Scene was chang'd, and this Righteous Person being depriv'd of his Children and Possessions, and afflicted with grievous Pain and Sickness, became the most wretched and unhappy Man that can be imagin'd, he then by the Exercise of other rare Vertues, maintains as great a Character in his Sufferings: He shows an admirable Instance of Patience and Resignation, of Constancy and Perseverance, holds fast his Religion, and still expresses his unalterable Dependence on his God. In short, his Mind was neither elated, nor soften'd by the greatest Prosperity, nor sowr'd or broken by the greatest Adversity. 'Tis true indeed that he vented several passionate, rash, and unbecoming Expressions; but

*but when we consider the Anguish of his Soul under such prodigious Sufferings, the profane Provocations of his Wife, the exasperating Reproaches of his mistaken Friends, who after all his heavy Losses would have robb'd him too of his Integrity, it will not be hard to excuse those Expressions: And no more can be concluded from them than this, that tho' he was an Excellent, he was not a Faultless Man. Moses, who was honour'd with the Character of the meekest Man on Earth, did on some provoking Occasions lose his Temper; and Job may be allow'd to be the most patient Person in the World, tho' in such Streights and Distress, and urg'd with such Provocations, some impatient Speeches might be extorted from him.*

*I cannot but observe in this place, that Job a Person of such Piety, and so many rare and admirable Virtues, had no Advantages from the Divine Revelations made to Moses and the Jewish Prophets. He was a Stranger to their Law and their System of Religion. The Light that directed him must be only that of Natural Reason and Conscience, assisted by some Oral Traditions from Adam and Noah, and by what God was pleas'd sometimes to communicate by Dreams and Visions in those darker Ages of the World. By this it appears, that great Advances may be made in Vertue by a diligent attendance to the Dictates of our Natural Light. Would Men but improve their Reason, reverence their Consciences, and stand in awe of themselves, they would become Worshippers of God, as well as Sober and Righteous in an eminent degree. I refer this to the Consideration of those Gentlemen that do not acknowledge the Divine Authority, either of the Mosaick, or of the Christian Institution.*

*Another End, and a very useful one too, is by the  
Example*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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*Example of Job to convince the Reader of the Instability of a prosperous Condition, and the great Vicissitude of Humane Affairs, whereby his Mind may be dispos'd to Moderation, Humility, Temperance, Compassion and Charity, and preserved from that Pride and Contempt of others, from that arrogant, cruel and haughty Temper, which great Riches and high Stations are too apt to produce, especially in Men of a mean and low Spirit.*

*I have not attempted a close Translation of this Sacred Book, but a Paraphrase. For the Original being written in an Eastern Language, their Manner and Turns of Expression are, as before-mention'd, so very different from ours, that I thought a Paraphrase more proper and advantageous for a Modern European Language. But as I judg'd it would not bear a strict Translation, so on the other hand I have endeavour'd, that the Paraphrase should not be too loose and wide, but that the Reader may all along carry with him the Sense of the Original. I have often diffus'd the Sense in other Expression. I have amplify'd the Text in many Places that appear'd more Poetical, and from General Heads I have descended sometimes to Particulars, the Enumeration of which, I believ'd, would illustrate and enliven the Original. I have avoided the immediate Repetition of the same Thought in Words little different from the first, which is so very common in this Book, as well as in that of the Psalms, and other Poetical Places of the Scripture. For tho' this was no doubt accounted in the Eastern Countries at that time a great Beauty and Ornament to the Writing, yet we have quite another Taste of Eloquence, and therefore I have thought it best to accommodate that Matter to the*  
Modern

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## The P R E F A C E.

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Modern way of Writing. *The Method of Writing in the Eastern Countries is what the Europeans think irregular ; the same Matter treated on before frequently recurs, and the Connexion is sometimes broken, and often obscure. The Transitions are sometimes neglected, and a new Subject enter'd upon without the preparation for it which we expect should be made. We censure these Modes and Customs in Writings as defects, and no doubt they would censure ours as much. I would not peremptorily condemn their Taste, for the Opinion of Beauty and Ornament seems not to be capable of being determin'd by any fixt and unalterable Rule. Truth and good Sense are settled upon Eternal and unchangeable Grounds and Reasons ; but the manner of Expression, and the method of conveying them, and what concerns the Dress, the Pomp and Ornament of them, these are perhaps indifferent Ceremonies, and every Nation may have Authority to establish which they please. 'Tis plain the Eastern World have not the same Apprehensions of Beauty and Ornament that we have: They believe there is a great Beauty in the neglect of what we call Order and Regularity, as is evident in their Gardens and Buildings. What we censure as careless, wild and extravagant, strikes them with more Admiration, and gives them greater Pleasure, than all our elaborate and orderly Contrivances. All that can be said is, that our Tastes are different, and if they are barbarous to us, we are so to them, some of which especially the Chinese are, or at least have been very Wise and Polite Nations.*

*We in this part of the World are all so full of Homer and Virgil, and are so bigotted to the Greek and Latin Sects, that we are ready to account all*

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## The P R E F A C E.

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Authors Heretical *that are without the Pale of the Classicks. This seems to me to be a narrow Sectarian Spirit, that prompts Men to impose their Fancies and Opinions on all the World besides. Whatever high Opinion we have of our own Attainments, we should have that Temper and Moderation, that might preserve a due regard for the Wisdom and Judgment of other Nations; and not with the haughty Air of a Supercilious Critick, censure and condemn every thing that deviates from the Examples of the Greek and Latin Authors.*

*I have therefore in this Paraphrase proceeded all along from Chapter to Chapter, and Verse to Verse, in the Order they are set down, excepting some very few inconsiderable Transpositions: So that I have by no means alter'd the Method and Order of the Narration, or any way chang'd the Model. And 'twill be hard to give a Reason why the Author of this Book has not as great a Right to be made the Standard whereby to try Homer and Virgil, as those two Authors have to bring this to their Tribunal. If the Knowledge of the Hebrew Language had been look'd on in Europe to have been as necessary as the Greek and Latin; had it been as great an Honour and Accomplishment for a Man to understand the first as the last; and had there been as great a variety of Authors of all sorts of Learning left in that Language, that there might have been an equal Inducement to have study'd and taught it universally in the Schools, I say had this been, the Grammarians and Criticks might perhaps have fixt on this as the best Model of Poetical Writings, and have drawn their Rules and Remarks from the Example they found here: For 'tis plain all their Precepts are founded on Examples,*  
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## The P R E F A C E.

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*and on those Examples with which they were most conversant, and in such Languages as were most in vogue, and which most of them were oblig'd to profess and teach.*

*I have indeed supply'd in some Places the Transitions and other Connexions, which according to their manner of Writing are omitted in the Original, that the Reader of the Paraphrase, who is unaccustomed to that way, may not be embarrass'd or interrupted. There are many hard and obscure Places, about the meaning of which I have consulted the ablest and most famous Writers, and have taken that Sense which I look'd on as most natural, and supported by the best Reasons: And in this I have chiefly been obliged to the Excellent Paraphrase of the Learned Bishop of Ely, and the Collection of the Critici.*

*I have added a Paraphrase upon several other Poetical Parts of the Bible; which, in my Opinion, are nobler Examples of the true sublime Stile, than any can be found in the Pagan Writers. The Images are so strong, the Thoughts so great, the Expressions so divine, and the Figures so admirable, bold and moving, that the wonderful manner of these Writers is quite inimitable. One thing I must advertise the Reader of, that 'tis common with the Prophets that they may represent the Certainty of their Predictions with the greater Advantage, to use the past for the future Tense, that is, to speak of Things to come, as already done; so that their Prophecies often seem Historical Narrations of Matters already transacted: Therefore the Reader is not to be surpriz'd, when in the second Song of Moses he finds that great Prophet speaking of what befel the Children of Israel in Canaan, as things past in his own Time, which did*  
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## The P R E F A C E.

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*not happen till long after his Death. I am of Mr. Cowley's Judgment, who in his Preface declares that there are no more noble Subjects of Poetry to be found than those the Scriptures furnish us withal, and therefore I have made this Attempt. 'Tis true, Mr. Sandys, a Gentleman of great Merit, has done this before; but that I did not know till after I had begun this Work, and made some Progress in it; and when I had perus'd part of his Paraphrase, I thought I might be able to supply some Defects, especially in relation to Perspicuity and Coherence.*

*As to the Leviathan and Behemoth, mention'd in the latter Part of this Book, I have appropriated the Character of the first to the Crocodile, and of the last to the Elephant. I believe the Marks enumerated by the Learned Bochart, do justly determine the Description of the Leviathan to the Crocodile; but I can't see any necessity from what he urges, to conclude Behemoth to be the Hippopotamus, or River-Horse. The Character given in Job is, in my Opinion, more suitable to the Elephant. The Reasons alledg'd on both sides may be seen in the Critics before-cited; and whether the one or the other be true, is not a Matter of that Importance as should oblige me to transcribe the Arguments in this Place. Persuaded by the Reasons of some Learned Commentators, I have taken the Unicorn for the Uri or wild Bull, and not the Oryx, or wild Goat, according to Bochart, or the Rhinoceros, according to others. I impose not my Opinion on others: These are Matters of small Moment, and every Man is at liberty to think as he pleases.*

A  
P A R A P H R A S E  
U P O N T H E  
Book of J O B.

IN ancient Times, e'er *Moses* Wonders wrought,  
And murmuring *Israel* back from *Egypt* brought,  
A Prince of great Renown, and wide Command,  
Whose name was *Job*, dwelt in *Arabia's* Land.  
He in the Heav'nly Paths of Virtue trod,  
And fear'd to Sin, because he fear'd his God.  
Sev'n goodly Sons that Admiration bred,  
And Three Fair Daughters crown'd his Nuptial Bed.  
With gracious Heav'n's peculiar Favour blest,  
The prosp'rous Man unmeasur'd Wealth possest.  
His Fleecy Flocks o'er all the Hills were spread,  
And in his Stalls a Thousand Oxen fed.  
When he decamp'd to find a new Abode,  
Three Thousand Camels bore along the Road  
His precious Goods, and groan'd beneath the Load.  
No Lord was found thro' all the Spicy East,  
Whose Herds and Stores so vastly were increast.

CHAP. I.

His Sons to Feast each other did prepare  
By turns, rich Liquors and delicious Fare.

B

And

And to their Treats their Sisters they invite,  
 To pass the flowing hours in soft delight ;  
 While Charming Music, Dances, Sports and Play,  
 Gave swifter Wings to Time to fly away,  
 Beguil'd the Night, and hurried on the Day.  
 Conscious that Sin does oft such Mirth attend,  
 The Father fear'd his Sons might Heav'n offend.  
 For he with mournful Eyes had often spy'd,  
 Scatter'd on Pleasure's smooth, but treach'rous Tyde.  
 The Spoils of Virtue over-power'd by Sense,  
 And floating Wrecks of ruin'd Innocence.  
 He therefore for his Sons to Heav'n convey'd  
 His Supplications, and Atonement made ;  
 And while they Feasted, he devoutly pray'd.

There was a Time when all the Sons of God  
 Came to th' Almighty's bright and blest Abode,  
 To pay their Adoration at his Throne,  
 Which high on Adamantine Pillars shone.  
 Around in Throngs the prostrate Seraphs lay  
 Absorpt in Glory, and Excess of Day.  
 'Midst the bright Cherubs haughty *Lucifer*,  
 By marks of Guilt distinguish'd, did appear.  
 To whom th' Eternal thus. Apostate, whence  
 Com'st thou to these blest Seats of Innocence.

Th' Apostate said. I Lands and Seas have crost,  
 And past from Clime to Clime, from Coast to Coast,  
 Till I the Tour of yon low World had made,  
 And all its Empires and its States survey'd.

My

My Course compleated to these Seats of Light,  
Mounting th' Aerial Void I wing'd my Flight.

Th' Almighty then demanded. In thy Way  
And toilsome Course, Ambitious Spirit, say,  
Hast thou observ'd good *Job*, my Servant, one  
In Righteousness and Piety, by none  
Thro' all the wide Terrestrial World out-done?  
Whose perfect Virtue Admiration draws  
From Men on Earth, and finds in Heav'n Applause.

I've long observ'd, reply'd false *Lucifer*,  
Thy Favourite, and watch'd his Steps with Care.  
Without, the Saint is in Perfection seen,  
But is the Saint without, a Saint within?  
He serves his God, but does he serve for nought?  
Does he thy Glory, or his own promote?  
Does he Religion for it's Self regard;  
And Virtue Court, not Virtue's bright Reward?  
Is it his Honour to Revere his God,  
Who has his Smiles, but never feels his Rod?  
Hast thou not crown'd the Labour of his Hand,  
Increas'd his Stores, extended his Command?  
He can't complain unless with Wealth oppress'd,  
With Favours over-laden, over-blest.  
Entrench'd within th' impenetrable Fence,  
Within the Works and Lines of Providence,  
He can defy the most impetuous Shock;  
And all th' Assaults of Hostile Forces mock.

With such Abundance blest, with Honour Crown'd,  
 The Weakest Virtue may maintain its ground.  
 But let this Prosp'rous, Wealthy Saint be try'd;  
 Let this pretended Gold the Test abide;  
 Change but the Scene, and let thy Frowning Brow,  
 The marks of Anger and Displeasure show;  
 Extend thy Hand, and touch his tender Part;  
 Thou'lt find his Power and Substance next his Heart:  
 Despoil'd of these, he'll Curse thee to thy Face,  
 And naked Virtue will no more embrace.

Th' Eternal to th' Apostate thus reply'd,  
 Let him Affliction's sharpest Edge abide.  
 The Fence I rais'd around him I remove:  
 Go, let thy Malice try his Truth and Love.  
 Let Righteous *Job* thy fiery Tests endure,  
 But let his Person be from Pain secure.

He said. Th' Apostate from his Presence went,  
 And on his fierce, malicious purpose bent,  
 He on *Arabia* made a swift Descent.

Mean time it happen'd at a splendid Feast,  
*Job's* Eldest Son in turn receiv'd the rest.  
 The Sisters with their Brothers Drank and Eat,  
 All the delightful kinds of Wine and Meat.  
 When at *Job's* House a Courier did arrive,  
 Sweating with Speed, Panting, and scarce alive.  
 Horror and Wildness in his Aspect, bred  
 Just Fears of dismal News, and thus he said.

Invading

Invading Robbers from *Sabea*, warm'd  
 With hopes of Booty, and with Lances arm'd,  
 An Inroad made ; and first the Men destroy'd  
 Who kept thy Herds, and then the Spoil enjoy'd.  
 I am alone by favourable Fate  
 Escap'd, th' unwelcome Tydings to relate.

While he was speaking, with as swift a pace  
 Another came, and with as sad a Face :  
 And thus he said : O *Job*, a suddain Storm,  
 And lowring Clouds did all the Sky deform.  
 The bellowing Engines did all Nature scare,  
 Spouting their ruddy Vomit thro' the Air.  
 Tempests of Fire, like that which burns in Hell,  
 And blew Cascades of flaming Sulphur fell,  
 Dreadful to Sight, and deadly to the Smell.  
 The rav'ning Flames were on the Mountains pour'd,  
 And all thy Shepherds, with their Flocks, devour'd.  
 I only am escap'd, to let thee know  
 Thy heavy Loss, and this sad Scene of Woe.

Scarce had he ended, when another came,  
 His Horror was alike, his haste the same.  
 And thus he said : The fierce *Chaldeans* made  
 Three chosen Bands, thy Camels to invade :  
 Thy Servants by surprize they've overcome ;  
 And with their Spoil they march'd in Triumph home.

Mean time another enter'd, who in Speed  
 And Consternation, did the rest exceed.

And

And thus he spake. *Job*, At a splendid Treat  
 Thy Sons and Daughters were together met,  
 Within their Eldest Brother's pleasant Seat :  
 When rising from the Salvage Wilderness,  
 A howling, hollow Wind, with such a Stress  
 Bore on the House, that the high Roof and Wall  
 Disjoynted crack'd, and fell; and with the Fall  
 Crush'd, and interr'd at once th' assembled Youth.  
 I only escap'd to tell so sad a Truth.

Then *Job* his Garment rent, and shav'd his Head,  
 And on the Ground adoring fell, and said :  
 Naked at first I left my Mother's Womb,  
 And shall return as Naked to my Tomb.  
 The Lord has giv'n, and taken back again :  
 Because he takes his Own, shall I complain ?  
 Tho' now he Frowns, I'll praise th' Almighty's Name,  
 And bless the Spring whence past Enjoyments came.

CHAP. II. The glorious Sons of God, a second time  
 Adoring stood, around his Throne sublime.  
 A second time ambitious *Lucifer*,  
 Amidst the happy Seraphs did appear.  
 To whom th' Eternal thus. Apostate, whence  
 Com'st thou to these blest Seats of Innocence?

Th' Apostate said. I Lands and Seas have crost,  
 And past from Clime to Clime, from Coast to Coast,

Till



Till I the Tour of yon low World had made,  
 And all its Empires, and its States survey'd.  
 And now am hither come. In all thy way,  
 Th' Almighty said, Ambitious Spirit, say,  
 Hast thou observ'd good *Job*, my Servant, one  
 In Righteousness and Piety, by none  
 Thro' all the wide Terrestrial World out-done?  
 How 'midst his Sufferings he asserts my Cause,  
 Defends my Justice, and Obeys my Laws.  
 He perseveres unchang'd, and still holds fast  
 Th' Integrity which he has long embrac't.  
 Thou mov'st me to afflict his Soul in vain,  
 He still his generous Virtue does retain.  
 Shock'd with this Storm, he still takes deeper root,  
 Nor is he less adorn'd with Noble Fruit.  
 The Constancy th' unshaken Man has shew'd,  
 Does thy malicious Policy Elude.  
 Still against Sin he makes a brave defence,  
 Despoil'd of all things, but his Innocence.

Th' Apostate then reply'd. Mankind, 'tis known,  
 Will give their Childrens Skins, to save their own.  
 To save their Lives, their Treasures they produce;  
 Rather than Death, a naked Being chuse.  
 But now extend thy Hand, and let the smart  
 Of some Disease, afflict him to the Heart;  
 And thou wilt find my Accusation true,  
 That he with Curses will his God pursue.

Then

Then said th' Almighty, *Job* is in thy power,  
Afflict his Flesh, but be his Life secure.

In haste th' Apostate on this Errand went,  
Pleas'd with a Power to vex the Innocent.  
He soon collected thro' the Atmosphere,  
Crude Exhalations, and corrupted Air.  
He fetch'd raw Vapours, and unwholsom Damps  
From standing Lakes, low Caves, and marshy Swamps.  
Then finding *Job*, he secretly convey'd  
Thro' all his winding Veins, th' infectious Seed.  
The poyson'd Blood with Pestilential Boyls,  
From Head to Foot the guiltless Man defiles.  
In Ashes humbly filent, down he fate ;  
With Groans bewailing his unhappy Fate.  
To clean his Skin, he with a Pottsherd took  
The Filth away, that from his Ulcers broke.

Then thus his Wife the Constant Man addrest.  
How much thy pious dullness I detest !  
Dost thou not see that thy Devotion's vain ;  
What have thy Pray'rs procur'd but Woe and Pain ?  
To suff'ring Virtue wilt thou still adhere,  
And harden'd in Religion persevere ?  
Wilt thou retain thy Praying, Whining Cant ?  
And blest thy God ; for what ? for Plagues and Want ?  
Hast thou not yet thy Int'rest understood,  
Perverfly Righteous, and absurdly Good ?

These

These painful Sores, and all thy Loffes show,  
How Heav'n regards the foolish Saint below.  
Incorrigibly Pious, can't thy God  
Reform thy stupid Virtue with his Rod ?  
Since only Woe attends thy Piety,  
Be Wise and Brave for once, Curse God, and Dye.  
Provoke th' Almighty thus to be thy Friend,  
To take thy Life, and so thy Suff'rings end.

Then *Job* reply'd. Thou speakest as the Weak,  
As the Prophane, Flagitious Women speak.  
What! shall a Man, a Worm with God contend?  
Dispute his Will, his Rule of Justice mend?  
He once enrich'd, and made us to abound,  
Fill'd us with Goodness, and our Wishes crown'd :  
Shall we receive his Blessings, but complain  
When his afflicting Hand Creates our Pain ?  
We should our Patience in our Suff'rings shew ;  
Blessings are not, but Suff'rings are our Due.

When *Bildad*, *Zophar*, and Wife *Eliphaz*,  
Rever'd for Knowledge, and their Noble Race,  
All three to *Job* by Friendship long endear'd,  
The News of his Calamitys had heard ;  
They left their Seats, and meeting on the Day  
And Place of Rendezvous, they took their way  
To Mourn with *Job*, to share his mighty Grief,  
And by their Counsels to afford Relief.  
His Pain in part, by Kindness to remove,  
And sooth his Anguish by condoling Love.

C

Then

Then from afar they lifted up their Eyes,  
 Directed by his Moans, and wofull Crys,  
 And spy'd th' afflicted *Job* upon the Sand;  
 In Ashes laid, his Potsherd in his Hand.  
 Consummate Sorrow in his Eyes appear'd,  
 And Tears and Dust his meagre Cheeks besmear'd.  
 Deform'd he lay, Disfigur'd, Cover'd o'er  
 With running Boyls, and undigested Gore.  
 They sought him in himself, and scarce did know  
 Their ancient Friend, disguis'd with so much Woe.  
 At last convinc'd, they whisper'd, sure 'tis he;  
 But, O, how chang'd with Pain and Poverty?  
 What wondrous Turn of Providence is this,  
 And how precarious is Terrestrial Bliss?  
 Amazing Change! how soon, O Righteous God,  
 Man's Glory fades beneath thy blasting Rod?  
 To see a Righteous Friend so much distressed,  
 Awaken'd various Passions in their Breast:  
 Grief, Pity, Wonder in their Bosoms pent;  
 Prest with like force, and strove at once for Vent.  
 They tore their Vests, like Men in deep Despair,  
 And scatter'd Clouds of Ashes thro' the Air;  
 Which thence descending, on their Heads did rest,  
 Their inward Grief and Trouble to attest.  
 Not to molest a Sorrow so profound,  
 Sev'n Nights and Days they Silent sate around.  
 So long a Time they held their Peace, to show  
 A Rev'rence due to such prodigious Woe.

And

And then afflicted *Job* first Silence broke.  
His Friends attentive fate, while thus he spoke.  
Curst be the fatal Day that cheer'd my Sight,  
With the first Beam of Inauspicious Light.  
Curst be the luckless Night, be Curst the Morn,  
When first they said an Infant Man was born.  
Perish that Day, let it no more appear,  
Cut off from all Connexion with the Year.  
O'ercharg'd with Sorrow, let it move so slow,  
That all Times swift-Wing'd Race may still out-go  
That lagging Day, still let it pant behind,  
And never more its Place and Order find.  
May it be banish'd from its Month, and may  
No ill-designing Mortal ever Pray,  
To see again this Abdicated Day.  
May it its Course and Turn for ever miss,  
Ingulph'd, absorpt, and lost in Time's Abyss.

As for the Night, let Darknes to be felt,  
Impenetrable Darknes, such as dwelt  
On the Dun Visage of Primeval Night,  
Shut every Starbeam out from Mortals Sight,  
And close up every Pass and Road of Light.  
Let not the cheerful Face of Joy appear;  
Let no harmonious Sound delight the Ear.  
O let no other Accents fill the Air,  
But strains of raging Grief, and Yellings of Despair.

Ye Mourners, all ye wretched Sons of Woe,  
 Who on your Birth-day dreadful Curfes throw,  
 Some Execrations on this Night beſtow.  
 Ye Stars withdraw your Light, let not a Ray  
 Be ſuffer'd o'er the gloomy Air to fray,  
 Let Men in vain expect the dawning Day.  
 Becauſe it did not ſhut the Womb, and keep  
 Me from my Sorrows in Eternal Sleep.

Why did a falſe Conception not elude  
 My Parents hopes, and Life from me exclude ?  
 Why was I ſhap'd and faſhion'd as a Man ?  
 Why Life not ſtifled when it firſt began ?  
 O, that a quick Abortion had ſuppreſt  
 The vital Flame, when firſt it warm'd my Breaſt.  
 Why did I not continue ſtill too weak,  
 And deſtitute of Force enough to break  
 The Bands which firſt did me an Embryo hold,  
 And in the Womb my tender Limbs enfold.  
 Why did the Womb give me a paſſage forth ?  
 Or why did I ſurvive th' unhappy Birth ?  
 Why did my Mother's Knee and Nurſe's Breaſt,  
 Preſerve my Being, and prevent my Reſt ?  
 Had they in Mercy ſuffer'd me to lye  
 Without their help, and kindly let me dye ;  
 I then had early met as good a Fate,  
 As Princes, Kings, and Councillors of State,  
 Who lye in Stately Sepulchers Interr'd,  
 Which by themſelves at vaſt Expence were reer'd :

Who

Who once with Gold and Silver did abound,  
But now as Poor as Common Men are found.  
I had like Infants stifled in the Womb,  
Slept undisturb'd, laid in the quiet Tomb.  
The Wicked there no more the Just molest,  
And there the weary are dissolv'd in Rest.  
There near th' Oppressor lyes th' Opprest in Peace,  
And there the Prisoners Crys for ever cease.  
Levell'd by Death the Conquerour and the Slave,  
The Wise and Foolish, Cowards and the Brave,  
Lye mixt, and undistinguish'd in the Grave.

Why is that Peaceful Place, that soft repose  
Deny'd to vast unsufferable Woes?  
Why does the Man that drags in Sweat and Pain,  
His Chain of Life demand to dye in vain?  
Why is he not allow'd to yield his Breath,  
T' enjoy the cool, refreshing Shades of Death?  
Why does the courted Blessing still elude  
His eager Arms, and fly him when pursu'd?  
Relentless Death! Inexorable Grave!  
Why will you not your wretched Vot'rys Save?  
Who to enjoy you more desire and strive,  
Than e'er two happy Lovers did to Live?  
Why strikes not Death the Man who meets her Dart  
With an expanded Breast and leaping Heart?  
Why can't he taste her blest Ambrosial Bowl,  
To ease the bitter Anguish of his Soul?  
When a poor Wretch consum'd with raving Grief,  
And sunk in deep Despair, to find relief

Shall

Shall dig with eager Labour to explore  
 Death's Leaden Vein, as if 'twas Silver Oar :  
 Why does he not so cheap a Treasure find ?  
 By envious Life why is he countermin'd ?  
 Why must he live, who begs and prays to dye,  
 'Tis Cruelty this Refuge to deny  
 To one who knows not whither else to fly ?

}

This is my Case. For when I sit to Eat,  
 Tears are my Wine, and Trouble is my Meat.  
 My Grief Tempestuous, and unruly grows,  
 And as a roaring Flood my raging Sorrow flows.  
 For now I groan beneath those ills oppress'd,  
 Which my ill-boding Mind did still suggest.  
 When I possess the softest hours of Ease,  
 My ill presaging Thoughts disturb'd my Peace.  
 My anxious Fears did my Enjoyments Awe,  
 And now I feel what from afar I saw.

CHAP. IV. Then *Eliphaz* reply'd. To mourn thy Fate,  
 And with soft Words thy Sorrow to abate  
 We came, but such Impatience thou hast shown,  
 And hast on Heav'n such bold Reproaches thrown,  
 That now instead of yielding kind Relief,  
 My Language may exasperate thy Grief.  
 Such is thy Wound, Balm will be us'd in vain ;  
 And if I Lance it, I increase the Pain.  
 Yet who can hold from speaking to defend  
 Justice Divine, and guide an Erring Friend ?

Of



Oft have thy Words and Wise Instructions made  
The Feeble Strong, and giv'n th' Afflicted Aid.  
Th' Unfortunate and Wretched taught by Thee,  
Reviving, have forgot their Misery.  
The Mourners and the Comfortless have found  
Thy Words like healing Balm, ease their Wound.  
The most perverse, inexorable Woe,  
And fullen Grief thy charming Voice did know.  
Drooping Despondency, and deep Despair  
Listen'd to Thee, and would thy Counsels hear.  
But since it is thy Turn to undergo  
The Sufferers Part, ungovern'd Passions show,  
How much a lighter Task it is to give  
Counsel and wise Advice, than to receive.  
How easy 'tis to praise, how hard to bear  
Th' afflicting Rod, thy wild Complaints declare.

Impatience under Pain the Spring betrays  
Of thy Devotion and Religious Ways.  
Affliction has detected thee, and shown  
Thou didst not seek Heav'n's Int'rest, but thy own;  
For with thy Wealth, thy Piety is gone.  
None whose Religion's Pure, and Mind Sincere,  
Did e'er such Marks of Heav'n's Displeasure bear.  
Heav'n will not let the Righteous sink so low,  
In such a vast profound Abyss of Woe.  
They are by adverse Providence annoy'd,  
Kindly Corrected oft, but not destroy'd.  
They bear the Frowns, but not the Wrath of God,  
Nor Feel his Vengeance, tho' they do his Rod.

A ruin'd Upright Man was never known,  
 Never as thou art, perfectly Undone.  
 He that delights to sow Iniquity,  
 Shall a sad Harvest of Destruction see.  
 The Breath of God, like Pestilential Air  
 Shall blaft, and leave him with'ring in Despair.  
 So a fierce Lyon long inur'd to Spoil,  
 Shall roar entangled in the Hunter's Toil:  
 Or else the Bloody Ravager o'erpowr'd  
 When Old, by Famine's Teeth shall be devour'd.  
 His rav'ning Whelps shall o'er the Mountains stray,  
 And perish on the Sands for want of Prey.

I should be impious, vain and arrogant,  
 Should I of Heav'nly Correspondence vaunt:  
 Yet to convince thee of thy Error, hear  
 The Language of a Heav'nly Messenger.  
 When Night in Sable Clouds had Nature drest,  
 And weary Lab'ers sought refreshing Rest;  
 I had a Vision, which a Sacred Dread  
 And Reverential Horror in me bred.  
 The awful Object cloath'd in glorious Air,  
 Struck thro' my trembling Joynts resistless Fear.  
 A Heav'nly Spirit pass'd before my Sight;  
 My Hair with Terror stiffen'd, stood Upright.  
 Approaching me, the bright Appearance stood,  
 And I a plain Corporeal Glory view'd:  
 But in so great Confusion, so much Awe,  
 That I no Form or Shape distinctly saw.

Then

Then thus th' immortal Stranger silence broke,  
And with a still Celestial 'Accent spoke.

Shall mortal Man than God more Righteous be?  
Shall Man's out-do his Maker's Purity?  
Full Confidence ev'n in the Godlike Race  
Of Seraphims th' Almighty cannot place.  
He does Arch-Angels for their Folly blame,  
Who bow their conscious Heads, and blush for shame.  
And shall a Man his Innocence defend?  
With his great Maker shall a Man contend?  
A worthless Wight that triumphs for a Day,  
Whose Habitation is a House of Clay.  
Whose Fort of Life is founded in the Dust  
Which quickly falls, and disappoints his Trust,  
Tho' but a gnawing Worm the Work affails,  
Or but a filly Moth the Fabrick scales.  
Each hour the sap'd Foundation feels decay,  
And Life ev'n in its blooming fades away,  
Made to its own devouring Flame a Prey.  
So fast Men perish, that the common sight  
No more does wonder, or regard excite.  
On Power and Wealth in vain for aid they cry,  
For as they liv'd, they in their Folly dye.  
Therefore, O *Job*, thy rash Discourse correct,  
No more, poor Mortal, on thy God reflect.

Perhaps the Foolish may thy Conduct praise  
And against Heav'n may bold Objections raise.

CHAP. V.

D

But

But try the Wise and Upright, call and see  
 Which Saint of all the sacred Hierarchy  
 Will thy rash Words applaud, thy Cause maintain,  
 And with audacious Charges Heav'n arraign ?  
 Why dost thou, *Job*, thy Discontent express  
 That wicked Men do Power and Wealth possess ?  
 That Power and Wealth they will not long enjoy,  
 For wrath Divine will the vile Race destroy.  
 I have with wonder seen the Wicked shoot  
 Deep in a fertile soil his thriving Root:  
 But soon assailed with a sudden storm,  
 His ghastly Ruin did the Ground deform.  
 His Limbs and Leaves and wither'd Fruit were spread  
 Round his dismember'd Trunk, and blasted head.  
 His hated Sons impleaded by the Poor,  
 Their Wealth by *Rapine* gotten did restore.  
 Inextricable Troubles, vast Distress  
 Did this accurs'd, despairing Race oppress.  
 The Hungry did their thorny Fences leap,  
 Enjoy their Labour, and their Harvest reap.  
 Robbers did Inroads make in furious Bands,  
 Their Houses rife, and lay waste their Lands.

What means these Cries ? why this Impatience shown ?  
 Is Trouble rare ? are Woes uncommon grown ?  
 'Tis true, Affliction springs not from the Earth,  
 Nor to the Ground owes a spontaneous Birth ;  
 Yet Men to Woe as to their Center tend,  
 As Streams to Seas, and Flames to Heav'n ascend.

This

This is the sad Inheritance convey'd  
From Man to Man since *Adam* disobey'd.  
This is the Lot which God does Man assign ;  
Wherefore, O *Job*, were thy Affliction mine,  
I would to Heav'n's dread Majesty submit ;  
All my own Ways Arraign, but his Acquit.  
I would his Justice and his Truth adore,  
Revere his Greatness, but my self abhor.  
By humble Resignation I would lie  
Beneath his Feet, and for his Mercy cry.

His Deeds are great, 'unsearchable his Ways,  
Which in observing Minds Amazement raise.  
His Providence when least 'tis understood,  
Is always Just, and Merciful and Good.  
The Wonders of this dark, unfathom'd Deep,  
Our Thoughts in endless Admiration keep.  
He hangs his Clouds, amazing to behold,  
And shapes his Rain-drops in an unknown Mould.  
Then he his Waters on the Mountains pours,  
And on the Vallies his Prolific Showers.  
He sets the Servant in the Master's place,  
And wipes the Tears off from the Mourner's Face.  
The crafty he Entangles, Countermines  
The Councillor, and blasts his Wife designs.  
He turns against himself the Statesman's Art,  
And does the Politician's Hopes subvert.  
By interposing Mists, the clearest Sight  
He oft obstructs, and intercepts the Light.

'Involv'd in thicken'd Shades they lose their way,  
 Believe 'tis Night, and seek at Noon the Day.  
 He from th' Oppressor does Protect the Poor,  
 And from his Mighty Foe the Weak secure:  
 So to the Poor he gives reviving Hopes,  
 And the black Mouth of proud Injustice stops.

Thrice happy is the Man, who feels the smart  
 Which kindly God's correcting Strokes impart.  
 When chasten'd, think, thou art with Favours crown'd ;  
 Let no desponding Thoughts thy Hopes confound,  
 The Hand that made, will likewise heal thy Wound. }  
 He'll from thy various Troubles set thee free,  
 And change to Joy this Scene of Misery.  
 His powerful Word shall call the smiling Light  
 From this wild Chaos, and this fullen Night.  
 He shall protect thee with a tender Care  
 From the fierce Jaws of Famine and of War.  
 The poisonous Arrows of the Sland'ring Tongue,  
 Shall neither gall thy Fame, or Honour wrong.  
 When grim Destruction with her horrid Train  
 And dire Attendants, Anguish, Woe and Pain  
 Advances, shaking her tremendous Spear,  
 Her Threats shall move thy Laughter, not thy Fear.  
 All Nature reconcil'd shall give thee Peace,  
 If thy just Ways the Lord of Nature please.  
 The Stones and all the Elements with thee,  
 Shall ratify a strict Confed'racy.  
 Wild Beasts their salvage Nature shall forget,  
 And for a firm Alliance with thee treat.

The

The Finny Tyrants of the spacious Seas,  
 Shall send a Scaly Embassy for Peace.  
 His plighted Faith the Crocodile shall keep,  
 And seeing thee, for Joy sincerely Weep.  
 Dragons shall thee with friendly Hissings greet,  
 And wanton Serpents roll, and lick thy Feet.  
 The fawning Lyon shall thy Friendship Court,  
 And gentle Tygers shall around thee sport.  
 These awkward Sycophants shall thee address,  
 And unaccustom'd Flattery express.  
 Thy Habitation shall be ever blest  
 With undisturb'd Tranquility and Rest.  
 Thy House in Numbers shall surpass the Sand,  
 And as the Rocks around, unshaken stand.  
 When watchful Death shall on her Harvest look,  
 And see thee ripe with Age invite the Hook,  
 She'll gently cut thy bending Stalk, and thee  
 Lay kindly in the Grave her Granary.  
 Weigh these undoubted Truths, and thou wilt find  
 Great Consolation to thy wounded Mind.

He ceas'd, and *Job* in Pain and Anguish said,  
 O, that my Grief was in a Ballance laid,  
 And all my Suff'rings were against it weigh'd!  
 Then let an equal Judge decide my Case,  
 Whether my Grief my Suff'rings does surpass.  
 My massy Burden and my pondrous Woe,  
 In weight the Sand around the Sea out-do.

CHAP. VI.

Un-

Unutterable Groans my Soul opprefs,  
 Nor have I words to fhew my deep Distrefs.  
 Th' Almighty's Arrows ftick within my Heart,  
 And every feft'ring Wound gives deadly fmart.  
 Arrows whose heads, like pointed Lightning, fhine,  
 Steep'd in the ftrogeft Lees of Wrath Divine.  
 Their raging Poison fpreads without controul,  
 Drinks up my Life, and Eats my very Soul.  
 Th' Almighty's Terrors drawn out in Array  
 Surround me, and invade me every Way.  
 You that can triumph free from Care and Pain  
 In Peace and Plenty, never need Complain ;  
 Is the Wild Afs in graffy Fields difeas'd ?  
 Or o'er his Fodder lows the Oxe difpleas'd.  
 But did you my Affliction undergo,  
 Your groans with mine would fome proportion show, §  
 And to as high a Tyde your fwelling Sorrows grow. §  
 Who in unfavory Meats can take delight ?  
 What Taffe is in an Egg's infipid White ?  
 Then noxious Food, fuch as my Sorrows are,  
 'Tis madnefs to commend, as wholfom Fare.  
 I'm now compell'd, my Poverty is fuch,  
 To feed on Meats which I abhorr'd to touch.  
 My Troubles rife to fuch amazing height,  
 Such is my Grief's unfufferable Weight ;  
 My Soul to fuch extremity is driv'n,  
 That I muft ftill implore the God of Heav'n  
 That I may find the Bleffing I require,  
 That he would grant my paffionate defire ;

That



That he my Life in Mercy would destroy,  
And let me Death, for which I long, enjoy.  
That he would bowels of Compassion show,  
And loose his Hand to give the fatal blow.  
To welcome Death I would my Arms extend,  
Embrace and hug my Dear, tho' ghastly Friend.  
Did I but see the kind Deliverer near,  
Did from the Grave some dawning hope appear,  
This Anodyne my Anguish would appease,  
That with my Life my Grief would quickly cease.  
I'd then a firm, unshaken Courage show,  
Harden'd in Grief, and strengthen'd by my Woe.  
I hate to live, of Death I'm not affraid,  
Conscious that Heav'n I strictly have obey'd.  
What is my Strength ? how weak, and how absurd  
Is it to hope it er'e shall be restor'd ?  
What is my End ? where is my Period set  
When I no more shall my sad moans repeat ?  
Wasted and worn I linger and complain,  
And by prolonging Life prolong my Pain.

I from your Love and Council hop'd Relief,  
Thought your Discourses would abate my Grief ;  
But your perverse, unskilful ways confess  
You know not how to treat your Friend's distress.  
Mistaking my Distemper you enrage  
The sharp Disease, but not the Pain assuage.

Am I a Marble Rock that cannot feel ?  
Are all my Muscles Brags, my Sinews Steel ?

That

That I this mighty Load of Grief must bear,  
 While Death which I invoke neglects my Pray'r,  
 And at a distance keeps, deriding my Despair. }  
 O *Eliphaz*, was I desponding left,  
 Of help without, and sense within bereft,  
 Yet still a Friend Compassion should express  
 To one in such Affliction, and Distress.  
 As when with burning heat a Trav'ler fry'd  
 Finds out the Brook, but sees the Channel dry'd,  
 Where he expected cooling Streams should flow,  
 Since 'twas in Winter fill'd with Ice and Snow ;  
 But when the Waters felt a warmer heat,  
 They rose in Vapours, and forsook their Seat :  
 Won by the Summer's importuning Ray,  
 Th' eloping Flood did from its Channel stray, }  
 And with enticing Sun-beams stole away :  
 The Trav'ler casting down a troubled look,  
 Sighs and upbraids the false deceitful Brook.  
 Fair *Sheba's* Convoys and the thirsty Troops  
 Of *Tema* mourn their disappointed Hopes.  
 Confounded they express their Grief and Shame,  
 To find the Banks without th' expected Stream.  
 No less am I amaz'd, no less I grieve  
 That you my bosom Friends my hopes deceive.

You are unable to afford me Aid,  
 Seeing my Grief you start and are affraid.  
 Do my prodigious Woes my Friends amaze?  
 Why do you wildly stare, and at a distance gaze?

Has

Has my Disease this Consternation bred ?  
 D'ye fear my Ulcers will Infection spread ?  
 D'ye fear your Friend now Poor, will craving grow,  
 And beg Supplies of you to ease his Woe ?  
 Did I e'er importune my Friends to grant  
 Part of their Substance to relieve my want ?  
 Did ever *Job* at your Expence demand  
 To be deliver'd from th' Oppressor's hand ?  
 If your Instructions can my Ways correct,  
 Thankfull I'll hold my Peace, and not reject  
 The Heav'nly Light, that will my Crime detect. }  
 Right Reason's Beams a quick admission find,  
 And breaking all Obstructions force the Mind :  
 But whom can your Weak Arguments confute ?  
 Short, or beside the Mark you ever shoot.  
 Will you your Ignominious Slanders throw,  
 And tho' I am your Friend, insult my Woe ?  
 Almost bereft of sense yet I can find  
 Your Words are vain and empty, as the Wind.  
 Your Indiscretion far from your Intent,  
 With cruel Comforts does my Grief augment.  
 You sink me down too low before deprest,  
 And in your subtile Snares your Friend Arrest.  
 • And now if you my Troubles would survey,  
 And with deliberate Thoughts my Sorrow weigh,  
 You would pronounce I justly did Complain,  
 Acquit my Speeches, and your own Arraign.  
 Return I pray, to Reason's Paths return,  
 You'll then assert my Cause, my Sufferings mourn.

E

You

You will defend my Righteousness, and all  
 Your rash and unconfider'd Words recall.  
 I do not find my Reason so debas'd,  
 Nor yet so undistinguishing my Taste,  
 But I can see your words are misapply'd ;  
 They cannot Truth's Impartial Test abide.

## CHAP. VII.

The Life of Man has a determin'd date  
 Fix'd by Divine, Irrevocable Fate.  
 His Days will at a certain time expire,  
 As his, who lets his Labour out for Hire.  
 The Weary Slave does for the Evening pray,  
 Knowing his Labour ceases with the Day.  
 Then why should I with toilsom Life oppress,  
 Not be allow'd to pray for Death and Rest ?  
 Th' uneasy Day in ling'ring Pain I spend,  
 And think the tedious Night will never end.  
 By Night when Men their anxious Thoughts disband,  
 And gently strok'd by Slumber's downy hand ;  
 Reluctant Cares at last from raging cease,  
 And Sleep till Morn, to give the Wretched Peace.  
 Ev'n then my restless Thoughts to vex my Soul,  
 In everlasting Agitations roll.  
 My salvage Grief let loose, like Beasts of Prey,  
 By Night grows more outrageous, than by Day.  
 My swelling Sorrows never will subside,  
 But higher rise in their Nocturnal Tyde.  
 A thousand times I turn, but turn in vain,  
 I change my Side, but always keep my Pain.

With

With longing Eyes I seek the dawning Light,  
But Woe succeeds, as Day succeeds the Night.  
My Ulcerated Flesh is cloath'd with Worms,  
And Putrefaction every Limb deforms.

My Days in quick Succession go and come,  
As the swift Shuttle traverses the Loom.  
Lord, in Compassion to me, call to mind,  
That swift-wing'd Life out-flies the fleetest Wind.  
No grateful Object more shall please my Sight,  
No more Harmonious Sounds my Ear delight.  
I must for ever my Abode forsake,  
For ever of my Friends my Farewell take.  
Shouldst thou displeas'd give me a frowning Look,  
I sink, I dy, as if with Light'ning struck.  
As ruin'd Clouds dissolve, and flow in Air,  
And ne'er their lost Connexion can repair :  
So he that once descends into the Tomb,  
Before the great and Universal Doom,  
No more his Form and Vigor will resume. }  
He'll never break the Leaden Chains of Death,  
Nor more by turns exclude and draw his Breath.  
He shall no more enjoy his former home,  
Nor from the Grave to his dear Neighbours come.  
Since Life by Common Fate must quickly cease,  
And griping Death will ne'er her Prey release ;  
I'll not refrain, but for Compassion Cry,  
For some repose and Ease, or else to Dye.  
I'll speak, for Grief is bold and eloquent,  
My Prayers and Crys shall give my Sorrow vent.

Expostulations and Complaints shall ease  
My tortur'd Soul, and the sharp Pain appease.

Am I a vast, a wild, Impetuous Deep,  
That thou art forc'd to set thy Watch, and keep  
Me thus in Bounds? Can I e'er dangerous grow,  
E'er pass my Banks, and o'er the Region flow?  
Am I a furious Monster of the Main,  
That thou in Fetters dost my Rage restrain?  
No. I extended lye upon my Bed,  
And on my Couch repose my restless Head:  
But then if Sleep around me nodding flies  
With flaggy Wings, and lights upon my Eyes;  
Visions and Dreams compos'd of frightful Air,  
The drowsy Stranger from my Eye-lids scare.  
Therefore my Soul does quick Deliv'rance ask'  
From tedious Life's unsufferable Task:  
Life I abhor; let me alone to Dye;  
Why should I still in ling'ring Torments lye?  
Why does Coy Death from my Embraces fly?  
Why should I Live? Was I from Pain releas't,  
Life's but a vain and empty Name at best.  
O, what is Man? What is the Hope and Trust  
Of a poor piece of ill-cemented Dust?  
What is the Wight, that God should condescend  
To try his Strength, and with him should contend?  
Wilt thou such Honour on a Wretch bestow,  
Is he or worth thy Notice, or thy Blow?  
Wilt thou thy Power against a Worm engage,  
Is Man a proper Object of thy Rage?

But

But if thou scourgest with a kind Intent,  
And thy sharp Strokes are for Correction meant  
To make the Suff'rer thy just Laws obey,  
And to reduce the Wand'rer to his way,  
Still what is Man, that every Day his God  
Should both Chastise, and Guide him with his Rod?  
That he should Wound his Flesh to heal his Mind,  
Beneficent in Wrath, and in Displeasure Kind?  
Lord, spare a Wretch that has not long to live,  
Some easie Minutes, some short respite give.  
I own my Guilt, and my Offences blame,  
Delug'd in Tears, and overwhelm'd with Shame.  
What shall I do thy Favour to regain?  
Can I implore th' Almighty's Aid in vain,  
Whose gracious Power does all Mankind sustain?  
In deeds of Kindness thou dost most rejoyce,  
Chast'ning is forc'd, but Mercy is thy choice.  
Why hast thou set me as a Mark, to stand  
Against the Darts of thy resistless Hand,  
Which so much gaul my fest'ring Flesh, that I  
Would lay my Life, my Burden down, and dye?  
Forgive of all my Guilt the mighty Debt,  
Remember Mercy, and my Sin forget.

Then *Bildad* :

CHAP. VIII.

How long wilt thou the Bounds of Patience break?  
And thus absurdly and perversely speak?  
How long shall thy Reproaches Heav'n Arraign?  
Does the least Spot Eternal Justice stain?

Why

Why does thy Passion's Tyde its Bank o'erflow ?  
 Why do thy Words, like Winds, Tempestuous grow ?  
 Does God Deceit to Sacred Truth prefer ?  
 Rather than *Job*, must God be thought to err ?  
 If thy Rebellious Children did provoke  
 Th' Almighty's Wrath, and felt his Vengeful stroke,  
 If thou his Perfect Justice would'st adore,  
 If thou his Mercy humbly would'st implore ;  
 And to thy Pray'r joyn Purity of Heart,  
 For thy Support he would his Power exert.  
 His Blessings yet would Crown thy righteous Ways,  
 And thou in Peace might'st pass thy prosp'rous Days.  
 Tho' thou art Poor and despicably low,  
 Thy Substance should increase and vastly grow,  
 And Wealth around thee would profusely flow. }  
 Consult thy Fathers, look on Ages back,  
 Turn o'er the Rolls of Time, and strict enquiry make.  
 We are of no Experience, no regard  
 When with our long-liv'd Ancestors compar'd :  
 Those Venerable Heads will give thee Light  
 In this Debate, and set thy Judgment right.  
 They'll from repeated Observation shew,  
 That all the Maxims we advance, are true.

Ev'n as a Rush that in a Wat'ry Mead  
 With hasty growth rears its presumptuous Head ;  
 In its chief Verdure withering away,  
 Prevents the Mower by a swift decay.  
 The Plants that once with Envy on him gaz'd,  
 Stand at this unexpected Change amaz'd.



So shall the Beauty of the Wicked fade,  
Who to endure has no Foundation laid.  
His swelling Hopes in their high Tyde shall ebb ;  
His Trust is weaker than a Spider's Web.  
He on his House shall lean, a fruitless Prop,  
His House will sink, and disappoint his Hope.  
Will he on Servants and his Wealth depend,  
Servants and Wealth their Lord shall not defend.  
Tho' he to Heav'n should raise his shady head,  
And his thick Branches o'er the Garden spread ;  
Should he beneath the Summer's burning Ray  
Continue Green, which makes the Rush decay ;  
Should all his interweaving Roots around,  
Embrace the Stones in firm and solid ground ;  
Could he deride the Winds that him invade,  
And Tempests with their Impotence upbraid ;  
Did he thus stand secure from Storms and Heat,  
Proud of the Strength and Beauty of his Seat ;  
He shall his suddain Extirpation Mourn,  
Fell'd by the Axe, or else by Thunder torn.  
Compleat Destruction shall all marks efface,  
And all Remains, that might confess his place.  
The ground shall no discov'ring Footsteps shew,  
Nor neighb'ring Trees remember, where he grew.  
No other milder Fate or happier End,  
Shall all his Pomp and prosp'rous Pride attend.  
He shall be rooted up, and in his Ground  
No fruitful Plant shall be hereafter found,  
But neighb'ring Trees shall thrive, that stand around.

His

His God will never the Perfect Man reject,  
 Nor may the Wicked e'er his Aid expect.  
 Hence, *Job*, thy want of Virtue does appear,  
 That God abandons thee to thy Despair.  
 But this is certain, if thou wilt not mourn  
 Offences past, and to thy God return,  
 Utter Destruction shall thy Ways attend ;  
 But if convinc'd thou wilt thy Errors mend,  
 He shall thy former Joy and Power restore,  
 Encrease thy Friends, and multiply thy Store ;  
 Till Songs and Shouts thy great Delight attest,  
 And mighty Joy extends thy lab'ring Breast.  
 Those who revil'd thee, and thy Dwelling curst,  
 Shall blush with Shame, with Indignation burst ;  
 When they shall see thy Happy Days restor'd,  
 And greater Wealth and Honour on thee pour'd.  
 Mean time resistless Ruin shall efface  
 The Wicked Man, and all his impious Race.

CHAP. IX.    Then answer'd *Job*. This Sacred Truth I own,  
 That God has still unblemish'd Justice shown.  
 Nor can a Man his Innocence defend,  
 If with him God should in Debate contend.  
 What Reasonings e'er he offers in dispute,  
 Man of a thousand could not one Confute.  
 He's Wife in Heart, and guides all Nature's Ways,  
 And at a View the Universe surveys.

The

The Heart he searches with his piercing Eye,  
And bubbling Thoughts does in their Spring descry.  
Unfinish'd Notions in the Mind he sees,  
And the rude Lines of half-drawn Images.  
He views the Spark that first our Bosom fires,  
And the first struggling of unborn Desires.  
He from the Hills of Time looks down, to see  
The boundless Vale of dark Futurity.  
He sees all Ages from Duration's Deep  
Come rolling on, and how they Order keep.  
All things he sees in Time's Capacious Womb,  
And turns the Annals o'er of Years to come.  
He sees each Chance, and every future Turn,  
And reads the Lives of Monarchs yet unborn.  
He views Events that in their Causes lye,  
And sees Effects in Nature's Energy.  
He minds our Ways, and to his clearer Sight  
Those Paths are crooked, which we thought were right.

His Strength proportion with his Wisdom shows,  
Fit to Protect his Friends, and Crush his Foes ;  
Who with Success did e'er his Arm oppose ?  
Hills with their Woods, when his fierce Anger burns,  
He from their Seat amidst the Vally spurns.  
He turns up Mountains Roots against the Sky,  
And from his Wrath the Rocks find Wings to fly.  
He makes the Earth with strong Convulsions shake,  
Her Pillars start, and their old Base forsake.  
Vast, gaping Chasms, amazing to the Sight,  
Mingle the Day with Subterranean Night.

Th' inclining Poles as wrench'd aside appear,  
 And diving Isles conceal themselves for fear.  
 At his Command the rising Sun will stay,  
 And from the World keep back the ling'ring Day.  
 His marshal'd Clouds to intercept the Light,  
 Seal up the Stars the twinkling Eyes of Night.  
 The spreading Heav'n's he as a Curtain draws,  
 Treads down aspiring Waves, and gives the Ocean Laws.  
 With Orbs of Light he inlays all the Sphears,  
 And studs the Sable Night with Silver Stars.  
 He all the Constellations hangs on high,  
 And bids the Planets wander thro' the Sky.  
 Stormy *Arcturus* round the Northern Pole  
 By his direction does unweari'd roll.  
*Orion* and the *Pleiades* dispence,  
 At his Command, their Rays and Influence.  
 His skillful hand on Airy Pillars rears  
 The Vaulted Chambers of the Southern Spheres.  
 The long Succession of his Mighty Deeds,  
 Our everlasting Admiration feeds.

Behind a black impenetrable Screen  
 Of Pitchy Clouds, th' Almighty walks unseen.  
 He that to follow in his Steps essays,  
 Thro' all his craggy, dark, perplexing Ways,  
 Scar'd by the sacred Horrors of the Place,  
 Will own, the Maze Divine he cannot trace,  
 Nor the black Gulph, and trackless Mountains pass. }  
 He'll stand astonish'd, and bereft of Sense,  
 Lost in the awful Wilds of Providence.

If

If he his settled Purpose has exprest,  
A Man of Wealth and Honour to divest,  
What hardy Mortal will his Power withstand,  
Or dares a reason why 'tis done, demand ?  
Till God withdraws the heavy, galling Yoke,  
And reconcil'd, forbears th' afflicting Stroke:  
Those who would rescue, may their Pride express,  
But by their fall their weakness shall confess.

Since none a Match in Power with God contends,  
And none his Ways and Counsels comprehends,  
Can I pretend to speak, my Case to state,  
And grapple with th' Almighty in debate ?  
Can I his Ear with chosen Language charm,  
And God of all his Arguments disarm ?  
Tho' I believ'd my Cause most Right and Just,  
I would my doubtful Innocence distrust.  
I would not plead with God, but only pray  
That Justice he with Mercy would allay.  
Tho' he should kindly grant me my Request,  
Yet I so much despond, am so Distrest,  
That Ith' amazing Truth should ne'er believe,  
But, as a gawdy Dream the joyful News receive.  
Both sharp and lasting Suff'rings I have born,  
With Wrath Divine, as with a Tempest torn ;  
He perseveres and multiplies his Strokes,  
Tho' no uncommon Guilt his Wrath provokes.  
So fast his fierce, redoubled Blows descend,  
That I can scarce to all my Wounds attend.

No breathing Time is giv'n, no short Relief  
From exquisite and never-ceasing Grief.  
Should I his Throne with all my force Affail,  
Against Almighty Strength can I prevail ?  
If I Appeal to Judges and to Laws,  
What higher Court can Sit to hear my Cause ?  
If I my Righteousness before him plead,  
Will not my Words to my Conviction lead ?  
Will he not thence my Condemnation draw,  
And in my purest Virtue find a flaw ?  
Should God pronounce me just, yet I'd refuse  
Uneasy Life, and Death's Embraces chuse.

To all things you advance, to represent  
God's Power and Justice fully, I assent.  
But then you err, when you assert that God  
Exempts the Righteous from his scourging Rod.  
No Fav'rite Son is from his Frown secure,  
But in his Turn does his sharp Stripes endure.  
The Foolish from the Wise you cannot know  
By the false marks of Happiness, or Woe.  
'Twixt Good and Bad there's no distinction made,  
Unless more frequent Darts the Good invade.  
Against the Just th' Almighty's Arrows fly,  
For he delights the Innocent to try.  
To show their Constant and their God-like Mind,  
Not by Afflictions broken, but refin'd.  
He to the Wicked gives the Earth away,  
And raises Monsters to Imperial Sway.

He makes them Peace and Plenty to possess,  
And crowns their Undertakings with Success.  
While Men for Empire fit, and Publique Trust,  
Quick in discerning, in deciding Just,  
Worthy of Thrones, Men of unblemish'd Fame,  
Are oft expos'd to Misery and Shame.  
This is th' Almighty's Deed, if not, declare  
Its genuine Authors, who, and where they are.

My Life consumes in never-ceasing Woe,  
My rolling Days uninterrupted flow,  
To disembody their Flood within the Deep,  
Where all the Streams of Time collected Sleep.  
No eager Couriers in their greatest haste,  
Nor Ship before the Wind advance so fast.  
The Eagle from the Mountains Airy top,  
To strike his Prey, does ne'er so swiftly stoop.  
If I resolve my Sorrow to forget,  
That I'll no more my rash Complaints repeat,  
That my unbridled Passion I'll restrain ;  
This humble Resignation is in vain.  
For God will never my Distress relieve,  
He'll punish on, and tempt Men to believe.  
That *Job* by some unusual, black Offence,  
Has Heav'n provok'd such Judgments to dispence.  
In vain I strive my Innocence to clear,  
Since I must still these grievous Sufferings bear,  
Still the sad marks of Heav'n's displeasure wear. }  
If by my Vindication I should grow  
As clean and spotless, as the Fleecy Snow,

When

When God replies, my Stains before conceal'd  
 To my Confusion would be all reveal'd.  
 My Foulness he'll detect, that I no more  
 Should boast my Cleannesse, but my self abhor.

He's not a Man, my equal in dispute,  
 That I should hope his Reasons to refute.  
 Can I in Courts of Judgment take my place,  
 And plead against th' Almighty Face to Face?  
 In this Debate what Umpire shall preside,  
 Hear all our Arguings, and the Cause decide?  
 Let him his Terrors, and his Rod withdraw,  
 And let his Mercy mitigate his Law ;  
 For humane Frailty due Allowance make,  
 And I with Courage will my Tryal take.  
 I then will boldly speak, and free from fear  
 I'll quickly make my Innocence appear.  
 But this request th' Almighty does refuse ;  
 He does the Rigour of his Justice use.  
 His awful Terrors which my Soul surround,  
 Drink up my Spirits, and my Hope confound.  
 As I have done, I therefore will complain,  
 This only way is left to sooth my Pain.

CHAP. X.      My constant Woes, such constant Groans create,  
 That Life's a black, uncomfortable State.  
 My Soul abhors this loathsome Lump of Clay,  
 Longs to be free, to wing to Heav'n its way.  
 I'll make my moan to give its Sorrow vent,  
 Else will my Breast be with its Tempest rent.



I cannot smother such Gigantick Woe,  
Nor on my raging Grief a Muzzle throw.  
I can't forbear, to God I'll thus complain,  
As one that's Wicked, do not me Arraign.  
Why dost thou let me thus in torment lye,  
And thus in vain for Heav'n's Compassion Cry?  
Do not thy Servant by uncommon Woes,  
To Publique Censure and Reproach expose.  
Mankind will Me Condemn, and cry, we know  
His Crime's enormous, since his Pain is so.

Can God Complacence in Oppression take,  
And vex his Creatures for the Pleasure's sake?  
O, can a God of Mercy cruel grow,  
No Pity feel, no tender Passion show?  
Can God my Father e'er Unnatural prove,  
Shut up his Bowels, and forget to love?  
Will he with hostile Force his Sons invade,  
Pleas'd to destroy the Works his hands have made?  
While he mean time with more auspicious Rays  
Shines on the Wicked, and approves their Ways?  
Has God an Eye of Flesh, that needs the Light?  
Has he, like Man, a Weak imperfect Sight,  
That he's so curious in his search, and makes  
Such strict enquiry after my Mistakes?  
Or are th' Almighty's days like those of Man,  
That in extension scarce exceed a Span?  
That he makes haste to punish, on pretence  
That Death may interpose for my Defence.

By

By blacker Crimes than others, thou dost know  
 I'm not distinguish'd, tho I am by Woe.  
 Thou know'st that none thy Vengeance can withstand,  
 Or rescue me from thy Afflicting Hand.  
 Should'st thou deny me Aid, I am bereft  
 Of all Assistance, and am hopeless left.

Thy hands have wrought and fashion'd every Part  
 Of this weak Fabrick with amazing Art :  
 And now, as if thou didst thy Labour blame,  
 Wilt thou in pieces dash the curious Frame ?  
 O let but God remember how at first  
 He form'd my Limbs, and rais'd me out of Dust.  
 How with stupendous Skill he did convey  
 My Flame of Life thro' crooked Tubes of Clay.  
 What need he crush me then with mighty Pain,  
 When of my self I turn to Dust again ?  
 To him my Parent, I my Being owe,  
 The Fountain whence precarious Beings flow.  
 He the prolific Principles infus'd,  
 From whence the crude Conception was produc'd.  
 He form'd me when an Embryo in the Womb,  
 And made my Limbs their proper Shape assume.  
 He warm'd the heaving Mass with Vital Heat,  
 Hung in the Breast my Heart, and bid it beat.  
 He of connected Bones a Bullwark made,  
 Against the Ills which every way invade.  
 About the Bones he the strong Sinews wound,  
 And fenc'd the tender Plant of Life around.

He

He taught my breathing Lungs to draw the Air,  
Which might the Vital Flame within repair.  
He made the Veins o'er all the Body stray,  
Which Purple Life in winding Streams convey.  
He spun the various threads with Art Divine,  
Wherewith he weav'd my Flesh, and curious Skin.  
He did not only make me Life possess,  
But did my Life with sweet Enjoyments bless.  
I was with Peace, and with abundance cloy'd,  
And long a true Terrestrial Heav'n enjoy'd.  
At first he kindled, and he still maintains  
The Flame of Life which wanders thro' my Veins.  
Sure God remembers, how he has been kind,  
And treasures up these Favours in his Mind.  
And on his former Love can he reflect,  
And me at last, tho' unprovok'd, reject?

If I am Wicked I thy Vengeance bear,  
And if I'm Righteous, still thy Frowns I fear.  
Confusion and Despair my Soul Oppress,  
Lord, see my Woe, and pity my Distress.  
My sad Complaints increase, my Suff'rings grow,  
And every Moment propagates my Woe.  
As a fierce Lyon o'er the grassy Lawn,  
With Hunger urg'd, pursues the flying Fawn;  
So dost thou hunt me down by Night and Day,  
So dost thou seize, and tear the trembling Prey.  
Thou dost my Spirits and my Strength devour,  
And mark me out to Celebrate thy Power.

G

Thou

Thou dost thy Judgments and thy Strokes renew,  
 And my vext Soul with hotter Wrath pursue.  
 Thou still reviv'st the War, and dost employ  
 All Arts and Arms thy Creature to annoy.  
 Did I for this amidst the Living come?  
 Didst thou for this release me from the Womb?  
 Oh! that from thence I ne'er had broke away,  
 Or had expir'd, when first I saw the Day!  
 For then had I been carried from the Womb,  
 And laid to Sleep within the silent Tomb.  
 My Minutes fly, my Days roll on apace,  
 And hasty Life will soon compleat its Race.  
 Some Comfort therefore, some short respite give,  
 And spare a Wretch that soon must cease to Live.  
 Some hours of Rest, some Intervals bestow,  
 And for a Moment interrupt my Woe;  
 Before I'm carried to the Grave beneath,  
 The Land of Darknes and the Shades of Death:  
 A Region undiscover'd to the Light,  
 Th' Imperial Seat of unmolested Night:  
 A Place secur'd with such a gloomy Mound,  
 So fenc'd with Walls of solid Darknes round,  
 That not a streak of Light, no wand'ring Ray  
 E'er came to view it, or explor'd the Way  
 To introduce the Foreign Power of Day.

Then *Zophar* did his Speech to *Job* direct:  
 Thou dost Prolix Discourses much affect.

Thy

Thy Words abound, and roll in Floods along  
With mighty noise, but are they therefore Strong?  
Shall thy loud Deluge sober Reason drown,  
And bear thy Friends, thy kind Instructors down?  
Shall thy Devices make us hold our Peace?  
Must we not answer, lest we should displease?  
Shalt thou with such unsufferable Pride,  
Despise thy Brethren, and thy God deride,  
And yet, must no Man undertake to blame  
Thy faulty Conduct, and expose thy Shame?  
For thou hast said, that in th' Almighty's Sight  
Thy Hands are clean, and thy Opinions right.  
Would God would interpose, and undertake  
This Argument for thy Conviction's sake!  
His All-discerning Eye would quickly find  
Stains in thy hands; and Errors in thy mind.  
If he would Wisdom's hidden Stores expose,  
Its awful Depths and Wonders would disclose.  
Wonders and Depths of Wisdom yet conceal'd,  
Surpassing all which he has e'er reveal'd.  
Thou would'st adore his methods, and declare  
How much above thy reach his Counsels are.  
Thou would'st no more thy rash expressions use,  
No more th' Almighty's Providence accuse.  
For of thy Sin he has forgiven part,  
Exacting less by far than thy desert.

Why does thy peevish Folly God Arraign?  
Why would'st thou fix on Providence a Stain?

Can humane Reason such wide Arms extend,  
 As shall th' Almighty's Wisdom comprehend?  
 Let down thy Understanding, try to sound  
 And search a Deep so vast, and so profound.  
 Canst thou the Reasons of his Conduct find,  
 And view the secret Council of his Mind?  
 It is as Heav'n insuperably Steep,  
 Wide as the boundless Ocean, and as deep ;  
 What canst thou do but awful distance keep ?  
 If God from off the Earth a Nation cuts,  
 If wretched Captives he in Prison shuts ;  
 If he shall give a harra's'd Kingdom ease,  
 And from his Chains the squallid Slave release,  
 Who can against him such Objections raise,  
 As shall detect Injustice in his Ways ?  
 Tho' Man so little knows, is so unfit  
 In Judgment on his Maker's Ways to fit ;  
 Yet God our Folly and our Rashness knows,  
 And can our secret Wickedness expose.  
 He can discover all our guilty Thoughts,  
 And tho' we hide them, will reveal our Faults.  
 Tho' thou dost vaunt that thou art free from Sin,  
 He may discern Hypocrisy within.  
 Nor stands he unconcern'd, but will chastise  
 The Wickedness, which he in Man descrys.  
 And yet this vain, this despicable Wight,  
 This foolish Creature Man, takes great delight  
 In being thought divinely Wise, and fit  
 Th' Almighty's Deeds to censure or acquit :

Tho'

Tho' as to things Divine, which most advance  
Man's Happy State, he does in Ignorance,  
In Headiness and Dullness far surpass  
The stupid Offspring of the wildest As.

If Penitential Groans prepare thy way,  
And thou shalt humbly to th' Almighty pray ;  
If thou his Lands and Treasure dost restore  
( If thou detainest any ) to the Poor ;  
If thou the Cause of Sin wilt not espouse,  
But chase it from thy Heart, and from thy House ;  
Thou shalt to Heav'n thy chearful Face erect,  
To Heav'n that does the Innocent Protect.  
On strong Foundations stedfast thou shalt stand,  
Danger deride, and all thy Fears disband.  
As Summer Floods which o'er the Meadows flow  
With equal Speed back to their Channel go :  
So thy subsiding Sorrows shall retreat,  
And thou shalt all thy Misery forget.  
Thou shalt dispel with thy prevailing Light,  
The Shades and gloomy Horrors of the Night.  
Thou shalt emerge from Woe and deep Despair,  
Bright as Noon-day, and as the Morning fair.  
Thou shalt in Peace thy Fields and Herds survey,  
Secure as well from Beasts, as Men of Prey.  
Surrounding Bulwarks shall thy Dwelling fence,  
Against all hostile Rage and Violence.  
When thou shalt lay thy weary Limbs to rest,  
No sudden Dangers shall thy Sleep molest.

To

To thee thy Neighbours shall in Throngs resort  
 To see thy Splendor, and thy Friendship Court,  
 And from thy Power shall humbly ask Support. }  
 But mighty Woes the Wicked shall Affail,  
 In looking after Help their Eyes shall fail :  
 Their Hope shall vanish as a blast of Air ;  
 How shall they scape, 'tis God denounces War ?

CHAP. XII.    Then *Job* reply'd. No doubt but you are Wise,  
 And may the barb'rous, senseless World despise.  
 You've all the Wisdom of Mankind engroft,  
 Can more than Humane Understanding boast.  
 If you should dye, the Grave and endless Night  
 Would overwhelm all Intellectual Light.  
 Blind Ignorance would unmolested reign,  
 And Folly Universal Empire gain.  
 But know, since you your Friend so hardly prefs, }  
 As well as you, some Reason I possess,  
 Nor is its Light more dim, or Vigour less. }  
 Yet you and I in this debate must own,  
 We've no great Flights of Wit, or Depths of Wisdom shown.  
 That God is Wise, and still does Right decree,  
 All other Nations grant, as well as we.  
 But you perversly manage the Debate,  
 And the true Question never justly State.  
 You ought to prove, that some enormous fault  
 Has on my Head this sore Affliction brought.  
 You should my close Hypocrisy detect,  
 Which makes th' Almighty my Complaint reject.

In-



Instead of this you with unnatural Pride  
Your suffering Friend insultingly deride.  
Because th' Almighty does his Ear incline  
To hear your Pray'r, while he is deaf to mine ;  
Because your Days are prosp'rous, you despise  
And mock your Neighbour that in Torment lies.

Contempt th' afflicted Righteous Man attends,  
And Scorn, instead of Pity, from his Friends.  
A Man reduc'd to Misery and Want,  
Who once could Honour and Abundance vaunt,  
In his successful, thriving Neighbour's Sight,  
Tho' like a Lamp esteem'd when fresh and bright, }  
Is scorn'd, when glimm'ring with expiring Light. }  
Yet of the Just this is the Common Fate,  
While Wicked Men enjoy a prosp'rous State.  
Robbers and Spoilers see their Wealth endure,  
And those, who God provoke, live most secure.  
With lavish hand he does his Favours throw,  
And undeserv'd Rewards on these bestow.

Ask of the Beasts, the Beasts will strait return,  
That they the same sad Circumstances mourn.  
They'll cry, the tawny Tyrants that possess  
The lawless Empire of the Wilderness,  
The strip'd and spotted Monsters of the Wood,  
The Bears and Wolves inur'd to Spoil and Blood,  
These fat with Rapine, Peace and Power enjoy,  
Yet persevere to ravage and destroy :

Mean

Mean time the harmless Flock and useful Herd,  
 By the Destroyer's Hand are never spar'd.  
 They fall, unhappy Creatures! either way,  
 To Men their Friends, or Beasts their Foes a Prey.  
 Ask all the Feather'd Nations of the Air,  
 They'll all with one Confed'rate Voice declare,  
 That the voracious Vulture and the Kite,  
 The Hawk and Eagle that in Blood delight,  
 With all the long-wing'd Rovers of the Skies,  
 Which Cruize among the Clouds to ken a Prize,  
 They'll say this rav'ning Race is most secure,  
 Whilst the meek Dove, and harmless Fowls endure }  
 A thousand Mischiefs from th' Invader's Power. }  
 Then on the Ocean's oazy Margin stand,  
 And of the finn'd Inhabitants demand  
 How 'tis with them ; they'll all, as one, complain  
 The same unequal Fate attends the Main.  
 They'll cry the vast *Leviathan* that moves  
 The Deep around, and Seas before him Shoves,  
 With all the Spoilers, and the murth'ring Race  
 Of scaly Ravagers that vex the Place ;  
 In Peace possess the Empire of the Flood,  
 And undisturb'd, regale themselves with Blood.  
 Unweildy with their Fat, without controul,  
 The lazy Tyrants on the Billows roll :  
 Pamper'd with Spoil, the wanton Monsters Sleep  
 Along the Shore, or Sport within the Deep.  
 While their Luxurious Bellies to supply  
 Whole Shoals of inoffensive Fishes Dy.

But

But whoe'er entertain'd a doubtful Thought  
If God this State of Things ordain'd, or not?  
Who by his Power all Beings did produce,  
And by his Wisdom fix'd their end and use:  
He may, his Creatures lives at Pleasure take,  
They are his own, who can Objections make?  
God's Sovereign Right of Empire I respect,  
But this Concession can't my Cause affect.  
Can you some monstrous Guilt or Error show,  
Commensurate to my stupendous Woe?  
Have Patience then, with an attentive Ear  
My just Defence and Allegations hear.  
Use a Judicious and Impartial taste,  
And you'll no more unjust Reproaches cast.  
You'll see with what Integrity I act,  
And all your Censures rashly made, retract.

*Bildad* the Cause between us would refer  
To antient Fathers, as less apt to err.  
Wisdom I grant in Hoary Heads appears,  
And Understanding is matur'd by Years;  
Rarely a Beardless Oracle we know,  
Judgment by Age does to Perfection grow.  
But when we most our Ancestors commend,  
Their greatest Wisdom can't with God's contend.  
Antiquity's Traditions can't decide  
Against a Rule Divine, our certain Guide.  
We can't in any but th' Eternal Mind,  
Council and Knowledge in Perfection find.

God is a Mind all Intellectual Light,  
 Clear without Mist, without a Blemish bright.  
 From him the Spring those streams of Wisdom flow,  
 That feed the thinking, reasoning World below.  
 The Wise on Earth who most deserve our Praise,  
 Shine but with dim and delegated Rays.

We should with equal Reverence adore  
 The Wonders of his Wisdom and his Power.  
 He levels with the Dust the proudest Town,  
 O'erthrows her Forts, and breaks her Bullwarks down.  
 Her gilded Palaces he overturns,  
 And her high Towers amidst the Rubbish spurns.  
 Her Rooms of State, and Roofs of Cedar meet,  
 Huddled in Ruin in th' embarras'd Street.  
 Tho' all bewail her miserable Fall,  
 None dares attempt to build again her Wall.  
 If wretched Slaves in Prison he restrains,  
 Who shall release them from their pond'rous Chains?  
 He ties the Clouds the Bottles of the Skies,  
 And to the Earth his Heav'nly Dew denies.  
 Then cleaving Drought the Sunburnt Mountains chap,  
 And for the Rain the thirsty Meadows gape.  
 Anon the Rivers swell at his Command,  
 O'erflow their Banks, and kindly drown the Land.  
 Wisdom and Strength are his, 'tis he imparts  
 To all the Crafty their successful Arts.  
 He shows them how to lay a wise Design,  
 How to Attack, and how to Countermine.

Mean time their Neighbours he of Sense bereaves,  
Whom he a Prey to the Deceiver leaves.  
He puzzles famous Sages in Debate,  
And leads in Triumph Councillors of State.  
From learned Judges Wisdom he withdraws,  
And they are left, as Fools without Applause.  
He haughty Monarchs Bonds and tort'ring Racks,  
And all their Engines of Destruction breaks.  
He Rifles all their Stores of Death and Pain,  
And binds the Tyrant with the Captive's Chain.  
He over-turns the Mighty in their Pride,  
And makes Men, those they dreaded once, deride.  
Warriours with spreading Laurels often crown'd,  
Part of th' Almighty's Triumph shall be found,  
Drag'd at his Chariot Wheels a Captive Throng  
Of Monarch's choak'd with Dust shall pant along.  
Tyrants despoil'd shall rave at their defeat,  
And mixt with vulgar Slaves shall Curse and Sweat:  
Princes in Chains shall in his Train appear,  
And weary Kings come lagging in the Rear.  
He takes their Understanding from the Wife,  
And makes their Friends their Oracles despise.  
He pours Contempt on Princes of the Land,  
And wrests their awful Scepter from their Hand.  
He sinks the mighty Warriour's Martial Fame,  
And covers his once glorious Head with Shame.  
Th' Almighty's bright all-penetrating Eye,  
Does Councils deep and dark as Hell descry:  
He sees their secret Works, and Countermines  
Mysterious Statesmen's most profound Designs.

Plots wrap'd in Clouds, and Death like Shades of Night,  
To him lye all expos'd, as Noon-day Light.

He gives a City wide Imperial Sway,  
And does her Yoke on vanquish'd Nations lay.  
She on the Necks of Captive Princes treads,  
When he her Armys forth to Conquest leads;  
She does with unexhausted Wealth abound,  
And as a Mistress awes the World around.  
Then on a suddain he corrects her Pride,  
And to her Banks drives back her ebbing Tyde.  
He breaks her Yoke, and rescues from her hand  
The Realms he subject made to her Command.  
He thro' her Streets does Desolation spread,  
And casts down from the Clouds her tow'ring Head.  
Great Chiefs, when he rebukes them, Cowards grow,  
And all the marks of Consternation show;  
His Terrors pierce their Breasts, like poison'd Darts,  
Enfeeble and dismay the proudest Hearts.  
For Hills and Mountains they'll forsake their Home,  
And thro' the trackless Woods despairing Roam:  
They'll seek the lonesom, salvage Wilderness,  
There to conceal their vagabond Distress.  
They and the Beasts each other shall affright,  
At distance gaze, then fly each other's sight.  
They ne'er shall see a Beam of dawning Hope,  
But for their way involv'd in Darknes grope.  
With Wrath Divine intoxicated they,  
Like Drunken Men, shall Reel and lose their way.

Since

Since you are pleas'd oft to enumerate  
God's Wife and mighty Works in this debate,  
I the same Method have observ'd, to shew  
That I his Wonders know, no less than you.  
I do not then your long Discourses want,  
To prove those Truths Divine, I freely grant.  
I to th' Almighty my Defence would make,  
And not to you, who still my Case mistake.  
He does my Heart, and pure Intention know, }  
And would some Mercy, some Compassion show, }  
Which my relentless Friends will never do.  
Perversly in the Wrong you persevere,  
And to erroneous Doctrines still adhere.  
You still your Thoughts with Confidence express,  
That mighty Sufferings mighty Guilt confess.  
That great Afflictions and uncommon Woe,  
Are marks the Wicked from the Just to know.  
But you unskilful vain Physicians are,  
Who know not how your Med'cine to prepare.  
If the Disease by Chance be understood,  
Ill Drugs you give, or misapply the Good.  
Your Silence would your Wisdom best have shown,  
That still had kept your Ignorance unknown.

Will you for God sophistically plead?  
Does he deceitful ways of arguing need?  
Will you pretend to manage his Defence,  
By false Constructions of his Providence?

Will

Will he in this your forward Zeal applaud ?  
 And with Rewards approve your pious Fraud ?  
 Will you the Person Try, and not the Cause,  
 And like corrupted Judges wrest the Laws ?  
 Will you believe your Arguments are strong,  
 Because you hang upon a Cause so long ?  
 Will your contentious Wrangling never end ?  
 Will peevish Cavils at your injur'd Friend,  
 You to th' Almighty's Favour recommend ?  
 Would it your Honour or your Peace promote,  
 If God your Speeches try'd, who knows your Thought ?  
 Why will you Mock your Maker ? can't his Eye  
 Your Pride and want of Charity descry,  
 Tho' cover'd with affected Piety ?  
 If you will Right pervert and Judgment wrest,  
 Tho' this your Guilt lies hid within your Breast,  
 God will expose your Crime, and in the end  
 His vengeful Blow shall on your Heads descend.  
 His high Perfections should in you have bred,  
 A sacred Awe and Reverential Dread :  
 Should not his Power, and Truth that cannot err,  
 From rash Determinations you deter ?

I all your Counsels vain and fruitless find,  
 Like Dust, that flies before the driving Wind.  
 Your high Discourses weak and tott'ring stand,  
 Like heaps of Clay, or uncemented Sand.  
 Hold then your Peace, and let your Friend alone  
 To ease his Grief, and freely make his moan.



I will my Bosom of its Burden free  
By sad Complaints, whate'er the Issue be.  
Will God pronounce my Failing mortal Sin,  
When he discerns an upright Heart within ?  
For Liberty of Speech so much I long,  
To vent my Woe, my Passion is so strong ;  
That if deny'd, I must in deep Despair,  
Despise my Life, my Flesh in pieces tear.  
Tho' God yet hotter Anger should express,  
And with redoubled strokes my Pains increase ;  
Tho' he advances with his glitt'ring Dart,  
And o'er me stands to strike me to the Heart ;  
I on his Truth and Justice would rely,  
And with strong Faith would to his Mercy fly.  
Th' Almighty knows my Virtue is sincere,  
I'm not flagitious, tho' I often err.  
The Faithful God the Faithful will protect,  
Scourge them he may, but can't the Just reject.  
I'll undertake with humble Confidence,  
Before his Bar to manage my Defence.  
Whatever Blots my Conversation stain,  
I still can my Integrity maintain.  
I'm sure the God whose Mercy I implore,  
My Peace and Comforts will at last restore :  
By Methods and by Ways which please him best,  
My Burden he'll remove, and give me rest.

My Declaration with Attention hear,  
My Words shall make my Righteousness appear.

The

The Method I have fix'd for my Defence,  
 I do not doubt will clear my Innocence.  
 Who'll with me plead ? Oh ! that it was my Fate  
 That God would please to manage this debate.  
 For if in such a strait I should not speak,  
 My Heart distended with my Grief would break.  
 My Friends Reproaches, and th' Almighty's Hand  
 Which lies so heavy, my Complaints demand.  
 Let but th' Almighty grant my double Pray'r,  
 And I'll with Courage stand before his Bar :  
 Let him withdraw his Hand, my Pains suspend,  
 And give me ease my Tryal to attend ;  
 In Power and Glory let him not appear,  
 But my Defence with gracious Meekness hear ;  
 Then let th' Almighty me arraign at large,  
 And I'll defend my self against the Charge.  
 Or I will argue, and let him declare  
 The reason why his Hand is thus severe.  
 I'm not so vain and wicked to pretend,  
 That I th' Almighty's Laws did ne'er offend ;  
 But that my Crimes are of so deep a dy,  
 As you my Friends suggest, I must deny.  
 Detect these Crimes that are to me unknown,  
 And I'll the Guilt with Shame and Sorrow own.

Why in Displeasure dost thou shun my Sight,  
 And of thy gracious Eyes withdraw the Light ?  
 Why hangs this Cloud upon thy frowning Brow ?  
 Why treatest thou thy Servant, as thy Foe ?

Wilt

Wilt thou to crush me needless Power engage,  
Lavish of Vengeance, and profuse of Rage?  
Wilt thou thy keen Immortal Arms employ,  
A poor and helpless Mortal to destroy?  
Wilt thou involv'd in rolling Clouds descend,  
And arm'd with Thunder with a Worm contend?  
Should Storms arise a sapless Leaf to tear  
The sport of every Wind and blast of Air?  
Must Tempests rage, and pointed Light'ning fly,  
And dreadful War infest the troubled Sky,  
Only to chase the empty Straw away,  
To every Spark of Fire an easie Prey?  
Me, as a Malefactor God indicts,  
And terrible Decrees against me writes.  
Stern Justice gripes me in her rigid Arms,  
And youthful Guilt afresh my Soul alarms.  
Thou dost my fetter'd Limbs in Prison lay,  
And then with Care dost all my Paths survey;  
Dost closely at my very Heels pursue,  
And with a searching Eye my Footsteps view.  
To mark some great Transgression of thy Laws,  
And for my Condemnation find a Cause:  
Then Putrefaction executes the Doom,  
And does my Flesh, as Moths a Vest, consume.

Unhappy Man as soon as Born decays,  
He numbers few, and those uneasy Days.  
As in a verdant Mead a blowing Flower,  
The sudden Offspring of a Summer Shower,

CHAP. XIV.

Unfolds its Beauty to the Morning Ray,  
 But is e'er Evening Cut, or fades away :  
 So Man a while displays his gawdy Bloom,  
 But Death her crooked Scyth does soon assume,  
 Mows down, and bears her Harvest to the Tomb. }  
 He, as a Shadow, or a Shape of Air,  
 Does suddainly dissolve and disappear.  
 The Flame of Life does, as a Lambent Fire,  
 Or Evening Meteor Shine, and strait expire.  
 And wilt thou Man regard, and condescend  
 With such a Wretch in Judgment to contend ?  
 I am deriv'd from Man's infected Race,  
 A piece extracted from the tainted Mass.  
 Man propagates th' Hereditary Crime,  
 Nor does the Stain wear out by length of time.  
 From a base Stock can Noble Branches grow,  
 Or Crystal Streams from muddy Fountains flow ?  
 I therefore can't a faultless Life protest,  
 I own Offences common to the best ; }  
 Unclean I am, but not above the Rest. }  
 This is the thing I humbly would demand,  
 Why I am singled out, and made to stand }  
 The chiefest Mark of God's avenging hand. }

Since thou dost know Man's Days, and canst relate  
 Their number written in the Rolls of Fate,  
 And hast determin'd Lives laborious Race,  
 And set the Bounds o'er which it cannot pass ;  
 Since his few fleeting Hours are quickly spent,  
 And painful Life is its own Punishment ;

Let

Let this suffice, and do not on him throw  
A crushing weight of superadded Woe.  
Grant him the Rest his Torments make him ask ;  
And let him finish Life's appointed Task.  
For if a Swain with mercenary toil  
Cuts down a Tree, and draws away the Spoil ;  
Still there is hope that Tree again may sprout,  
And from its Stock thrust tender-Branches out.  
For tho' the Root defrauded of Supply,  
Appears to Wither in the Ground, and Dy ;  
Yet when it feels the fresh prolific Flood,  
It will again with youthful Vigour bud.  
But when a dying Man resigns his Breath,  
He ne'er returns from the dark Shades of Death.  
The Sea may suffer by deserting Waves  
That steal thro' secret subterranean Caves,  
Or by the lighter Steams which fly away,  
Drawn by the Sun's attenuating Ray ;  
But Heav'n and Earth in Rivers and in Rain  
Restore their Spoils, and reimburse the Main.  
A flowing River, or a standing Lake,  
May their dry Banks and naked Shores forsake ;  
Their Waters may exhale, and upwards move,  
Their Channel leave to roll in Clouds above ;  
But the returning Winter will restore,  
What in the Summer they had lost before :  
The Snow and Rain, and Torrents, will repay  
What the warm Sun stole with his plund'ring Ray,  
And by his Summer Inroads bore away.

But if, O Man, thy vital Streams desert  
Their Purple Channels, and defraud the Heart,  
With fresh Recruits they ne'er will be supply'd,  
Nor feel their leaping Life's returning Tyde.  
When once the breathless Man has clos'd his Eyes,  
And in the silent Grave extended lies;  
In Death's close Prison he shall still remain,  
He ne'er shall break from the rough Tyrant's Chain.  
When the last stroke of Fate is once receiv'd,  
This mortal Life can never be retriev'd.

Would God would hide me in some hollow Cave,  
Some place as safe, and silent, as the Grave ;  
Till these black Storms of Wrath which overcast,  
The low'ring Heav'n's around my Head are past.  
As he has done to Life, so let him set  
Bounds to my Grief, and not those Bounds forget.  
Since none who enter once the darksome Tomb,  
This mortal Life can afterwards resume ;  
'Tis best for me with patient Hope to wait,  
Till God is pleas'd to change this mournful State.  
Till he is pleas'd his Blessings to restore,  
Those sweet Enjoyments I possess'd before.  
Then shall he call, and with a gracious Ear  
He'll my Defence and Supplications hear.  
Then to his Creature he will Kindness show,  
Revive my Comforts, and remove my Woe.

But oh ! how different is my present Fate ;  
For now th' Almighty loves to lye in wait

To

To take me halting, what a watchful Eye  
Does he employ my Errors to descry?  
This search he makes, as if he Pleasure took,  
To find fresh Reasons to repeat his Stroke.  
He in a strong and secret place has stor'd  
My Sins; as wealthy Men their Treasures hoard.  
He Seals up my Transgressions, not a fault  
Is e'er left out, not an ill Word or Thought;  
Nor is th' impending Punishment forgot.  
As a high Hill with stormy Weather worn,  
With inbred Tempests, or with Thunder torn,  
Does with its Ruins all the Vally spread,  
But can no more erect his lofty Head:  
Moulder'd to Dust, it hopes no more to break  
The Clouds long Order with its snowy Peak.  
As a vast Rock by Earthquakes once remov'd,  
And from its Base amidst the Ocean shov'd;  
It's shatter'd Pillars never after reers,  
Nor thrusts his tow'ring Top amidst the Stars.  
As Stones which ever-flowing Waters wear,  
When once dissolv'd, their Ruins ne'er repair.  
As sweeping Inundations oft convey  
Towns, Herds, and Forrests floating to the Sea,  
Whence to return they never find a way.  
So when thy fatal Darts a Man destroy,  
The World's Delights he shall no more enjoy.  
He never from the Sepulcher shall rise,  
No more revive to see the lightsome Skies.  
He leaves his Honour and his Wealth behind,  
And quite another Face of things will find.

He's

He's unconcern'd at what's transacted here ;  
 For if his Sons shine in a noble Sphere,  
 He'll not rejoyce, nor will he e'er complain  
 If they are crush'd, and drag the Pris'ners Chain.  
 Hard Fate of Man, who either, if he dies  
 Hopeless of e'er reviving, mould'ring lies ;  
 Or if he lives, must still expect to find  
 Pain in his Flesh, and Anguish in his Mind.

CHAP. XV.    Then *Eliphaz*.

Should a Wise Man, and such thou wouldst appear,  
 Make us such fruitless, frothy Language hear ?  
 Much less with Tempests should we be address'd,  
 Words fierce and stormy, as the Wind at East.  
 Of Idle Words why this Eternal Flood ?  
 Can these vain Speeches e'er promote thy Good ?  
 True Piety, which should thy Mind adorn,  
 Thou hast expos'd to universal scorn.  
 All Reverence to pure Religion due,  
 Will soon be lost, if thy Assertion's true.  
 If God's afflicting Strokes Mankind invade,  
 Without distinguishing the Good and Bad,  
 Who at his Throne will Adoration pay ?  
 Who will to Heav'n their Songs of Praise convey ?  
 Thy Irreligious Maxims will restrain  
 All future Pray'r, for Pray'r will be in vain.  
 Thy bold irreverent Speeches have express'd  
 Th' Impiety which has thy Mind possess'd.

The



The Poison which thy Lips discharge, is part  
Of the malignant Treasure in thy Heart.  
Yet thou, unwary Judges to escape,  
Beneath Divine Religion's lovely shape,  
Hast all thy black Hypocrisy conceal'd,  
Which thy uncautious Tongue has now reveal'd.  
Thou by thy own Defence art clearly cast,  
And thy own Mouth has Sentence on thee past.

Art thou the Man that God did first Create?  
And has thy Birth with Time an equal date?  
What didst thou live before th' imprison'd Light,  
At God's Command sprang from the Womb of Night?  
Before aspiring Hills the Plains survey'd,  
Or verdant Meads their flowry Laps display'd;  
Before the Rocks their Craggy Ridges reer'd,  
Or bounding Billows in the Deep appear'd;  
That by unnumber'd Observations made,  
Thou hast a perfect Scheme of Knowledge laid?  
Dost thou the long, uninterrupted Chain  
Of Causes and Effects so well retain,  
That thou canst reason right, and clearly see  
From what is past, what shall hereafter be?  
Have thy Enquiries and Experience, run  
Thro' all the years roll'd up, since Time begun,  
That thou art full of Science, richer far  
In wise Remarks, than we thy Brethren are?  
Dost thou with God in secret Council sit?  
To his Debates does he wise *Job* admit?

Does

Does Wisdom with her Fav'rite *Job* abide,  
 Despising all the foolish Race beside ?  
 On what new Worlds of Light hast thou been thrown?  
 What Mines of Knowledge found, to us unknown?

If years, of Wisdom were a certain sign,  
 Our years are not inferiour found to thine.  
 With us is seen th' experienc'd, hoary Head,  
 Who does in Age thy Father far exceed.  
 Why as a worthless thing dost thou regard  
 The Joy, the Comfort, and the blest Reward  
 Which we have offer'd thee with Heav'n's assent,  
 If of thy wicked Deeds thou shalt Repent ?  
 Hast thou (we ask thee) some peculiar ground,  
 Some secret way of Consolation found ?  
 Should'st thou to such Discov'rys make pretence,  
 Thou wouldst expose thy wondrous Impudence :  
 And yet without uncommon grounds of Hope, }  
 Nothing but stubborn Pride can underprop }  
 Thy Confidence, and our Proposals stop.  
 Wilt thou dishonour with unworthy Speech  
 Thy Maker, and his Providence impeach ?  
 What does this Conduct mean ? with what intent  
 Against thy God are thy Reproaches sent ?  
 What is the mark at which thou takest aim,  
 When thou dost boldly War with Heav'n proclaim ?  
 From such a War what benefit can flow ?  
 What canst thou gain by Force from such a Foe ?  
 Ah ! what is wretched Man, that he should seem  
 All pure, and guiltless in his own esteem ?

Blest

Blest Seraphs can't his piercing Eye endure ;  
Before him bright Arch-Angels are impure.  
Those Heav'nly Orders who were clean esteem'd,  
And all refin'd and spotless Glory seem'd,  
When they appear within th' Almighty's fight,  
O'erwhelm'd with splendor, and all-searching Light,  
They blush to see their secret Stains reveal'd,  
And Specks and Flaws which lay before conceal'd.  
Then what an odious, loathsome, monstrous Thing  
Must Man appear before th' Eternal King ?  
Who by impure Tradition is unclean,  
And does to Vice with a strong Bias lean.  
Who with vast Draughts of Sin himself extends,  
And with Hydropic Thirst for more contends.

To my Discourse attentively advert,  
I'll only what my Eyes have seen assert :  
That is, that wicked Men, and those alone  
Beneath such great, uncommon Sufferings groan.  
Wise Men this Observation made of Old,  
Their Fathers them, and they their Children told.  
Thus has Tradition down from Ages past  
Convey'd this Truth, which is by us embrac't.  
*Job* has affirm'd, that God the Earth bestows  
On the vile Race of his inveterate Foes :  
But to our Fathers Judgment have respect,  
And they this groundless Error will detect.  
Wealth and Dominion was on them confer'd,  
Their Piety and Virtue to reward.

K

They

They did in Peace command the Towns around,  
 And undisturb'd with Inroads, till'd the ground.  
 No arm'd *Chaldeans* did their Herds invade,  
 Or to a Land remote their Wealth convey'd.  
 While they obey'd his Laws, th' Almighty's Hand  
 Was still extended to protect their Land.  
 To Leagues of Peace their Neighbours did agree,  
 And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.

On th' other hand, 'tis by experience plain,  
 That wicked Men consume their Days in pain.  
 Th' Oppressor still is grip'd with inward Fears,  
 Nor shall compleat the number of his years.  
 When no invading Foe appears in Arms,  
 His secret Guilt the trembling Wretch alarms.  
 He in his prosp'rous State is unsecure,  
 Nor can his guilty Triumphs long endure.  
 When in his Sphere he shines serenely bright,  
 And not a Cloud disturbs his beaming Light,  
 Then shall a Tempest of Affliction rise,  
 And with a suddain Darkness spread the Skies.  
 Neighbours to Rapine bred shall from afar,  
 As late on thee, advance destructive War.  
 The bloody Spoilers shall his Servants slay,  
 Ravage his Lands, and make his Herds a Prey.  
 Like *Job* in trouble, they'll despairing lie,  
 And Consolation from their Friends deny.  
 They can't believe these Clouds will disappear,  
 Great Ills they suffer, and they greater fear.

Despair

Despair attended with her ghastly Train  
Anguish, Confusion, Sorrow, howling Pain  
Shall at her hideous Army's Head advance,  
And shake against his Breast her bloody Lance.  
She'll draw her Troops of Terrors in array,  
Muster her Grievs, and horrid War display.  
As Kings for Fight their Warlike Ranks dispose,  
So shall she range her thick, embattled Woes.  
The Victor thus the Wicked shall assail,  
And o'er the proud Oppressor's Hopes prevail.  
This is his End, for that with Hellish Rage,  
Th' audacious Wretch would against Heav'n engage.  
Against th' Almighty's Host he takes the Field,  
And runs upon his Spear and dreadful Shield.  
He does defiance of his God express,  
Deride his fiery Darts, and on his Thunder press.  
Pamper'd with Spoil of ruin'd Neighbours round,  
Sleek with his Fat, and with Dominion crown'd ;  
Luxurious, Haughty, and Presumptuous grown,  
He spurns at Heav'n, and mocks th' Almighty's Throne.  
His Cruelty has laid his Country waste,  
And Cities full of Men and Wealth defac'd.  
Those who survive in secret Corners weep,  
Or thro' the grassy Streets desponding creep.  
The empty Dwellings mossy Heaps appear,  
And all the Signs of sudden Ruin wear.  
But God will soon despoil him of his Power,  
Nor shall his Wealth and Greatness long endure.  
Black Seas of stagnant Darkness round him spread,  
And Night Eternal shall involve his Head.

Th' Almighty's Lightnings shall destroy his Fruit,  
 Blaft his green Leaves, and kill his spreading Root.  
 His angry Breath shall as a Tempest tare  
 His Branches off, and drive them thro' the Air.

Let therefore none on Power and Wealth depend,  
 These from approaching Evils can't defend,  
 Their Promises are vain, and vanity their end.  
 Whoe'er in these deceitful Friends confide,  
 Untimely Ruin shall correct their Pride.  
 Suddain Destruction shall their Heads invade,  
 And all their Fruit and verdant Pomp shall fade.  
 As when a rough East Wind, or Storm of Hail  
 The fruitful Olive, or the Vine assail,  
 Their flowry Pride the Olive Branches shed,  
 And unripe Grapes shook off, the Vineyard spread:  
 So shall th' Oppressors gawdy Pomp decay,  
 So his fair Limbs and Beauty fade away.  
 His Sons and Friends shall meet as sad a Doom,  
 And vengeful Fire their Dwellings shall consume.  
 His lab'ring Brain dire Mischief does contrive,  
 And black Deceit his teeming Heart conceive.  
 But he shall bring his own Destruction forth,  
 As Vipers dye to give their Offspring Birth.

CHAP. XVI. Then *Job* reply'd, Oft has my suff'ring Ear,  
 Such vain Discourses been compell'd to hear.  
 You, cruel Comforters! enrage my Woe,  
 You neither Skill, nor yet Compassion show.

With

With tedious Repetitions you abound,  
Keep your old Track, and argue in a Round.  
But will your empty Speeches never end,  
Disarm'd and vanquish'd, will you still contend?  
What has embolden'd thee, O *Eliphaz*,  
Still to reply, tho' never to my Case?  
Were my Afflictions yours, with how much ease  
Could I such Language find, such Words as these?  
Uncharitably Pious I could grow,  
Like pointed Arrows sharp Reproaches throw, }  
And with as good a Grace deride your Woe.  
But my Compassion would my Lips restrain  
From galling Words, that might increase your Pain.  
I to support you would extend my Arms,  
And sooth your Anguish with the softest Charms.  
My tender Accents should your Fate condole,  
And balmy Language ease your tortur'd Soul.  
Why should not you with equal Zeal engage  
Your utmost Skill, my Anguish to assuage?

How sad a Fate is mine, if I complain  
To God or Man, I make my Moan in vain.  
If by forbearing I expect Relief,  
And stop the stream of my complaining Grief,  
Its Flood increases when forbid to flow,  
And the rough Waves more formidable grow.  
In higher Seas collected Sorrows roll,  
And overwhelm their Deluge o'er my sinking Soul.  
Opprest beneath the pond'rous load I lye,  
Weary of living, yet deny'd to dye.

My

My Sons, my Servants, and my Substance gone,  
 I am deserted, desolate, undone.  
 Tho' you produce my Sores and wrinkled Skin  
 As Witnesses of some enormous Sin,  
 Yet they can only testify the weight  
 Of those vast Woes, which my Complaints create.

God, as a fierce, relentless Foe appears,  
 And in his Fury me in pieces tears.  
 He grinds his raging Teeth, and from his Eyes  
 A Flame against me keen, as Light'ning flies.  
 My Friends elated with prodigious Pride,  
 Stand gaping on me, and my Grief deride.  
 From distant parts they come, not to assuage  
 My Anguish, but my Suffrings to enrage.  
 God has expos'd me likewise to the Bands  
 Of fierce invaders from the neighb'ring Lands,  
 And giv'n me up a Prey to impious hands.  
 My Dwelling flourish'd, and I liv'd at ease,  
 With Plenty blest, and the soft Joys of Peace ;  
 When God denounc'd his unexpected War,  
 And with his Darts did me asunder tare.  
 Me in his griping Arms th' Almighty took,  
 And with such mighty force my body shook,  
 That all my Members were in pieces broke.  
 He sets me as a mark on rising ground,  
 And his fierce Archers compass me around.  
 In Showers of flaming Death their Arrows fly,  
 And in my tortur'd Entrails buried ly.

My



My Gall, so deep, so mortal is the Wound,  
 As well as Blood, flows out and stains the Ground.  
 Black throngs of Woes invade my frightened Soul,  
 As crowding Billows on each other roll.  
 Th' Almighty runs upon me in his rage,  
 As a fierce Gyant eager to engage.  
 Sackcloth I wear, of Ornaments despoil'd,  
 And in the Dust my Glory lies defil'd.  
 My Cheeks with Everlasting Weeping fade,  
 And on my Eye-lids hangs a dismal shade.

Yet no Injustice does in *Job* appear,  
 As you my Friends unkindly would infer,  
 Pure is my Prayer, my Heart within sincere. }  
 If e'er a Man by my flagitious hand  
 Vext and Opprest, has perish'd from the Land,  
 Let not thy Womb, O Earth, his Blood conceal,  
 But to the Light my black Offence reveal;  
 That publique Shame and Pains may be my Fate,  
 Which on the heinous Malefactor wait.  
 Let God and Man their Bowels shut, when I  
 In deadly Torment for Compassion cry.  
 Conscience alone, my awful Judge within,  
 Does not acquit me of enormous Sin,  
 But God and all his sacred Angels, bear  
 Witness to this, and will my Justice clear.  
 From you my Friends, who my Distress deride,  
 I turn to Heav'n, let Heav'n my Cause decide.  
 If God his just Tribunal would ascend,  
 To hear how you accuse, and I defend;

If he, as Arbitrator, would preside,  
 And weigh the Reasons urg'd on either side;  
 From your Indictment he would me release,  
 And I, my Virtue clear'd, should dye in Peace.  
 And, O, that God would soon my Tryal hear,  
 And Judgment give before I disappear.  
 For when a few more fleeting days are past,  
 I in the Arms of Death shall lye embract.

CH. XVII.      Corruption my consuming Flesh devours,  
 And Time has almost paid my number'd hours.  
 The opening Grave invites me to her Womb,  
 And in the Dust prepares to give me Room.  
 But clear, before I dye, just God, my Fame,  
 And cover my perfidious Friends with Shame:  
 For do not pious Scoffers here abide,  
 Who mock for God, and all my Groans deride?  
 Their sharp Reproaches vex my Soul by Day,  
 And chase by Night my wish'd-for Sleep away.  
 Would God on high would suffer me to state  
 My Case aright, and hear the whole Debate.  
 For these my Friends against th' Assaults of Sense  
 Have rais'd a strong impenetrable Fence.  
 Such Gates of Darknes ne'er to be unbarr'd,  
 Such Forts of gloomy Shades the Passes guard,  
 That Reason's strongest Forces they repel,  
 Entrench'd in Errors inaccessible.  
 But sure the Righteous God will ne'er permit,  
 That Men so blinded should to Judge me fit.

Those,

Those, who to flatter Heav'n their Neighbour wrong,  
 Shall not their Power and prosp'rous days prolong.  
 Destructive Suffrings shall their Sons affail,  
 Whose Eyes in looking after Aid shall fail.

I was the People's Darling and Delight  
 In former times ; for when I came in fight,  
 Thro' crowded Streets loud Acclamations rung,  
 They to the Tabret my loud Praises sung ;  
 And on my Chariot Wheels transported hung.  
 A waving Sea of Heads was round me spread,  
 And still fresh Streams the gazing Deluge fed.  
 As I advanc'd, the eager, wond'ring Throng  
 Their Eye-balls strain'd, to see me pass along ;  
 They feasted on me with their greedy Eyes,  
 And with Applauses fill'd th' echoing Skies.

Now, for as sad an Object I am shown ;  
 My wondrous Troubles are Proverbial grown.  
 The Men who curse their Foes with deadly spite,  
 With *Job's* Affliction on their heads may light.  
 My Neighbours cry, when they my Suffrings see,  
 Is *Job* thus chang'd ? Good Heav'n's ! it cannot be.  
 My Eyes with Sorrow sunk within my Head,  
 Of Light defrauded, seem already dead.  
 So much my Flesh and Vigour I have lost,  
 I seem an empty Shade, or groaning Ghost.  
 But the Good Man will pity, not arraign  
 Afflicted *Job*, to aggravate his Pain.

L

He

He will revere this Providential Turn,  
Not judge my Person, but my Suffrings mourn.  
Tho' he with wonder shall observe the Just,  
Are by th' Almighty trodden in the Dust,  
Yet he with sacred Indignation preft,  
Shall shun the Wicked, and his way detest.  
He for afflicted Virtue shall declare,  
And Innocence to prosp'rous Sin prefer.  
He shall the Heav'nly Path of Justice keep,  
However rough, embarast, dark and steep.  
Let him by bloody Out-laws be oppress'd,  
And Robbers, who the Way to Heav'n infest ;  
Let Persecution's blackest Storm arise,  
And with a dismal Night deform the Skies ;  
Let stern Affliction muster in the Air  
Her fiercest Troops, to drive him to despair ;  
Let bitter Tongues their sharp Reproaches spend,  
And impious Scoffers galling Arrows send ;  
The God-like Trav'ler shall his Path pursue,  
Whose very Suffrings shall his Hopes renew.  
He'll with undaunted Courage make his way ;  
Danger his Heart shall strengthen, not dismay.

But you my Friends, to my Discourse attend,  
And weigh my Words your Errors to amend.  
For hitherto I can't among you find,  
One of a clear, judicious, equal Mind.  
You would in vain my Expectations raise,  
(If I Repent ) of future prosp'rous Days.

For

For my appointed Hours are almost past,  
My Hopes and Projects Death will quickly blast:  
The Lamp of Life burns dimly in my Breast,  
Soon from its beating toil my weary Heart will rest.  
If for a happy Change you lay a Scheme,  
You but amuse me with an empty Dream,  
Terrestrial Joys are but an idle Theme. }  
With my Designs and anxious Thoughts I part,  
Farewel ye Cares, that once possesst my Heart.  
I to my Sorrows only can attend,  
In groans the Day, in groans the Night I spend.  
If Grief and Woe denominate the Night,  
I ne'er enjoy the Day, or see the Light.  
The gloomy Terrors that my Soul surround,  
Efface its marks, and Day with Night confound.

Alas 'tis madness to expect that Rest  
And Restoration, which my Friends suggest;  
For by a fixt, irrevocable Doom,  
My Grave's prepar'd, my everlasting Home:  
Where friendly Death has laid my easy Bed,  
With Dust beneath, around with Darknes spread.  
I to the Grave have said, O Parent Grave,  
Me of thy Dust, a wretched Offspring save.  
To take me in, thy gloomy Arms extend, }  
Thou art my Father, O be now my Friend;  
And me from hostile Life and Light defend.  
I to the Worm have said, my Brother Worm,  
From whom I differ but in Shape and Form;

Submitted to thy Power, I soon must lay  
 This loathsome Heap of putrifying Clay.  
 Where's then the Hope which you pretend to give,  
 That I may yet in Peace and Pleasure live,  
 If I Repent, to see it you must go  
 Down to the Grave, and the Cold Shades below.  
 There you may see how all my Hopes and I,  
 In the same Grave together buried lye.

CH. XVIII. Then *Bildad* thus :

When wilt thou finish thy prolix Discourse,  
 Sounding indeed enough, but void of Force?  
 Consider what shall be alledg'd, and then  
 To thy Objections we'll reply agen.  
 What does thy wondrous Arrogance create?  
 What self-sufficient Fulness thee elate?  
 What secret Stores of Wisdom hast thou found,  
 And what new Lights have thy Enquiries crown'd?  
 That we such vile and senseless Creatures seem,  
 And are but stupid Beasts in thy esteem?  
 Impatience and ungovernable Rage,  
 Thy furious Hands against thy Self engage.  
 Thy wild Discourses from Distràction flow,  
 And not Repentance, but Rebellion show.

What to appease thy peevish Discontent,  
 Shall God new Forms of Government invent?  
 Shall Providence new ways and measures take,  
 And steady Nature her old Course forsake?

Shall

Shall Rocks and Mountains from their Pillars leap,  
Sink down, and humble their aspiring Heap?  
Shall Floods and rapid Rivers fullen grow,  
Bind up their Waters, and refuse to flow?  
Shall God his Truth and Justice disregard,  
Neglect the Righteous, and th' unjust reward?  
Shall he subvert all Order, with intent  
Thy vain Complaints and Clamours to prevent?  
O *Job*, in spite of thy Objections, take  
This Rule as sure, that God will ever make  
A due distinction of the Good and Bad,  
And sparing those, his Wrath shall these invade.

The Splendor of the Wicked shall decay,  
And rising Fogs shall choak his glorious Day.  
His brightest Beams, like short-liv'd Sparks of Fire,  
Or Flashing Light'ning shine, and strait expire.  
Thick Darknes equal to the Shades of Hell,  
Shall on his dismal Habitation dwell.  
Ne'er from without shall one kind Ray of Light,  
Or chearful Lamp within dispel the Night.  
He in his wisest steps shall unawares,  
Be fetter'd with inextricable Snares ;  
He'll live in Trouble and perplexing Cares.  
By his Projections and his deep Designs,  
He his own Peace and Safety undermines.  
Into the Net himself has spread he'll run,  
Wisely destroy'd, and prudently undone.  
His Feet shall be entangled in the toil,  
And shouting Hunters seize him as their spoil.

Let

Let him o'er Plains, or Hills, or Forrests stray, }  
 Inevitable Gins obstruct his way, }  
 Which shall entrap this roaming Beast of Prey.  
 Invading Terrors shall his Soul affright,  
 The Wretch shall fly, but perish in his Flight.  
 His Bones the Pillars of his Fabrick crack,  
 His Joynts grow feeble, and his Sinews slack.  
 Fierce rav'ning Woes his Flesh and Strength consume,  
 And Desolation is his heavy Doom.  
 Death and Destruction o'er his head impend ;  
 All his soft Pleasures shall in Torment end.  
 The Pillars which his Confidence did prop, }  
 Shall let the high presumptuous Structure drop, }  
 And in the Ruins bury all his Hope.  
 The King of Terrors with his bloody Dart,  
 Shall strike the pale Oppressor to the Heart ;  
 Then at his gloomy Wheels shall drag the Slave,  
 In triumph to his subterranean Cave.  
 Torments, destructive Plagues, and raging Pain,  
 Shall horrid Inmates in his House remain.  
 Triumphant Woe with hideous Terrors crown'd,  
 Anguish with all her Agonies around,  
 Wild Consternation with erected Hair,  
 Yellings, Distress, and fullen mute Despair,  
 Th' Apartments of his Dwelling shall divide,  
 And dire Companions with him shall reside.  
 Because his rich Possessions and Abode,  
 By Violence were gotten, or by Fraud.  
 When falling Floods of Fire, and Sulphur Showers,  
 O'erturn'd high *Sodom's* and *Gomorrab's* Towers,

The



The flaming Inundation from the place,  
Swept off their Dwellings, and the impious Race.  
So shall the proud Oppressor be devour'd,  
Such Fire and Brimstone on his Palace pour'd ;  
Which shall all Marks and Monuments destroy,  
Of the vile Wretch, that did the Seat enjoy.  
His Roots grown dry, shall perish in the ground,  
His Head and Limbs cut off shall lye around.  
In after-times he'll be unknown to Fame,  
Or mention'd only with Reproach and Shame.  
From off the Earth God's vengeful Darts shall chase  
The wicked Man, and all his hateful Race.  
No Offspring in his Dwelling shall remain,  
His Family and Honour to sustain.  
Ages to come with Horror shall relate  
His suddain Ruin, and his dismal Fate ;  
As that he liv'd in, was amaz'd to see  
So strange a Turn, such Woe and Misery.  
So shall the Hopes of all the wicked end,  
Such Desolation does their House attend.

Then *Job* reply'd :  
How long will you my righteous Cause perplex?  
How long my Ears with idle Speeches vex?  
Must Answers void of Sense and Argument,  
And grave Impertinence my Soul torment?  
You wound me with your contumelious words,  
And slanders sharper than the keenest Swords.

CH. XIX.

*Job*

*Job* in Affliction you refuse to know,  
 And a shy Stranger's unconcernness show.  
 Grant I have sinn'd, yet in my Flesh I bear  
 Strokes of vindictive Justice so severe,  
 That I with Reason might from Friends expect  
 Commiseration, not such proud neglect.  
 If you with such censorious Arrogance,  
 And haughty words against me will advance ;  
 If you will still such black Indictments read,  
 If you will still my Innocence implead,  
 Consider coolly my afflicted State ;  
 Should your imperious scorn new Grief create,  
 And to th' unequal load add greater weight ?

I by th' Almighty's Arm am overthrown,  
 And prest beneath his heavy Vengeance groan.  
 Inevitable Snares his hand has set,  
 And drawn around me his destructive Net.  
 To Heav'n with fruitless Accents I complain  
 Of this hard measure, this excess of Pain,  
 And Cry to be redress'd, but Cry in vain.  
 By Heav'n forsaken, I am left a Prey  
 To Woes, that me encompass every way.  
 Inexorably Deaf th' Almighty stands,  
 Rejects my Prayer, and minds not my Demands.  
 He in my Paths has such Obstructions laid,  
 And fenc'd me in with such a close Blockade ;  
 That I must ever lye without Relief  
 In this dark Prison, this Strong-hold of Grief.

No golden thread of Light the way will shew,  
And let me thro' this Labyrinth of Woe.  
Of all my Glory I am stript, the Crown  
From my dishonour'd Head is fallen down ;  
I've lost my Power, my Children, my Renown.  
I'm perfectly destroy'd, I'm lost, undone  
And never to return, my Hope is gone.  
A miserable Object here I lye,  
A Wretch that would not live, and cannot dye.

His Fury kindles of its own accord,  
And unprovok'd, he waves his glitt'ring Sword;  
Against me as his Foe, he throws his Dart,  
And yet he knows my Zeal, and upright Heart.  
Black Troops of Suffrings, Regimented Woes  
In Battle drawn, their swarming Throngs disclose;  
On me they come, and marking out the Ground,  
Th' Infernal Legions lye encamp'd around.  
Brethren and Kindred treat me as unknown,  
Break Nature's Bonds, and their own Blood disown.  
Familiar Friends, who kindly me embrac't,  
Forget me now, and all our Friendship past.  
Those of my Household in Rebellion rise,  
Mock me their Lord, and my Commands despise.  
I to my Servant for Assistance cry,  
He minds me not, but Scoffing passes by,  
And lets me helpless and neglected lye.  
My fore Disease does from my Presence fright  
My Wife, and makes her to abhor my sight.

M

Tho'

Tho' I my earnest Supplication make,  
 And beg and pray for our dear Childrens sake,  
 Those tender Pledges of our mutual Love,  
 Yet no entreaties her Compassion move.  
 She will not stay to help me in distress,  
 And by condoling words her Love express.  
 Disdainful Youth and Children me despise,  
 Tho' to salute them, from my Seat I rise.  
 My bosom Friends, whom chiefly I before  
 Esteem'd and lov'd, now chiefly me abhor.  
 My Skin and Flesh are perish'd from the Bone,  
 The Boils have spar'd my Mouth and Lips alone,  
 To let me make my lamentable moan.

Some Pity, O my Friends, some Pity take  
 On my distress, for antient Friendship's sake.  
 I am abandon'd, and despairing left,  
 Of Riches, Honour, Children, Friends bereft.  
 Remark the grievous Wounds my fore Disease  
 Has made thro' all my Flesh, but what are these  
 Compar'd with those, which in my Soul I feel,  
 Inflicted by th' Almighty's fatal Steel?  
 O, then in soft Compassion's Arms relent,  
 Retract your Speeches, and my Fate lament.  
 Will you assume the Priviledge of God,  
 And when you please, afflict me with your Rod?  
 Inhumane Friends ! say, does it not suffice,  
 That all consum'd with pain my Body lies ;  
 But you my Soul with ill Discourses wound,  
 Empty of Sense, tho' they with Gall abound.

O,

O, that my Speech was written, that my Words  
Were Register'd, and kept in safe Records !  
O, that an Iron Pen's repeated stroke,  
Would grave deep Furrows in the Marble Rock !  
Let Letters fill them up of inlaid Lead,  
That all to come may my Profession read.  
I solemnly pronounce, that I believe  
That my Redeemer does for ever live.  
When future Ages shall their Circuit end,  
And Bankrupt Time shall its last Minute spend,  
Then he from Heav'n in Triumph shall descend. }  
He on the Surface of the Earth shall stand,  
And from the Grave his Captive Saints demand.  
The slum'ring Dead shall waken at his Call,  
And from their Limbs their Leaden Chains shall fall.  
Victorious Life at his Command shall flee  
To vanquish Death, and set her Pris'ners free.  
It shall new warmth and vital Vigour spread,  
Thro' all the cold Apartments of the Dead.  
It shall in Triumph march thro' Shades beneath,  
Thro' all the dusty Galleries of Death.  
Th' invading Conquerour shall Sack the Grave,  
Force every Tomb, and rescue ev'ry Slave.  
Destruction's Empire shall no longer last,  
Death from her sad Dominions shall be chas't, }  
And Defolation laid for ever waft.  
From opening Tombs th' enliven'd Dead shall rise,  
And to enjoy the Light lift up their wond'ring eyes.

Tho' Worms and Putrefaction shall consume  
 This mortal Body in the silent Tomb,  
 I shall revive, and from the Grave arise,  
 And see my God with these corporeal Eyes.  
 I for my Self shall see the blessed light,  
 For my own Profit, for my vast Delight.  
 He shall my Virtue from your Slanders clear,  
 Assert my Cause, and *Job* pronounce sincere.  
 This is th' unshaken Pillar of my Hope,  
 This does my Soul oppress'd with Sorrow prop;  
 That tho', as I have said, the rav'ning Worm  
 Shall eat my Flesh, and break this mortal Form,  
 My reunited Parts I shall assume,  
 When my Redeemer does to Judgment come,  
 For ever to be clear'd by an impartial Doom.

}  
}

But you my Friends, no doubt will still aver,  
 That Persecuting me you do not err.  
 You'll say, that in my Conduct may be found,  
 For your Cenforious words abundant ground.  
 But of th' Almighty's Justice be afraid,  
 His dreadful Vengeance will your Heads invade.  
 He will from Heav'n consuming Wrath reveal,  
 Against all fierce, uncharitable Zeal.  
 The Day is coming, when the Judge supream  
 Will your rash Words and Cruelty condemn.

CH. XX.      He said, and *Zophar* thus in heat reply'd :  
 Such is thy Obstinacy, such thy Pride ;

With

With such disdain thou dost our Reasons slight,  
And art so careful to exclude the Light;  
All thy own Words so full and weighty seem  
To thee, sufficient in thy own esteem:  
That I no farther Argument design'd,  
To Cure a Man so obstinately Blind.  
But since transported to a wild excess,  
Thou dost against thy Friends such Threats express;  
Since thou dost Heav'n with thy Complaints alarm,  
And mark us out for God's vindictive Arm;  
I must my settled Resolution break;  
For thus provok'd, who can forbear to speak?

Thou dost upbraid us, as of Sense bereft,  
Without Compassion, without Justice left.  
That we Contempt and Shame would on thee pour,  
And like outrageous Beasts thy Life devour.  
But I that fully know thy gross mistake,  
Can't silent sit, but must an Answer make.  
Hast thou, who mak'st to Wisdom such pretence,  
Not yet remark'd the Course of Providence?  
How since the Earth's Foundations first were laid,  
Thro' all the Revolutions Time has made,  
The Triumphs of th' unjust have quickly past,  
And his vain Joys did but a moment last.  
Tho' his bright Head above the Clouds he reers,  
And mingles Lustre with contiguous Stars,  
O'erturn'd and ruin'd he deserts the Skies,  
And in the Dust dispers'd in Fragments lies.

Th'

Th' unrighteous perish with a swift decay,  
Like his own Ordure cast with Scorn away.  
Those who before his Glory did admire,  
Now seiz'd with Wonder, for his Place enquire.  
Astonish'd, they these questions oft repeat,  
Where can we find him now? where is his Seat?  
His Fame and short-liv'd Glory disappear,  
Like thin Illusions form'd of gawdy Air.  
Like wanton Dreams that in the Fancy play,  
Or empty Phantomes that by Twilight stray.  
The Eye that saw him ne'er shall see him more,  
Ne'er shall his House again unfold to him her Door.  
His Children strive t' appease the Poor in vain,  
These of their Suff'rings publicly complain;  
Those to restore their Substance are compell'd,  
Which from the Poor their griping Father held.  
With Vice decrepit, he perceives within,  
The sad effects of his past youthful Sin.  
His wasted Flesh and putrifying Bones,  
Force him to utter never-ceasing moans.  
As he to Sin did with Affection cleave,  
So Sin too faithful him shall never leave.  
The guilty marks of his unbridled Lust,  
Are still his sad Companions in the Dust.  
Tho' Vice is by him greedily embrac't,  
And proves most sweet and grateful to his taste;  
Tho' the delicious Morfel, with his Tongue  
He rolls about, the Pleasure to prolong;  
Yet the sweet Meat he swallow'd down so slow,  
Does in his Bowels Gall and Wormwood grow.

What



It does like Poison, rage along his Veins,  
And gripes and racks him with tormenting pains.

What if th' Oppressor Riches has devour'd,  
And down his Throat unmeasur'd Treasure pour'd ?  
He cannot long th' unrighteous Load retain,  
His loathing Stomach with regret and pain,  
Shall cast the precious Surfeit up again. }  
God shall his Belly of its Prey beguil,  
And from his Bowels wrest the wealthy Spoil:  
The profitable and delightful Sin,  
Which he has suck'd with so much pleasure in,  
Shall like a Viper gnaw and tare his Heart,  
And wound his Entrails, like a poison'd Dart.  
The Streams of Joy, and Rivers of Delight,  
Which he believ'd, would all his toil requite,  
Shall disappoint his hope, and in their stead,  
Amazing Floods of Sorrow shall succeed.  
For that his Neighbours wrongs may be redrest,  
Which he by Fraud or Violence oppress,  
He shall refund his wicked Wealth, and more  
Shall give what justly was his own before.

Tho' he may Riches gorge, the painful Spoil,  
In massy Vomit quickly will recoil.  
The time it stays the bloated Glutton lies  
Distended to a vast Hydropic Size ;  
But he no Strength or Nourishment shall reap  
From the crude Mass, and undigested heap.

Because

Because the Poor despairing he has left,  
 Whom he by Rapine of his Goods bereft.  
 Because by open, or by secret Guilt,  
 The Dwelling he has seiz'd another built.  
 Therefore his inward Gripes and conscious Fear,  
 With self-revenging Pains his heart shall tare.  
 Convulsive Throws, and raging Agonies,  
 Shall rack his Soul, and on his Bowels seize.  
 The Riches he so eagerly did crave,  
 With all his watchful Care he shall not save.  
 His Heir, what Treasure he has left behind  
 Shall ne'er enquire, for none he'll hope to find.  
 When he shall most with Power and Wealth abound,  
 With Guards encompass'd, and with Empire crown'd,  
 Then suddain Mischiefs shall his Seat surround. }  
 Fierce Bands of Spoilers shall his Lands invade,  
 And far away his Wealth shall be convey'd.  
 When he designs his Riches to enjoy,  
 And all his Senses with Delights to cloy,  
 A dismal storm of Wrath Divine shall rise,  
 And gath'ring Vengeance shall disturb the Skies.  
 While he is feasting, free from Fear or Care,  
 The Heav'n's shall hurl down unexpected War.  
 God on his Head shall such a Tempest pour,  
 As did thy Children in their Mirth devour.  
 His Consternation and distracting Fear,  
 Shall make him fly to scape the Sword and Spear;  
 But a swift Arrow from an Iron Bow  
 Shall overtake, and strike the Rebel thro'.

Officious Friends to heal his wounded Veins,  
Shall draw the bloody Weapon from his Reins,  
Whose glitt'ring point distain'd with issuing Gall,  
Shows certain Death attends his suddain fall.  
He shall in raging Pangs and Horror lye,  
Hopeless of Life, and yet afraid to dye.  
Against him God shall Storms and Plagues provide;  
And stores of Wrath in secret places hide.  
He his dark Caves and Magazines shall flow,  
With chosen Vengeance and collected Woe.  
From cleaving Clouds a fiery Tempest pour'd;  
Like that which on the Hills thy Flocks devour'd,  
Shall on his Substance and his House descend,  
And to destroy the Wretch its Fury spend.  
His Progeny, if any shall remain,  
Shall pass their dismal Days in Grief and Pain.  
Thus Heav'n by dreadful Judgments shall reveal;  
The Wickedness he did with Care conceal.  
The Earth shall all her Elements unite,  
Must'ring her Armies, and against him Fight.  
The Substance he has gain'd shall flow away,  
Like rapid Torrents, in that dreadful Day,  
When God provok'd by all his Crimes, shall come  
In Storms of Wrath th' Oppressor to consume.  
God to th' unjust this Portion shall divide,  
This sad Inheritance is on him ty'd ;  
He's the right Heir, with him it shall abide.

CH. XXI.      And then afflicted *Job* reply'd : Forbear  
To interrupt me thus, with Patience hear  
And weigh my Arguments, while I proceed  
In my Defence ; this I'll accept instead  
Of all the Consolation which from you  
Is to a Friend in such Affliction due.  
Sedately hear my Reasons out, and then  
Reproach and mock your suff'ring Friend agen.

When I in bitter Anguish make my moan,  
Do I complain of cruel Man alone ?  
I oft with Reason do, and must declare,  
That God's vindictive Arm is too severe.  
That I the mark of all his Weapons stand,  
While Men more guilty scape his vengeful Hand.  
But what if I of Man alone complain ?  
Is my Complaint unjust, because 'tis vain ?  
Have I not reason to indulge my Grief,  
When neither Man nor God afford Relief ?  
Consider well my sad afflicted State,  
My unexampled Suff'rings will create  
Astonishment, and make you hold your Peace,  
And from reproaching me for ever cease.  
When I reflect, that Providence Divine  
Does on the Wicked, as on Fav'rites shine,  
That vile and irreligious Wretches cloy  
Their pamper'd Senses with Delight and Joy ;  
Whose Skins grow smooth, and sleek with Fat and Rest,  
And no Invaders Arms their Peace molest :

While

While the mean time the Just and Godlike Kind,  
From Heav'n and Earth alike hard measure find ;  
Are mark'd and singled out to undergo  
Th' Almighty's Anger, and th' Oppressors blow ;  
Puzzled, confounded and amaz'd I stand,  
And can't forbear a Reason to demand  
Of this unequal Distribution, why  
The Impious thrive, the Just despairing lye.  
Here I from Heav'n Instruction would implore  
How to defend the Justice I adore.

Why do the Wicked unmolested thrive,  
Flow in Abundance, and in Pleasure live ?  
In Mirth and Ease they pass their Days away,  
Healthful in Riot, and in Age not Gray.  
In Triumph they the Regal Throne ascend,  
And far around their Empire they extend.  
With Health and Vigour blest, they live to see  
A flourishing and numerous Progeny.  
Protected from Assaults they dwell secure,  
And ne'er th' Almighty's scourging Rod endure.  
Their fruitful Flocks engender on the Hill,  
And with their Young their Herds the Vally fill.  
Their verdant Meadows pour such Riches forth,  
Strong Mowers groan to heave th' unweildy Birth.  
Their unexhausted, never-failing Field,  
Does a rich Harvest to the Reaper yield.  
Their Gardens flourish, and the Golden Fruit  
Bend down the laden Boughs, and kiss the Parent Root.

Their Children from their House in Flocks advance,  
 Sport in the Streets, and o'er the Meadows dance.  
 To highten yet the Pleasure of the Day,  
 They take the Harp, and on the Timbrel play.  
 They're ravish'd with the Singer's charming Voice,  
 And at the Organ's chearful Sound rejoyce.  
 In Ease and Wealth they spend their golden Days,  
 And wearing by insensible decays,  
 With years, and not with pains their Shoulders bend,  
 And ripe with Age, they to the Grave descend.  
 Therefore elated with prodigious Pride,  
 Th' Almighty's Power and Precepts they deride.  
 Religion's Heav'nly Graces they contemn,  
 And God-like Saints, as cheated Fools, condemn!  
 Th' obdurate Rebels arrogantly say,  
 What is th' Almighty? why should we obey?  
 What shall we get, if we in Praises spend  
 Our Breath, and Prayers to Heav'n devoutly send?

But as 'tis impious, so 'tis foolish too,  
 Such Pride, and such Contempt of Heav'n to shew:  
 This Man's own hand his Riches can't defend,  
 On God whom he provokes, he must depend.  
 Let him be rich, I can't his Conduct praise,  
 Nor shall I imitate the Sinner's ways.  
 For tho' 'tis certain that you grossly err,  
 When you with so much Confidence aver,  
 That the good Man God's favour still enjoys,  
 But that his Fury all th' unjust destroys;

Yet

Yet by experience taught I must avow,  
That tho' not always, yet 'tis often so.  
I grant, destruction oft th' unjust invades,  
That oft the glory of the Wicked fades.  
Their impious Deeds th' Almighty oft incense,  
Who does his Judgments on their Heads dispence.  
He with his driving Wrath does often chase  
From off the Earth, this irreligious Race.  
They, as the Chaff, before the Tempest fly,  
Or Stubble born by Whirlwinds thro' the Sky.  
Their Guilt th' Almighty treasures up with care,  
And stores of Wrath does for their Sons prepare.  
Their Progeny shall suffer for their Crime,  
And they shall live to see that dismal time.  
Their Lips shall drink of God's embitter'd Bowl,  
And their dim Eyes shall in Destruction rowl.  
What Comfort, what Delight shall they derive  
From all their Offspring, who shall them survive;  
When an untimely Violence has shut  
Their Eye-lids, and their Days in sunder cut?

Thus that the wicked suffer I assert,  
But 'tis not all, nor yet the greatest part.  
I grant, the Just too sometimes prosp'rous are,  
But they more often Pain and Trouble bear.  
Yet who shall to th' Almighty's ways object?  
Who shall to guide the World, his Hand direct?  
Must always God flagitious Men consume,  
And ne'er the Righteous to Affliction doom?

Must this distinction always be express,  
 Because you fancy this becomes him best?  
 Does not th' All-searching God exactly know,  
 And judge blest Saints above, and mighty Kings below?  
 Who then to teach him, Knowledge will pretend,  
 And show him how his Government to mend?  
 One in his Vigour, and his Strength full grown,  
 To whom enfeebling Aches are unknown,  
 Whose Breasts and Sides congested Fat distends,  
 And thro' whose Bones a Marrow Flood descends,  
 Shall lye extended in the Grave beneath,  
 Lopt by an unexpected stroke of Death:  
 Another wretched Suff'rer who has spent  
 His mournful days in Grief and Discontent,  
 In tort'ring Pains and bitter Anguish lies,  
 Nor till he's worn with ling'ring Sicknefs, dies.  
 The friendly Grave does both alike embrace,  
 And all Distinction's former marks efface:  
 The Worm alike does on their Bodies feast,  
 And mingling Duft, the Dead together rest.

Thus Troubles Men promiscuously invade,  
 And Death alike befalls the Good and Bad.  
 These Dispensations no regard express  
 To this Man's Crimes, or that Man's Righteousness.  
 Nor does the Love or Wrath of God appear  
 By what he gives, or makes us suffer here.  
 I know my Friends, by what you have express,  
 Th' imaginations lodg'd within your Breast.

Your



Your inward thoughts your suffering Friend abuse,  
And tho' the wicked only you accuse  
In gen'ral Speeches, yet I plainly see  
What you assert of them, you aim at me.  
For often you disdainfully demand,  
Where does the wicked Prince's Palace stand?  
Who does the Dwelling where he flourish'd know?  
Who its Remains and Monuments can show?  
But can't the meanest Man that passes by,  
To this demand convincingly reply?  
Ask of the next you meet, and he will tell,  
Where now the wicked unmolested dwell.  
He'll point, and show the Towers where they abide,  
The marks and tokens of their prosp'rous Pride.  
'Tis plain, they often flourish, tho' 'tis true,  
That Vengeance sometimes does their Crimes pursue  
From present Troubles some are kept with care,  
For greater Shame, and Judgments more severe.  
God shall in solemn Triumph lead them forth,  
To suffer publique, ignominious Wrath.  
They Fat for Ruin, and for Slaughter fed,  
With Garlands crown'd, and Crouds around them spread, }  
Are to Destruction's bloody Altar led.  
Oft on the Wicked dreadful Judgments wait,  
But Power and Plenty is their usual Fate.

Aw'd by their Wealth and Greatness, Men forbear  
To tell them what their Crimes and Dangers are.  
Elated, and impatient of Reproof,  
They at the wisest Admonitions scoff.

They

They're Great above the fear of Punishment,  
 Too wise to own their Errors, and repent.  
 The proud Oppressor's Death will often vye  
 With his past Life, and great prosperity ;  
 For, as he liv'd in Pride and State, he'll dye.  
 His mourning Friends with sad magnificence,  
 With honourable Pomp, and vast expence,  
 Shall in the Dust th' ungodly heap inter,  
 And paint and carve his stately Sepulcher.  
 The Corps embalm'd with wondrous Cost and Art,  
 Shall rest entire, and sound in every part,  
 That 'twill a living Watchman posted there  
 To guard the Dead, not a Dead Corps appear.  
 He in the Grave shall find a sweet repose,  
 From Cares deliver'd, and from threatening Foes.  
 The Men who live, or who are yet unborn,  
 Shall follow him, and all File off in turn.  
 He is not more unhappy than the rest,  
 His Fate is common to the worst and best.  
 Why then do you pretend, that prosp'rous days  
 I yet might see, would I amend my ways?  
 Experience your Assertion contradicts,  
 And shows, that Heav'n the Righteous oft afflicts:  
 That the best Men prodigious Suff'rings bear,  
 While God is pleas'd great Wickedness to spare.

CH. XXII. Then *Eliphaz* :

If undefil'd thou dost thy Virtue keep,  
 Is God oblig'd ? does he the Profit reap ?

Were

Were all thy Days in pure Religion spent,  
Would that th' Almighty's Happiness augment?  
When he does strictly Righteousness enjoyn,  
Does he his own Advancement seek, or Thine?  
If thou art Good the Profit is thy own,  
God needs thee not, he on his Heav'nly Throne  
Crown'd with Essential Bliss, in Triumph sits,  
Unmeasur'd Bliss which no increase admits.  
Does he in Wrath attempt thy overthrow,  
Fearing in time thou shouldst too Potent grow?  
I grant thy Sufferings great and numerous are,  
But with thy Guilt they just Proportion bear.  
Justice Divine its Banks ne'er overflows,  
All monstrous Sufferings, monstrous Crimes suppose.

Either thy Neighbour's Pledge thou hast detain'd,  
And by Extortion hast his Substance drain'd:  
Or of his Garment thou hast stript the Poor,  
And sent him Naked from thy cruel Door.  
Or to the Man with burning Sunbeams fry'd,  
At his last Gasps thou hast thy Spring deny'd.  
Or thou hast seen thy hungry Neighbour dye  
For want of Bread, which thou wouldst not supply.  
Or else unjustly to the Rich and Great,  
Thou hast decreed another's Land and Seat.  
While thou the mournful Widow didst oppress,  
And crush without Remorse the needy Fatherless.  
For some such Crime tho' secret and unknown,  
Thou dost beneath this heavy Vengeance groan.

For this, with Snares thou art encompass'd round,  
 And suddain Fears thy trembling Soul confound.  
 Thick Shades and Darknefs o'er thy Dwelling spread,  
 And dismal Floods of Grief overwhelm o'er thy Head.

Does not th' Almighty sit enthron'd on high,  
 On the steep Convex of th' Empyrean Sky,  
 Whence with a quick and easy Prospect he  
 Can all his Works and Worlds around him see?  
 Yet thou dost act, as if thou didst believe,  
 Thou couldst th' Almighty's searching Eye deceive:  
 As if thou saidst, how can th' Almighty know,  
 How can he mind and judge of things below?  
 Vast is the Gulph of Air that lies between,  
 And from his sight thick Clouds the Sinner screen.  
 He walks the happy Circuit of the Sky,  
 Nor casts on this low dirty Ball an Eye.  
 Uninterrupted Pleasure him employs,  
 While he alone his Blissful Self enjoys.  
 Our Good or Evil Deeds, our Joys or Pains,  
 Unworthy of his Notice, he disdains.  
 Lo, from thy Lips whate'er expressions break,  
 This is the Language which thy Actions speak.

Didst thou with due Attention ne'er behold,  
 The Paths in which the Wicked trod of Old;  
 Who from the Earth for their enormous Crime,  
 Were hurried off by Death before their time;  
 Who to th' gen'ral Flood became a Prey,  
 And with their Sons and Wealth were swept away.

**These**

These did th' Almighty's sacred Laws deride,  
 Contemn'd his Favour, and his Threats defy'd.  
 They cry'd, if we Religion's Rule regard,  
 Who will our Pains, and pious Zeal reward?  
 Yet God their Houses with Abundance blest,  
 Enlarg'd their Empire, and their Stores increas'd.  
 But who was by their Wealth to Envy mov'd,  
 Or who their impious Words or Ways approv'd?  
 For tho' like thee, they Peace a while enjoy'd,  
 Yet they at last were from the Earth destroy'd.  
 But Righteous Men have still the Joy to see,  
 Justice Divine rebuke Impiety.  
 Th' Almighty they'll exalt in Songs of Praise,  
 Who does his Glory by such Judgments raise.  
 They shall th' Oppressor's Pomp and Power deride,  
 When Heav'n's just Vengeance thus corrects their Pride.  
 The wicked perish, while the pious Race  
 Of Patriarchs, whence our Descent we trace,  
 Favour'd by Heav'n, possess their ancient place. }  
 They never were to Desolation doom'd,  
 Never by such prodigious Fire consum'd,  
 As raining down from Heav'n in flaming Showers,  
 Destroy'd proud *Sodom's* and *Gomorrhah's* Towers.

Wherefore, O *Job*, to God with speed return,  
 With deep Contrition thy Offences mourn;  
 O'erwhelm'd with Shame and Sorrow, prostrate lye  
 Before his Feet, and for Compassion cry.  
 Let humble Prayer and penitential Tears,  
 Appease Heav'n's Wrath, and thus remove thy Fears.

When God is pleas'd, all Nature will exprefs  
 A forward Zeal t' advance thy Happinefs.  
 God's gracious Aspect, with its Heav'nly Light,  
 Will diffipate this dark tempeftuous Night.  
 Joy will arife, and with its cheerful Ray,  
 Chafe all thefe fullen Clouds of Grief away.

Will *Job* prophane and impious Maxims learn  
 From ftupid Heathens, who from all concern  
 From Things below th' Almighty's Care exempt,  
 And thus expofe Religion to Contempt?  
 No, let the Law which God of old reveal'd  
 To humane Kind, which yet is unrepeal'd;  
 Or which fhould written in thy Heart abide,  
 Be made thy Rule of Life, and facred Guide.  
 Within thy Breaft with pious Care record  
 His bleft Instructions, and his Heav'nly Word.  
 If thou fincerely wilt thy Life devote  
 To virtuous Deeds, and wilt with Zeal promote  
 Th' Almighty's Honour and Religions Caufe,  
 By ftrict obfervance of his Righteous Laws;  
 He all thy difmal Ruins will repair,  
 And all thy reunited Fragments rear.  
 He'll raife thy Head now buried in the Duft,  
 And make thee midft the Clouds thy glitt'ring Turrets thruft.  
 He'll fix thy Pillars deeper in the ground,  
 And ftronger Bulwarks fhall thy Houfe furround.  
 He fhall thy Plenty and thy Peace reftore,  
 And give thee Empire wider than before.

Thou

Thou shalt no more of Vengeance be afraid,  
No Terrors more shall thy safe Tents invade.  
Thy Neighbours shall with Wonder thee behold,  
With Cedar blest, adorn'd with Gems and Gold.  
Thou such prodigious Treasures shalt command,  
Thou shalt, like Dust, collect thy Golden Sand.  
Thy rich, but disregarded Ophir Oar,  
Shall lye like Stones on every River's Shore.  
Wedges of Silver from the purest Mine  
Pil'd high in Heaps, shall round thy Dwelling shine.  
Against thy Foes th' Almighty will contend,  
Protect thy Plenty, and thy Life defend.  
Thou with his Favour shalt be ever blest,  
A vast Reward exceeding all the rest.  
Thou shalt derive from him thy chief Delight,  
The Thoughts of whom does now thy Soul affright.  
Up thou shalt look with Courage, and employ  
Thy Thoughts on Heav'n with Confidence and Joy.  
Thou to th' Almighty shalt have free Access,  
And to his Throne prevailing Prayers address.  
When thou art heard, thy Vows in Trouble made,  
Shall with a glad and thankful Heart be paid.  
All thy designs th' Almighty shall approve,  
And thy decrees will ratify above.  
Before thee he shall Heav'nly Light display,  
To solace, and to guide thee in thy way.  
He shall protect thy Paths, thy Counsels bless,  
And crown thy Undertakings with Success.  
When wicked Men shall be around destroy'd,  
Stript of the Power and Wealth they once enjoy'd :

Thou

Thou shalt not feel th' Almighty's wrathful hand,  
 But undisturb'd enjoy thy fruitful Land.  
 For God the humble Person will regard,  
 And with his Blessing will his Love reward.  
 Nor shall thy Prayer sent to th' Almighty's Throne  
 Obtain his Favours for thy self alone ;  
 If thou shalt Supplication for them make,  
 Thy Neighbours round shall prosper for thy sake.

CH. XXIII. But *Job* reply'd :

From you I find my hopes of Ease are vain,  
 Your Consolations aggravate my Pain.  
 I after all your Applications find  
 The bitter Anguish raging in my Mind.  
 The sharp redoubled Strokes by which I bleed,  
 Do all my Cries and loudest Groans exceed.  
 You give me prudent Counsel to acquaint  
 My self with God, but this is my Complaint,  
 That from my Sight he does with Care retreat ;  
 O, that I knew where I might find his Seat.  
 I would before him justify my Cause,  
 And shew I'm no Contemner of his Laws.  
 I would convincing Arguments prepare,  
 And all my Reasons orderly declare,  
 To prove my angry Judge is over-strict,  
 And does too rig'rous Punishments inflict.  
 I long to know what Charge he would produce,  
 Of what black Crimes he would my ways accuse.

Let



Let him detect those Crimes to me unknown,  
 And I'll the Guilt with Shame and Sorrow own.  
 I will with Patience my Affliction bear,  
 And ne'er complain his Strokes are too severe.  
 If I an equal Hearing could procure,  
 Would he controul me with his Sovereign Power,  
 And not a calm and fair Debate endure?  
 No, he would give me Strength and Confidence,  
 And favourably hear my just Defence.  
 Then I might state my righteous Case at large,  
 And God would clear me from your groundless Charge.  
 I ~~find~~, would know where I my God might find,  
 For still he's just, and long I found him kind,  
 Tho' grown of late estrang'd he has my search declin'd.  
 If I go forward to the Eastern Coast  
 To seek him out, I mourn my labour lost.  
 If I turn backward to the Western Seats  
 To find him there, he still my Hope defeats.  
 I roam thro' populous Northern Kingdoms, where  
 His mighty Works and Wonders most appear,  
 Yet is my strict Enquiry fruitless there.  
 I try if Southern Climates will reveal  
 His Seat, but still he does himself conceal.

But tho' the Righteous God will not appear  
 In Judgment now, my Innocence to clear ;  
 This is my Comfort, that his searching Eye  
 Does all my Thoughts, my Heart and Ways descry :  
 When he my Virtue tries, which I desire,  
 I shall, like Gold, come purer from the Fire.

I with unerring Feet have always trod,  
 In Virtue's Paths, and kept the Heav'nly Road.  
 I ne'er the rough and steepy Way declin'd,  
 But to th' Almighty's Will, my own resign'd.  
 Thro' threat'ning Dangers I my passage made,  
 Of no low Gulph, or sharp Ascent afraid.  
 Heav'n's sacred Precepts still I did obey,  
 And always shunn'd the smooth, but crooked Way,  
 In which lost Sinners from their Maker stray.  
 I have preserv'd th' Almighty's sacred Word,  
 As wealthy Men their choicest Treasures Hoard.  
 To save the precious Store, I ever shew'd  
 As much Concern, as for my daily Food.  
 But tho' th' Eternal Mind did always see  
 These pregnant Proofs of my Integrity,  
 Inflexibly resolv'd he'll ne'er relent,  
 Nor of his harsh proceeding e'er repent.  
 Confirm'd in Wrath he will not change his Mind,  
 Never for me a tender Passion find.  
 My Suff'rings to accomplish he'll proceed,  
 And execute the Wrath he has decreed.

The Righteous by him often are oppress'd,  
 For secret Reasons lodg'd within his Breast.  
 This is his Pleasure, who shall dare dispute  
 His Sovereign Will, and Empire Absolute?  
 Me to his Throne of Grace would he admit,  
 His Clemency my Virtue would acquit :  
 But on he comes his Creature to devour,  
 Arm'd with resistless, Arbitrary Power.

There-

Therefore when I my great Creator see  
 Cloath'd with August, Imperial Majesty,  
 I at his awful Presence shake with fear,  
 Nor can the Sight of Sovereign Glory bear.  
 When on his Terrors I reflect, I feel  
 An inward Dread, and struck with Horror reel.  
 My sinking Heart dissolves within my Breast  
 And bitter Sorrows interrupt my rest ;  
 Because he did not cut me off, before  
 These dismal Shades and Troubles overwhelm'd me o'er:  
 Because he ne'er would let the friendly Grave  
 From so much Woe his wretched Creature save.

Why do my Friends Erroneous Doctrines teach  
 That certain Sufferings here the Wicked reach?  
 God does conceal the Times and Seasons when  
 His Vengeance shall destroy flagitious Men.  
 Ev'n those who most his righteous Laws obey,  
 And mark with care his Providential way,  
 Are unacquainted with his Judgment Day.  
 They know of no determin'd, certain Times,  
 When he will visit Mens provoking Crimes.

CH. XXIV.

Some Men remove with their perfidious Hands,  
 The Marks that bound appropriated Lands.  
 They take their Neighbours Goats from off the Rocks,  
 And from the Airy Downs their Woolly Flocks.  
 With wicked Spoils they feast their Luxury,  
 And gorg'd with Rapine on their Couches lye.

P

They

They the poor Widow of her Ox defraud,  
 They rob the Orphan, and the Deed applaud.  
 These Robbers scare the Helpless from their way,  
 Who leave the Road, and o'er the Forrest stray.  
 Th' affrighted Trav'lers to the Mountains fly,  
 And to escape their Rage in Caverns lye.

Other vile Men frequented Towns forsake,  
 And their Abode in desert Places make.  
 Where Wild and Salvage grown, at Dawn of Day  
 They leave their secret Dens to hunt their Prey.  
 These Men by Plunder and by Rapine thrive  
 And in a Wilderness in Plenty live.  
 They suddain Inroads on their Neighbours make,  
 And from their Fields by Force their Harvest take.  
 They from another's Vine the Clusters tear  
 And the rich Spoil to their own Presses bear.  
 To their Strong-Holds their Booty they convey ;  
 They strip the Lab'ers, make them naked stray, }  
 Expos'd to Cold by Night, to Heat by Day.  
 The Wretches when they hear a Tempest rise,  
 And see the gath'ring Clouds o'erspread the Skies,  
 To neighb'ring Rocks their Flight for Refuge bend ;  
 Their craggy Arms the friendly Rocks extend ;  
 Embrace, and hide them in their Clefts, and shew  
 Less hardness than the cruel Robbers do.

Besides their Substance, which they make their Prey,  
 By Force they take the Owners too away :

For

For from their Coverts they Incurfions make  
Into the Country round, and Captives take  
Poor Herdſmen, Trav'lers, lab'ring Swains, and wref  
The ſtruggling Infant from the Nurſe's Breaf.  
They lead them ſtrip'd and ſtarving to their Caves,  
And treat the helpleſs Creatures, as their Slaves.  
Tho' their ill-gotten Subſtance be immense,  
Yet they deſpoil with ſalvage Violence  
Their hungry Captives of that little Fruit  
Which they had glean'd their Vigour to recruit.  
They make them labour in their Olive-yard,  
But with redoubled Stripes their toil reward.  
They ne'er permit them who their Vineyards dreſs,  
And tread the ſwelling Cluſters in the Preſs,  
To take, tho' faint, a Grape from off the Vine,  
Or taſt, tho' fry'd with Heat, one drop of Wine.  
Theſe deſp'rate Outlaws diſtant Towns invade,  
Their cruel Yoke is on whole Cities laid.  
In whoſe ſad Streets the ſuff'ring People groan,  
And make, like wounded Men, a diſmal Moan.

There is, beſides this more audacious Race,  
Whoſe open Crimes the Noon-day Sun out-face ;  
A ſort of ſecret Sinners, who require  
Darkneſs to hide them, and from Light retire.  
For inſtance, at th' uncertain Dawn of Day,  
The lurking Murd'rer does his Neighbour ſlay.  
Then full of Fear away th' Aſſaſſin flies,  
And all the Day in ſome cloſe Covert lies.

Then turning Thief, by Night he comes abroad,  
 And with stoll'n Substance does his Shoulders load.  
 His guilty Joys th' Adulterer delays,  
 And for the Evening's doubtful Twilight stays.  
 To pass unseen he muffles up his Head,  
 And steals in secret to the Harlot's Bed.  
 Hot with unbridled Flames, he in the Dark  
 Breaks Houses up, on which he set his mark  
 The Day before, where to assuage his Lust;  
 But he can only to the Darknes trust:  
 Before the Morn returns, he takes his Flight,  
 He hates the Day, and courts the welcome Night.  
 For if discover'd, all the marks of Fear  
 And Consternation, in his Looks appear.

To this vile Crew you may the Pyrate add,  
 Who puts to Sea the Merchant to invade,  
 And reaps the Profit of another's Trade. }  
 He sculks behind some Rock, or swiftly flies  
 From Creek to Creek, rich Vessels to surprize.  
 By this ungodly Course the Robber gains,  
 And lays up so much Wealth, that he disdains  
 And mocks the poor, unprofitable toil  
 Of those, who plant the Vine, or till the Soil.

Others as Vile, deflower a Virgin first,  
 And then destroy the Offspring of their Lust  
 Within the Mother's Womb, to hide their Shame,  
 And scape Reproaches that would blast their Fame.

The poor and helpless Widow they abuse,  
And Reparation cruelly refuse.  
Their Power and Threats the timorous Judges awe,  
And to their side the Great and Mighty draw.  
For if the Villains, on pretence of Wrong,  
Assail the mighty, be they ne'er so strong,  
Can they against Assassins make Defence?  
Whose Life is safe from secret Violence?  
Tho' by repeated Vows they should declare,  
That their Intentions inoffensive are;  
And make such solemn Promises, that you  
May think you're safe, because you think them true;  
Yet they will wait, and all occasions watch,  
The mischief they design'd you, to dispatch.

These in their wicked Courses, free from fear,  
Because they live unpunish'd, persevere.  
'Tis true, th' Almighty sees their Insolence,  
But unconcern'd, no Vengeance does dispence.  
The troubled Skies with Lightning grows not red,  
Nor does his Thunder strike Oppressors dead.  
Th' Eternal pours no dreadful Viols forth,  
On Rebels worthy of exalted Wrath.  
Among 'em no strange Plagues are sent abroad,  
No Tempests Vengeance on their heads unload.  
In Peace and Plenty they securely live,  
And from Impunity their Pride derive.  
All things to make them happy here comply,  
And, as they liv'd, they unmolested Dye.

They

They to the Grave a quiet, easy Bed  
 In Peace, as much as others, are convey'd,  
 Part of the long Proceſſion of the Dead.  
 With grievous Sickneſs they are ne'er diſtreſt,  
 Nor dye with long tormenting Pains oppreſt.  
 Gently cut down by Fate, like Ears of Corn  
 When fully ripe, they to the Tomb are born.  
 By ſlow degrees they ſink and wear away,  
 Their Death's a kind, inſenſible decay.  
 Their Streams of Life, like peaceful Rivers flow,  
 And when they dye, they gently melt, as Snow.  
 God no ſuch marks of Wrath does on them ſet,  
 But that the Mothers may their Sons forget.  
 Their Bodys hang not by the publick way,  
 To Men a Terror, and to Beaſts a Prey.  
 But Men in Pomp their Carcaſſes inter,  
 To be a Feaſt for Worms, as others are.  
 There they enjoy profound Tranquility,  
 And buried with them their Oppreſſions lye.  
 When they are Dead, the Age that next ſucceeds,  
 As quickly will forget their wicked Deeds,  
 As a loſt Tree by Time to Atomes worn,  
 Or by a riving Storm to Shivers torn.  
 I theſe remarks deliberately have weigh'd,  
 And know no ſtrong Objections can be made.  
 I on the Truth of this Diſcourſe rely,  
 And all Oppoſers Arguments defy.

Then



Then *Bildad* answer'd, Why does *Job* delight  
Thus to reflect on Wisdom Infinite ?  
Wilt thou th' Almighty's Providence correct,  
And charge him with Injustice, or Neglect ?  
As if he ne'er did Righteousness regard,  
And did the Impious, not the Just reward ?  
Or else as if he ne'er did interpose,  
But doubtful Chance did all Events dispose.  
Should not his awful Majesty deter  
Thy Arrogance, and make thee shake with fear ?  
His Creatures never should debating stand,  
But strait obey his absolute Command.  
This low Terrestrial World does not alone,  
His Sovereign Rule and Jurisdiction own ;  
His Empire is of unconfin'd extent,  
O'er all the wide Etherial Continent ;  
O'er all the liquid Regions of the Air,  
And all the shining Islands floating there.  
He Peace preserves in the bright Realms above,  
And makes the Spheres in beauteous order move :  
All the Seraphic, glorious Hierarchy,  
The Pure and God-like People of the Sky,  
Adore the depths of Providence Divine,  
And to th' Almighty's Will, their Wills resign.  
And yet shall discontented *Job* debate  
His Case with God, and quarrel with his Fate ?  
His Empire to protect, and to controul  
Up roar and Strife, what Troops can he enroll ?

Ca. XXV.

What

What mighty Armys can th' Almighty head?  
 What numerous Brigades to Battel lead?  
 Myriads of Angels lye encampt on high,  
 His Household Squadrons that defend the Sky:  
 Sabres of Flame th' Immortal Warriors weild,  
 And now in fiery Chariots take the Field;  
 Now high in Air the Wing'd Battalions rise;  
 And glorious War hangs hovering in the Skies.  
 Along th' inferiour Air at his Command,  
 His must'ring Meteors Regimented stand.  
 Tempests of Thunder, Whirlwinds, Rain and Fire  
 To fight th' Almighty's Battels will conspire.  
 All Nature at his beck, if Rebels rage,  
 Strait take up Arms, and on his Part engage.

Of such Extent is his Imperial Power;  
 With so much Ease he can his Foes devour.  
 Yet is his Goodness equal to his Might;  
 The Sun his unexhausted Sea of Light,  
 Lavish of Glory, does to all dispence  
 His chearing Beams, and fruitful Influence.  
 Wide as the World, God has his Table spread,  
 At his Expence are all his Creatures fed.  
 Who of his Regal Bounty does not tast?  
 Whose Stores, if not supply'd by him, can last?  
 If on his Power and Goodness we depend,  
 And can to nothing as a Debt pretend;  
 We murmur and complain without a Cause,  
 When he his Blessings, not our Right, withdraws.

Besides

Besides our various Crimes which Heav'n provoke,  
 Justly expose us to his wrathful stroke.  
 Who can before his high Tribunal stand,  
 Plead Innocence, and his Discharge demand ?  
 Can Man be Clean, born of degenerate Race,  
 And scape the Leaven that infects the Mass ?  
 Never a wholsom, unpolluted Stream,  
 From an impure, infected Fountain came.  
 Can a wild Vine a generous Vintage bring ?  
 From a base Stock, can noble Branches spring ?  
 The Constellations that adorn the Sky,  
 Reveal their Spots to God's All-searching Eye,  
 Then what foul Stains will he in Man descry ?  
 In Man, a worthless Worm, who turns to Dust  
 And Putrefaction, whence he sprang at first.

}  
}

Then pious *Job* did *Bildad* thus bespeak :  
 To cheer the Mourner, and to help the weak  
 Thou hast a happy, masterly Address,  
 A charming way, that ne'er can miss Success.  
 How pertinent, how clear is thy discourse,  
 No sullen Sorrow can resist its force.  
 Thy blest Instructions, and thy grave Advice,  
 Can teach the Blind, and make the stupid Wife.  
 Display'd by thy Divine Discourse I find  
 A Heav'nly Day irradiates my Mind.  
 Thou hast thy point by solid Reason prov'd,  
 And like an Oracle, all doubts remov'd.

CH. XXVI.

Q

What

What knowing Spirit has thy Bosom fir'd,  
 For thou hast argu'd, as a Man inspir'd?  
 But say to whom dost thou address thy Speech?  
 Am I so weak, and of so short a reach,  
 That I must still be taught the Common Theme  
 Of God's Imperial Sway, and Power supreme?  
 I could th' Almighty's wondrous Works with ease  
 Like you recite, as for example these.

He all the wanton Monsters form'd that play,  
 And bound above the Bosom of the Sea;  
 Wild Water-Gyants, hideous Forms that reign  
 Lords of the vast, inhospitable Main:  
 A salvage Race that range the liquid Fields,  
 And fill with Rapine all the wavy Wilds.  
 All the mute Nations of the deep Abyss,  
 And Finny People of the Floods are his.  
 To hide from God its sad Inhabitants,  
 And dusky Realms, Hell thicker Darkness wants.  
 Compacted Shadows, and substantial Night  
 Elude the Sun's, but not th' Almighty's Sight.  
 Death does in vain her sable Covering spread,  
 And in her secret Vaults lock up the Dead:  
 Th' Almighty's Eye does all her Spoils survey,  
 And no distinction knows of Night or Day.  
 He o'er the empty Space displays on high  
 The blue Expansion of the Northern Sky.  
 He hangs the pond'rous Earth in liquid Air,  
 And his Command and Providential Care,  
 Are the sole Pillars that support it there.

}  
}

He

He bids the loose and fluid Clouds sustain  
Imprison'd Tempests, and suspend the Rain.  
Distended with the Waters in 'em pent,  
Their Wombs hang low in Air, but are not rent.  
But then at his Command, successive Drops  
Distill from Heav'n, and crown the Farmer's Hopes.  
Left his high Throne above expression bright,  
With deadly Glory should oppress our sight,  
To break the dazzling Force, he draws a Skreen  
Of sable Shades, and spreads his Clouds between.  
He raises rocky Bounds around the Deep,  
And does the raging Waves in Prison keep.  
That, whilst as order'd by Alternate sway,  
The Sun and Moon shall rule the Night and Day;  
The Foaming Surges rolling o'er the Strand,  
Might not a Deluge spread, and drown the Land.  
The Hills and Mountains whose aspiring tops  
Appear the Pillars, and unshaken props  
Reer'd to sustain the Heav'n's expanded Roof,  
Tremble with Fear, and shake at his Reproof.  
He with his mighty Power the Sea divides,  
And ploughs deep Furrows in its wounded Sides.  
At his Command the threatening Billows rise,  
Mix Waters with the Clouds, and lave with foam the Skies.  
But in a moment he corrects their Pride,  
And bids the Sea repel her swelling Tide.  
Up roar is hush'd, the Ocean at his Frown  
Shrinks in, and calls it's tow'ring Surges down.  
The trembling Waves creep softly to the Shore,  
And Tempests over-aw'd no longer roar.

The Heav'nly Spheres around in Order turn'd,  
 With clust'ring Constellations he adorn'd.  
 He the great Serpent form'd, and bid him rowl  
 His Starry Volumes round the Northern Pole.  
 These of his Works are part, but still I own  
 To us his Wonders are but little known.  
 To such extent who can his Reason stretch,  
 As his vast Power and Providence can reach?  
 His boundless Wisdom who can comprehend?  
 Who will to search the dark Abyss descend?  
 Who can his Wonders number, who declare  
 Of Energy divine the utmost Sphere?

CH. XXVII. The Pious *Job* here paus'd a while, and stay'd  
 For their reply ; but no reply was made.  
 Then he his grave and wife Discourse revives,  
 And said, as God my great Creator lives,  
 Who has to hear and judge my Cause deny'd,  
 And my vext Soul with sharp Affliction try'd,  
 While the warm blood dilates my winding Veins,  
 And in my Nostrils while my Breath remains ;  
 That Breath th' Almighty did himself inspire,  
 Gently to fan and feed the vital Fire ;  
 No Falshood will I mix in this debate,  
 Nor with perfidious Lips express Deceit.  
 Under the Censure of my Friends I lye  
 Charg'd with Offences of the deepest Dye,  
 Oppression, Fraud, and deep Hypocrisy.

Shall

Shall I acquit their rash Cenforious Tongue,  
 Confess th' Indictment, and my Virtue wrong?  
 Forbid, O Heav'n, that I should ever own  
 So black a Charge of Crimes to me unknown.  
 I till I Dye will stedfastly assert  
 The pure Intention of my upright Heart;  
 From this Profession will I ne'er depart.  
 Conscience, whose Court of Justice is within,  
 Can ne'er accuse me of delib'rate Sin.  
 The wicked and their ways I so detest,  
 That might I feed Revenge within my Breast,  
 And might I have permission to bestow  
 The greatest Curse, upon my greatest Foe,  
 I would desire that Foe might all his days  
 Delight in vicious Men, and vicious Ways.

}  
}

What if the Sinner's Magazines are stor'd  
 With the rich Spoils that *Ophir's* Mines afford?  
 What if he spends his happy Days and Nights,  
 In softest Joys and undisturb'd Delights?  
 Where is his Hope at last, when God shall wrest  
 His trembling Soul from his reluctant Breast?  
 Must he not then Heav'n's Vengeance undergo,  
 Condemn'd to Chains, and Everlasting Woe?  
 This is his Fate; but often here below,  
 Justice o'ertakes him, tho' it marches slow.  
 And when the Day of Vengeance does appear,  
 The Wretch will cry, but will th' Almighty hear?  
 If bath'd in Tears Compassion he invokes,  
 The unrelenting Judge will multiply his Strokes.

His

His vain Complaints, and unregarded Prayer,  
Will drive the raving Rebel to despair.  
Or will he e'er with Confidence apply  
Himself to God, and on his Aid rely?  
Will he not rather cease in his distress,  
His Prayers to Heav'n hereafter to address?

Do not disdain to learn, and I'll reveal,  
How the just God does with the Wicked deal.  
To you some secret Methods I'll detect,  
By which he's pleas'd his Conduct to direct.  
All you your selves have by Experience found,  
For my Assertions there's abundant ground.  
I grant that some, not all the wicked Band,  
As you assert, feel God's vindictive Hand.  
And this should make the proud Oppressor dread,  
Left Vengeance should assail his guilty Head.  
Children he multiplies to be devour'd  
By ling'ring Famine, or the raging Sword.  
Untimely Death his Offspring shall consume,  
And sink them deep in black Oblivion's Womb.  
His Wives well pleas'd to see the Tyrant's Fate,  
Shall joyful Mourners on his Funeral wait.  
Tho' he does Gold in lofty Mountains heap,  
And as the dust, has Silver Treasure cheap,  
Tho' Robes of State wrought with *Sidonian* Skill,  
And rich embroider'd Vests his Wardrobe fill;  
Yet shall the Just and Upright Man divide  
His precious Treasures, and his Purple Pride.

The



The Judge's righteous Sentence shall restore  
The Wealth he wrested from the injur'd Poor.  
His Dwelling, like the Moths, shall soon decay,  
Which settles in a Garment for a Day ;  
But suddainly is crush'd, and swept away.  
Or like the Lodge, a Keeper does erect,  
His Garden Fruit or Vintage to protect ;  
Which, when the Swain has gather'd in his Store,  
Is pull'd as quickly down, as reer'd before.

When Heav'n th' Oppressor shall of Life bereave,  
The Wretch no Funeral Honours shall receive.  
His curst Corps expos'd to open Day,  
Shall lye to ravening Beasts and Birds a Prey.  
While one with open Eyes can look around,  
Heav'n shall the Man, his Race, and Name confound.  
A dreadful Inundation of Distress,  
And Woes like thronging Waves, his Soul shall press.  
An unexpected Storm of Wrath shall rise,  
And in the Night, the careless Man surprize.  
An Eastern Whirlwind shall his Palace tear,  
Catch up, and with its rapid Eddy bear  
Th' Oppressor far away thro' Wilds of Air.  
God shall his fatal Darts against him throw,  
Nor will he spare him, when involv'd in Woe.  
The miserable Man for Mercy crys,  
In vain he weeps, and prays, in vain he flies.  
His Neighbours round shall his just fall deride,  
Applauding Heav'n, that thus corrects his Pride.

I always thought the righteous God, at last }  
 Would on the wicked sure Destruction cast; }  
 Nay, some his Wrath does in their blooming blast : }  
 But taught by observation, I assert,  
 That he is pleas'd to let the greater part,  
 In Peace and Splendour pass their happy years,  
 And long their day of Punishment defers.  
 Whilst oft the Just that serve and love their God,  
 Bewail their Wounds inflicted by his Rod.  
 This puzzling Conduct, these mysterious ways  
 Create my Trouble, and my Wonder raise.  
 But you, because your Reason can't untie  
 The hard perplexing Knot, the Fact deny.  
 As if you thought your narrow Wit and Sense,  
 Could reach th' unfathom'd Depths of Providence.  
 In things below your Wisdom may appear,  
 But these are Heights that far surmount your Sphere.

CH. XXVIII    Advent'rous Man may with successful pains,  
 Dissect the Ground, trace all the shining Veins  
 Of Silver Oar, and wrest with labour forth  
 Its golden Entrails from th' embowel'd Earth.  
 The sweaty Smelter finds a proper place,  
 Where from the Drofs to purge the precious Mass.  
 Men dig out pondrous Iron from the Mine,  
 And Molten Copper in the Flames refine.  
 The Miner searches all the Seats beneath,  
 Gloomy and lonesome, as the Shades of Death.

Where

Where Nature far withdrawn from humane fight,  
To mould and shape her Min'rals does delight.  
To fashion precious Stones with curious Art,  
And hardness due to Metals does impart.  
They all the Earth's dark Bowels open lay,  
And make the Central Shades acquainted with the Day.  
But often subterranean Floods invade  
The Miner's Caves, thro' which he cannot wade.  
With wondrous Toil the Men their Works maintain,  
And from the Mine the flowing Deluge drain.  
While fruitful Trees and bending Ears of Corn  
Laden with Bread, the Earth above adorn ;  
With sparkling Gems its inward Parts are stor'd,  
And fatty Minerals full of Fire afford.  
Here beauteous Saphirs far remote from Day,  
Do a blue Heav'n midst common Stones display.  
Here Nature scatters with a lavish hand,  
And with the Rubbish mingles golden Sand.  
No Fowl of Heav'n, no not the Vulture's Eye  
Fam'd for quick Sight, did e'er these Seats descry.  
Those Sons of Pride the Lyons never found  
These Caves, and dark Recesses under ground.  
To Beasts and Birds these Regions are unknown,  
By Men discover'd, and by Men alone :  
By Men who cut thro' hardest Rocks their way,  
Dig thro' the Hills, and Mountains level lay ;  
That the Metallic Wealth may be reveal'd,  
Which in their massy Bowels lies conceal'd.

If rising Springs o'erflow the precious Vein,  
 Men fashion Channels in the Rocks to drain,  
 Th' invading Flood, till they their Treasure gain.

Thus into Nature's Secrets Men descend,  
 And may to Knowledge in her Works pretend ;  
 But who can Heav'n's deep Counsels comprehend ?  
 Who can inform th' Enquirer, who can tell  
 Where Skill Divine, and Heav'nly Wisdom dwell ?  
 For senseless Man its value does not know,  
 'Tis never found midst Mortals here below.  
 The Land exclaims aloud, I am not blest  
 To be th' abode of this Celestial Guest.  
 The Sea and all its noisy Waves, declare,  
 In vain you seek the sacred Stranger here.  
 Th' Infernal Deep cries with a hollow Sound,  
 Here's no Apartment for her under ground.  
 Th' unvaluable Blessing can't be bought,  
 With all the golden Wealth from *Ophir* brought.  
 He that has Wisdom Rubies will despise,  
 And Pearl, if tender'd as an equal Price.  
 Sapphires and Diamonds, with vast labour sought,  
 The *Topaz* fetch'd from Countries far remote ;  
 Which worn by mighty Kings, attract regard,  
 Are worthless Toys, with this bright Gem compar'd.  
 Who can instruct us then whence Wisdom flows ?  
 And who the place of Understanding knows :  
 Since after strict enquiry we despair  
 To find it in the Land, the Sea, or Air ?

Death

Death and Destruction cry, midst all our Slaves  
We ne'r saw Wisdom ; to our secret Caves  
We the Celestial Stranger ne'er convey'd,  
Nor hid her in our solitary Shade.  
We only are acquainted with her Name,  
Have only heard of her Immortal Fame.  
Only the Great All-penetrating God  
Knows his own Offspring, Wisdom's blest abode.  
For he surveys from Heav'n's bright Crystal brow,  
The vast expanded Universe below ;  
The spacious liquid Vales of Sky and Air,  
And all his Worlds, that hang in order there.  
The Bounds of Nature, Chaos, and old Night,  
Limit the Sun's, but not its Maker's Sight:  
He has in Prospect this Terrestrial Isle,  
And sees th' extreamest Bound'rys of its Soil.  
He forms the various Meteors which appear  
Thro' the low Regions of the Atmosphere.  
He deals out to the Winds their proper weight,  
Gives them their Wings, and then directs their Flight.  
He measures out the drops with wondrous Skill,  
Which the black Clouds his floating Bottles fill.  
When he decreed the manner of the Rain,  
And did the Lightning's crooked Path ordain ;  
When he appointed Nature's course and way,  
And gave command that thence she should not stray ;  
Then Wisdom he beheld, he search'd with care  
His own All-seeing Mind, and found it there.

He oft reflected on the sacred Guest,  
 Which had her fixt abode within his Breast,  
 And in his Works her God-like Form exprest.  
 But then to Man, to whom he had deny'd  
 The perfect Knowledge of his Ways, he cry'd,  
 The Fear of God is Wisdom, to depart  
 From Evil, this is Science, this is Art.  
 Attempt to know no more than God reveals,  
 Search not the Secrets which his Breast conceals.  
 In this Abyss trust not thy vent'rous Oar,  
 Wouldst thou be safe, then keep upon the Shore,  
 And from afar this awful Deep adore.  
 Thy Happiness in being Righteous lies,  
 Be Good, and in Perfection thou art wise.  
 Justly thou mayst despise the boastful Schools,  
 And learned Cant of grave, disputing Fools.

CH. XXIX. Moreover *Job* continued thus, and said :

O that the happy Days might be restor'd,  
 When gracious Aid th' Almighty did afford.  
 When his Celestial Lamp shone o'er my Head,  
 And with its Light directed me to tread  
 In lonesome Paths, with horrid Darkness spread.  
 When secret Blessings did my Youth attend,  
 And Guardian Providence my House defend.  
 When all my Children round me stood, and God  
 Did with his Presence bless my safe abode.  
 With Teats distended with their milky store,  
 Such numerous lowing Herds before my door

Their

Their painful Burden to unload, did meet,  
That we with Butter might have wash'd our Feet.

Besides the Harvest of my richer Soil,  
Ev'n Rocks themselves pour'd Rivers out of Oyl.  
When thro' the Streets I march'd in Princely State,  
To sit in Judgment in the City Gate ;  
The younger Men, soon as my Face they saw,  
Drew back thro' Fear, or reverential Awe.  
The Aged Fathers as I pass'd along,  
Stood up, and bow'd amidst the gazing throng,  
Princes and Lords, of ancient noble Blood,  
To shew Regard, before me silent stood.  
The Ear that heard me did the Speaker bless,  
The Eye that saw me, did its Joy confess.  
Because th' Oppressor's Rage I did withstand,  
And wrested Suff'ers from his griping hand.  
The Poor and Helpless when almost devour'd,  
Rescu'd by me, on me their Blessings pour'd.  
A Father's Place to Orphans I supply'd,  
And made the Widow joyful, as a Bride.  
With Righteousness and Mercy cloath'd I sat,  
Awful, as dress'd in splendid Robes of State.  
And spotless Justice won me more esteem,  
Then a great Monarch's Guards or Diadem.  
Refresh'd by me, the Naked, Blind and Lame,  
Thro' ringing Streets my Bounty did proclaim.  
I with Paternal Bowels fed the Poor,  
No needy Wretch went Hungry from my Door.

Those

Those Frauds and Injurys, of which th' Opprest  
 Durst not complain, I fought out and redrest.  
 My righteous Hand broke fierce Oppressor's Jaws,  
 And of their Spoil disseiz'd their bloody Paws.

I now have built, said I, my lofty Nest  
 Where I'll repose, and feed on endless Rest.  
 My Days shall all be prosp'rous, and intcrease,  
 Till they exceed the Sands around the Seas.  
 With neighb'ring Streams below my Root was fed,  
 And from above kind Heav'n by Night did spread  
 Refreshing Dews o'er all my branching Head. }  
 I then was strong, as in my youthful Bloom,  
 And with new Vigour did my Bow assume.  
 Th' attentive Throng while I in Judgment fate  
 Profoundly Silent, did around me wait.  
 Like clust'ring Bees upon my Lips they hung,  
 And suck'd the Words, like Honey from my Tongue.  
 To my Discourses no reply was made,  
 My Dictates were, as Oracles obey'd.  
 My Speech upon them drop'd like Summer Rain,  
 That falls from Heav'n upon the thirsty Plain.  
 If I my solemn Air put off, if e'er  
 I kind and condescending did appear,  
 The People scarcely could believe me so,  
 Nor did they rude, or too Familiar grow.  
 They no ill use of those my Favours made,  
 But still a due Respect and Rev'rence paid.  
 What way to follow I th' Enquirer told,  
 And all Mens doubtful Questions did unfold.



I fate as Chief, while they around did stand,  
My Looks and Language did their Minds command.  
When I appear'd, they did such Joy express,  
As shouting Armys do, when in distress  
They see their General come, whose Presence gives  
Their Breasts new Courage, and their Hopes revives.

Now Providence Divine has chang'd my State,  
Such are my Wants, and such my Woes of late,  
That those young Men my Poverty deride,  
To whose intreating Fathers I deny'd  
The Priviledge my numerous Herds to keep,  
Or with my Dogs to fit and guard my Sheep.  
For they were grown, their Manly Vigour spent  
With Vice and Age, so Weak and Impotent ;  
They were no more for useful Labour fit,  
But wander'd Hoary Beggars thro' the Street :  
Opprest with Want and Famine, till at last,  
They were, like Thieves, from every City chas'd.  
Trembling with fear, to shun their Neighbour's sight,  
To solitary Woods they took their Flight,  
Roam'd o'er the Plains by Day, and skulk'd in Hills by Night.  
In thorny Dens and rocky Caves they lay,  
To Lyons Hunger, or their own, a Prey.  
Of Juniper they Eat the bitter Root,  
Unsavory Herbs, and wild, unwholsome Fruit.  
To ease their Hunger with Supplys of Food,  
They made the Mountains bare, and stript the Wood.  
Brambles and Thorny Branches they devour,  
Beneath whose shelter they had lodg'd before.

CH. XXX.

A

A Stock so Vile, a Progeny so base,  
 Ne'er brought on Humane Nature more disgrace,  
 Ne'er was a Kingdom curst with such a Race. }  
 Yet to their Sons I am a standing Jest;  
 So low is *Job*, so Poor, and so Opprest.  
 What Contumelious Insults have I born  
 From these vile Men, what unexampled Scorn?  
 With bitter Scoffs they suff'ring *Job* revile,  
 And pass me by with a disdainful Smile.  
 They have me in Contempt, abhor my sight,  
 And as from one Infected, take their Flight.  
 They dare affront, and mock me to my Face,  
 Since God is pleas'd on *Job* to bring disgrace,  
 And to afflict me does his Power engage,  
 They too unbridle all their savage Rage.  
 Young Striplings, poor afflicted *Job* despise,  
 And to obstruct my way, against me rise.  
 No Methods, no Devices they neglect,  
 Which likely seem my Ruin to effect.  
 My Righteous Actions they perversly wrest,  
 And by their Taunts my Anguish is increast.  
 Still to invent new Slaunders they proceed,  
 And are so fruitful, they no Helper need.  
 On me they come, as conquering Soldiers rush  
 Into a Town, or as a mighty Flush  
 Of rapid Waters, which have broken down  
 Th' opposing Banks, and then the Vally drown.  
 Like pressing Waves their Terrors on me roll,  
 And as a Storm my Foes pursue my Soul.

My

My Joy and Peace dissolve and melt away,  
As morning Mists before the rising Day.  
And now my Soul is griev'd, my Flesh diseas'd,  
And dismal Woes have me their Pris'ner seiz'd.  
All Night I lye extended on a Rack,  
My Bones are tortur'd, and my Sinews crack.  
The Putrefaction from my running Boils,  
In loathsome manner, all my Vest defiles :  
Close to my Sores it flicks, as to my Throat,  
The narrow Collar of my seamless Coat.  
Me deep in Mire God has in Anger spurn'd,  
Ev'n while alive, I seem to Ashes turn'd.  
I cry unto thee, but am never heard,  
I make my Moan, but does the Lord regard ?  
The gracious God is grown to me severe,  
Quite chang'd his very Nature does appear.  
His mighty Hand, from which I hop'd Relief,  
Is now extended to augment my Grief.  
Like Chaff I'm caught up by the Wind, and tost, }  
And this and that way driv'n, till I have lost }  
My Flesh and Substance, which I once could boast. }  
I find the Tomb must quickly me receive,  
The general Rendezvous of all that live.  
His Hand th' Almighty will not stretch to save  
A Wretch, that seems already in the Grave.  
Not all the Crys that by my Friends are sent  
To Heav'n, my sure Destruction shall prevent.

Did not my Soul for Men in Trouble mourn,  
 Did not my moving Bowels in me turn,  
 And o'er the Poor touch'd with Compassion yern?  
 Yet (fatal Disappointment!) fore Distress  
 Came, when I most expected Joy and Peace.  
 While I was waiting for the chearful Light,  
 Darkness o'erspread me, and a dismal Night.  
 My Soul in restless Agonys of Grief  
 Tormented lay, and hopeless of Relief.  
 So unawares was my Affliction sent,  
 The suddain Stroke did quick-ey'd Fear prevent.  
 To solitary Seats I love to creep,  
 And dark Recesses, where I groan and weep.  
 To antient, lonesome Ruins I repair,  
 And mossy Heaps, in damp, unwholsome Air;  
 A Desolation wild, as my Despair.  
 There I so long have cry'd, and made my moan,  
 That to the salvage Beasts my Story's known.  
 Well pleas'd, with Owls and Ravens I converse,  
 And the sad Series of my Woes rehearse.  
 They Screech and Croak, and from ill-boding Throats,  
 To my sad Grief return becoming Notes.  
 By Night midst Wolves I well acquainted fit,  
 Howling Companions, for my Sorrow fit.  
 Serpents my hissing Friends, with me abide,  
 And with my Brother Dragons I reside.  
 I am with Horror now familiar grown,  
 To all the Terrors of the Desert known,  
 And friendly Satyrs take me for their own.

My

My Bones quite dry'd by scorching Heat within,  
Start out, and break my black and wither'd Skin.  
I now no more my tuneful Harp employ,  
Sad Tears and Crys succeed my banish'd Joy.  
No longer to the Organ I rejoyce,  
I've for the Mourner's chang'd the Singer's Voice.

Yet tho' my Wants and Pains are so extream,  
None can my Life of heinous Sin condemn.  
So far from that, I have with care suppress'd  
Sin's first Conception struggling in my Breast.  
I did the Spark, as soon as kindled, tame,  
Before it blaz'd, and spread resistless Flame.  
I with my Eyes, whole Objects oft inspire  
The Heart with wild, unquenchable Desire,  
A sacred League did make, that they should ne'er  
Look on forbidden Fruit, tho' wondrous fair.  
That they on Beauty should not gazing stay,  
Nor on th' enchanting Brink of Ruin play.  
Besides my inward Thoughts I did restrain,  
They ne'er did wanton Objects entertain.  
My modest Fancy ne'er had leave to rove,  
To fetch in Fuel for unlawful Love.  
I knew what Portion did th' Unclean attend,  
What Vengeance on them would from Heav'n descend,  
And of their sweet Delights I saw the bitter End.  
Distress and Ruin on the Wicked wait,  
This is their sad, inevitable Fate.  
Does not th' Almighty with his watchful Eye  
Mark all my Steps, and all my Paths descry?

CH. XXXI.

}

If I unrighteous ways did e'er applaud,  
 If I grew rich by Violence or Fraud,  
 Let Heav'n my Head with heavy Vengeance load.  
 Me in a Ballance weigh, that God may see  
 Convincing Proof of my Integrity.  
 If my unrighteous Feet did from the way  
 Of sacred Truth and Justice ever stray ;  
 If ever tempted by a greedy Eye  
 In all the Walks of Life I trod awry ;  
 Or if Clandestine Bribes, or sordid gain  
 My avaricious Hand did ever stain ;  
 Then let Invaders o'er my Fences leap,  
 And when I sow, let them the Harvest reap.  
 Let the rich Offspring which my Fields produce,  
 By Force be taken for another's use.  
 If any Woman's Charms did ever move  
 My Heart to entertain Adulterous Love ;  
 If e'er I skulk'd before my Neighbour's Gate,  
 Or for unchast Embraces lay in wait :  
 Then make my Wife a Captive, or by Night  
 Let a proud Stranger rob me of my Right.  
 For of Adult'ry I will e'er assert,  
 Death is the due Commensurate desert.  
 It is a secret and consuming Fire,  
 That would devour the Substance I acquire.

Of all my numerous Servants none complain'd  
 That I oppress them, or their Right detain'd.  
 I ever gave them, when I heard their Cause,  
 Against my self, th' advantage of the Laws.

Else

Else if I stood before the Throne on high  
Of God my Heav'nly Master, what reply,  
To justify my Conduct, could I make?  
To scape his Wrath, what method could I take?  
Did not his Hand me and my Servant Frame?  
Is not the Clay alike, the Work the same?  
We both alike Divine Impressions bear,  
And both alike our Maker's Image wear.  
If then, not for his own, yet I should take  
Compassion on him, for his Maker's sake.  
If Poor Mens Crys did not with me prevail,  
If e'er I caus'd the Widows Hopes to fail ;  
If I alone devour'd Luxurious Meat,  
And did not make the hungry Orphans eat ;  
Poor Orphans, who ev'n as my Children, were  
Up from my Infancy my tender care.  
If e'er I saw poor Wretches naked lye,  
And did for want of Cloathing, let them dye ;  
If their lean Loyns warm'd with my woolly Fleece,  
Did not my Bounty and Compassion bless ;  
If I against an Orphan rais'd my hand,  
When I had power the Judges to command ;  
Then let my Arm ( for Punishment I call )  
Rot from the Joynt, and from my Shoulder fall.  
For I the sure and swift Destruction fear'd,  
Which the great Judge for Rebels has prepar'd ;  
His awful Power and Glory me deter'd. }  
I never plac'd the Strength of my Abode  
In high-rais'd Works, or made my Gold my God.

Ne'er

Ne'er my increafing Wealth and profp'rous Fate,  
 Did Pride, or unbecoming Joy create.  
 When I beheld the glorious Sun arife,  
 And faw the Moon's full Face adorn the Skies ;  
 My yielding Heart was ne'er entic'd away,  
 Nor did I kifs my hand, and facred Worfhip pay.  
 If I had once the Creature thus ador'd,  
 Abjur'd my Faith, renounc'd my Sovereign Lord,  
 I fhould have juftly felt the Judge's Sword. }  
 I was fo little to Revenge inclin'd,  
 I wifh'd my Foe no mischief in my Mind.  
 No fecret Pleafure felt, or inward Joy,  
 When God was pleas'd the Rebel to deftroy.  
 I ne'er defign'd him Harm, ne'er curft his Name,  
 Nor e'er infulted, when his Ruin came.  
 Tho' he exprefs'd fuch Cruelty and Spite,  
 And fo provok'd me in my Servants fight ;  
 That they enrag'd, did all demand his Blood,  
 And would have Eat his very Flefh for Food.  
 I to my Houfe the Stranger did invite,  
 Who in the Streets muft elfe have paff the Night.  
 The weary Trav'ler was my welcom Gueft ;  
 I cheer'd his Heart with Wine, his Limbs with Oyl and Reft.  
 I ne'er with anxious care fuppreff my Sin,  
 Nor, as the Hypocrite, conceal'd my fault within.  
 I fmall concern for Man's Difpleafure fhew'd,  
 Nor fwerv'd from Truth to court the Multitude.  
 In a juft Caufe I boldly did appear,  
 My Silence ne'er betray'd my fecret Fear.



O, that the strictest Scrutiny were made,  
 That all my Scenes of Life were open laid.  
 Let my Accusers my Indictment draw,  
 And prosecute their Charge by course of Law :  
 Then by th' Almighty let my Cause be heard,  
 And let me be condemn'd, if I have err'd.  
 My written Process would my Pride create,  
 As much as Royal Crowns, or Robes of State.  
 I would as boldly to my Tryal go,  
 As Valiant Gen'als march to meet the Foe.  
 If ever my unpurchas'd Lands complain'd,  
 That I by Force or Fraud Possession gain'd :  
 If ever I another's Acres till'd,  
 Ever my Houses with his Harvest fill'd,  
 Or to possess his Goods my Neighbour kill'd :  
 Let Thistles fill my Fields, instead of Wheat,  
 And all my Labour and my Hopes defeat.  
 Instead of Barley, let my Land produce  
 Cockle of none, or Weeds of noxious use.

}  
}

When the three Men who pious *Job* arraign'd,  
 And their high Charge in long replys maintain'd,  
 Perceiv'd him firmly fixt in his Defence,  
 And resolute to clear his Innocence ;  
 They hopeless of Success from this debate,  
 Let fall the Argument, and silent sate.  
 Then a young Man, who as a faithful Friend,  
 When the three Sages came, did *Job* attend,

CH. XXXII.

And

And who attention gave, and duly weigh'd  
 What for their Cause on either side was said,  
 Only in years inferiour to the rest,  
 Felt a just Anger kindled in his Breast.  
 His Name was *Elibu*, in Blood ally'd  
 To faithful *Abram* by the Brother's side.  
 Against good *Job* did his Displeasure rise,  
 Because in all his long and sharp replies  
 He had less warmth, and less Concernment shown  
 For his great Maker's Honour, than his own :  
 Nor did the wise young Man less Passion feel  
 Against the rash, uncharitable Zeal  
 Of *Job's* Accusers, who could not defend  
 Their groundless Charge against their suffering Friend.  
 Yet did he long discreetly moderate  
 His struggling Passion, and attentive wait  
 Till the grave Men had finish'd their Debate. }  
 But when he saw they had their Treasures spent,  
 And none resum'd their baffl'd Argument ;  
 Unable to forbear, he Silence broke,  
 And *Job's* severe Accusers thus bespoke.

Your Wisdom which profoundly I rever'd,  
 From giving my Opinion me deterr'd.  
 Aw'd by your Fame, and Age, and Eloquence,  
 I never yet have interpos'd my Sence.  
 For one so young, I judg'd it rather meet  
 To fit a modest Learner at the Feet  
 Of Men of such Experience, than to rise  
 To dictate to the Grave, and teach the Wife.

But

But now, convinc'd of my Mistake, I find  
 That Man, tho' grey with years, continues blind, }  
 Unless Celestial Light irradiates his Mind.  
 Wisdom Divine is ne'er to be acquir'd,  
 Unless the Man be from above inspir'd.  
 'Tis not the sure possession of the Great,  
 Nor does it still adorn the Teacher's Seat.  
 Many are in acquiring Knowledge flow,  
 Nor by experience will they Wiser grow.  
 Therefore Attention give, and I'll declare  
 What in this great Affair, my Notions are.  
 Let none condemn me, that I speak at last,  
 I've interrupted no Discourses past:  
 Your Arguments I've weigh'd, which you pretend,  
 Prove your Indictment brought against your Friend.  
 But after all, if I may freely speak,  
 To gain your Cause, your Reasons are too weak.  
 You never could in this prolix Dispute,  
 Make good your Charge, or *Job's* Defence confute.  
 In vain you say, that you will silent stand,  
 And leave him wholly to th' Almighty's Hand;  
 Hoping his Terrors will your Friend subdue,  
 Which your weak Arguments can never do.  
 Weapons so feeble I disdain to wield,  
 When to dispute with *Job* I take the Field.  
 To me he ne'er did his Discourse direct,  
 Nor will I use your Words his Error to correct.  
 To all around I justly may complain,  
 That for Instruction I have staid in vain.

T

You

You are exhausted, and confounded left,  
 Silent you stand, as if of Speech bereft.  
 Therefore, as I have told you, I will give  
 My Judgment, and this great Debate revive.  
 While I my Lips by Violence restrain,  
 My fullness gives unsufferable Pain.  
 My struggling Thoughts which in my Bosom pent,  
 Like new press'd Wines within the Vate, ferment,  
 Will make me burst, unless they find a Vent. }  
 To ease my self I am compell'd to speak,  
 Full, working Vessels, if not open'd, break.  
 While I attempt your Errors to correct,  
 I will not Persons, but the Cause respect.  
 Quite uninstructed in the Flatterer's ways,  
 I cannot sooth you with excessive Praise.  
 I cannot fawn, and your Admirer seem,  
 To gain your Approbation and Esteem.  
 Should I such vile unworthy Arts employ,  
 Me my Creator would in Wrath destroy.

CH. XXXIII And sure, O *Job*, this Preface I have made,  
 Suffices thy Attention to perswade.  
 To my discourse afford a patient Ear,  
 I am prepar'd to speak, if thou art so to hear.  
 And be assur'd whatever I impart,  
 Shall be the inward Language of my Heart.  
 Such plain and clear Instruction I will give,  
 That thou with Ease my meaning shalt receive.  
 And first consider well, our Structure came  
 From the same Model, and our Clay's the same.

With

With Breath th' Almighty did my Breast inspire,  
And kindled in my Veins the Vital Fire.  
Therefore, if thou thy Cause wilt now defend,  
Thou only with thy Equal shalt contend.  
To plead with God thou rashly didst demand,  
First answer me, I in his Place will stand.  
Thou needest not thy Brother-Creature fear,  
I can't in dreadful Majesty appear.  
I bring no Terrors with me to affright ;  
No Force, but Reason's clear, convincing Light.  
I'll not accuse thee, as thy Friends have done,  
Of secret Errors, and of Crimes unknown.  
None but th' Almighty's all-observing Eye,  
The Heart his proper Empire can descry.  
I shall assault thee with no other Force,  
Then what I borrow from thy own Discourse.

Have I not heard thee oft in thy Defence,  
Boldly assert thy spotless Innocence.  
Hast thou not said, thy Justice to maintain,  
" My Heart is pure, my Hands are free from stain.  
" He, who I hop'd, would mitigate my Woe,  
" On flight pretences is become my Foe.  
" He seeks occasions to repeat his Strokes,  
" And every flight Offence his Wrath provokes.  
" In Prison me his Captive he detains,  
" And loads my fetter'd Feet with pond'rous Chains.  
" And yet his watchful Guards around me stay,  
" Left I should loose my Bonds, and break away.

By such absurd and wild Complaints as these,  
 Impatient of thy Grief thou seekest Ease.  
 Now tho' thy inward Faults I can't detect,  
 Nor like thy Friends uncertain Crimes object.  
 Yet here, O *Job*, thy rashness does appear,  
 Here thy presumptuous Arrogance is clear.  
 For can a Man, a Worm, a silly Wight,  
 Remov'd from God at distance infinite ;  
 Can such a worthless, wretched Creature dare,  
 Himself, with him that gave him Breath, compare ?  
 Why dost thou then engage in this dispute,  
 Audacious Man, wouldst thou thy God confute ?  
 Will he his secret Counsels open lay,  
 And his mysterious Providence display ?  
 Will he be summon'd to his Creature's Bar,  
 The grounds of his Transactions to declare ?  
 Will e'er th' Almighty Sovereign condescend,  
 The Conduct of his Empire to defend,  
 A peevish Creature's Error to amend ?  
 Will he, because he does our Censure fear,  
 Set forth his Justice, and his Prudence clear,  
 And let the hidden Springs of Government appear ?  
 Th' Almighty's Works, thou shouldst have understood,  
 Because they're his, are therefore Just and Good.  
 Where shallow Reason can't the grounds discern  
 Of Providence, it should submission learn.  
 Not that our Knowledge of his Works and Ways,  
 Does e'er our kind Creator's Envy raise ;  
 For he by various ways does Knowledge give,  
 And more than Man is willing to receive.

Some-

Sometimes in Dreams and Visions of the Night,  
He to our Minds conveys instructive Light.  
When a deep Sleep does from our Breasts exclude  
The Cares and Business which by Day intrude :  
Or when a short Repose we seek to take,  
And slumbring lye half sleeping, half awake ;  
With a still Voice he whispers to the Ear,  
Or to the Eye, in Scenes distinct and clear,  
He makes an Airy Imagery appear. }  
Thus he reveals his Will, and leaves behind,  
Divine Instructions printed on the Mind.  
But the Celestial Teacher does not show,  
The Reasons of his Conduct here below.  
This Heav'nly Converse is not with intent,  
T' expose the Secrets of his Government.  
God by his gracious Revelations tries,  
Rather to make his Creature Good, than Wise :  
From evil Paths to turn his erring Feet,  
And make him humbly to his God submit.  
Who thus preserves the Man, if he obeys  
God's Admonitions, from pernicious Ways :  
And from those Judgments does his Life defend,  
Which on his Head were ready to descend.

Oft does th' Almighty to the Mind convey,  
Divine Instruction by a sharper way.  
Sickness and Pain at his Command assail  
The strongest Man, and in th' Assault prevail.

Ev'n

Ev'n he who prospers in his youthful Pride,  
 And feels within a vig'rous, vital Tyde ;  
 When e'er the Infection thro' his Veins is spred,  
 Shall groaning lye extended on his Bed.  
 The secret Poison will his Beauty blast,  
 Unbrace his Sinews, and his Vigour waft.  
 He'll languish, and abhor th' offensive fight  
 Of those rich Meats, that were his great delight.  
 He who before had such a beauteous Air,  
 And pamper'd with his Ease, seem'd plump and fair,  
 Does all his Friends (amazing Change!) surprize  
 With pale, lean Cheeks, and ghastly, hollow Eyes.  
 His Bones, a horrid Sight! start thro' his Skin,  
 Which lay before in Flesh and Fat unseen.  
 His throbbing Heart in Pain and Labour beats,  
 And Life pursu'd thro' every Vein, retreats.  
 His Friends believe each gasp will end his Toil,  
 And Death stands ready to possess her Spoil.  
 If then a Man, who does the rest out-shine  
 In sacred Knowledge, and in Gifts Divine,  
 Some rare and God-like Messenger be sent  
 To teach the Sick, and bring him to repent ;  
 If by his Words the dying Person's Mind  
 Is form'd to Virtue, and to Heav'n inclin'd ;  
 Then he with due Compassion touch'd, shall pray  
 That God his Mercy would extend, and say,  
 In Pity, Lord, to spare his Life consent,  
 Chastise, but not destroy a Penitent.  
 Let it suffice, that thou didst him Correct,  
 And that thy Rod has wrought its due effect.

Then



Then presently th' Almighty shall restore  
The Health and Ease, which he enjoy'd before:  
He in his Blood reviving Heat shall find,  
Renew'd as well in Body, as in Mind.  
Again shall all his Bones be cloath'd with Flesh,  
That like a Child's looks beautifully fresh.  
He shall as bold and vigorous become,  
As when he flourish'd in his youthful Bloom :  
When he, his Veins swoln with a noble Tyde,  
Did in the fullness of his Strength confide.  
His humble Prayer shall be to Heav'n addrest,  
And God well-pleas'd, shall grant him his request.  
He shall the House of God approach with Joy,  
And his glad Lips in Songs of Praise employ.  
Th' Almighty reconcil'd, shall then Acquit,  
And to his Favour this Poor Man admit.  
Then to his Neighbours round him he'll confess  
His Errors past, and thus himself express.  
Against th' Almighty I have sinn'd, and he  
For my Offence has justly punish'd me.  
To my desert he suited a Reward,  
But has my Life in great Compassion spar'd.  
He kindly interpos'd his Hand, to save  
A helpless Creature, sinking to the Grave.  
And more, is pleas'd reviving Hopes to give,  
That I again in Wealth and Joy shall live.  
Therefore, let all his wondrous Goodness praise,  
That finds t' admonish Man so many ways.  
To turn him from the evil Paths, that led  
His Feet so near the Chambers of the Dead.

To

To raise him from the Grave to live in Peace,  
And see his Riches and his Friends increase.

Mark well, O *Job*, for this is thy concern,  
And I'll instruct thee on, if I discern  
Thou art dispos'd attentively to learn.  
Or if what I advance thou canst deny,  
And to the Reasons I have urg'd reply ;  
A speedy Answer to my Reasons give,  
Before th' important Subject I revive.  
For 'tis my ardent Wish thou shouldst appear  
From every Crime, and every Error, clear.  
But if thou think'st my Words have weight and force,  
Continue to attend to my Discourse.

CH. XXXIV After a pause, *Job* making no reply,  
The wise young Man proceeded thus : Should I  
Presume to judge alone in such a Cause,  
I should receive Contempt, and not Applause :  
Wherefore to you who Knowledge have acquir'd,  
Who are as Men of mighty Reach admir'd :  
To all the Wise among you I appeal ;  
For Truth to you her Secrets will reveal.  
As by the Palate various Meats are try'd,  
So does the Mind what's true or false decide.  
Let us a strict Examination make,  
That we in judging may right Measures take.  
Let us the matter carefully debate,  
Let us the weighty Subject justly state.

For

For *Job* asserts his Innocence, and says,

“ My Heart is pure, and Righteous are my Ways.

“ Yet God in my Affliction takes Delight,

“ And tho I pray, denys to do me Right.

“ Evasions I’ll not use in my Defence,

“ Nor shall a Lye support my Innocence.

“ I must assert, I have not Justice found,

“ Mine, tho’ a fatal, is a causeless Wound.

A Man, like *Job*, say, have you ever known

So Arrogant, and so Licentious grown ?

One, who instead of honouring his God,

And humbly suffering his Chastising Rod ,

Justice Divine presumptuously arraigns,

And of his Wrongs receiv’d from Heav’n, complains?

Who boldly does contemptuous Language vent

Against th’ Almighty, and his Government.

Who joyns himself with th’ Irreligious Crew,

And speaks of God, just as the Wicked do.

He seems this impious Doctrine to defend,

That tho’ a Man should all his Days contend

To please his God, yet should he nothing gain ;

And therefore all Religion is in vain.

Ye Wise, to whom I first my self address,

At this, what Passions rise within your Breast ?

Say, do not you such impious thoughts detest ?

Can God the sacred Rules of Right transgress,

God who does all things in himself possess ?

He by his full and rich Sufficiency,

Is from Temptation to Injustice free.

He on his Independent Throne secure,  
 No favour courts, and dreads no greater Power.  
 Th' Almighty so much weakness ne'er betrays,  
 But deals with Man according to his Ways.  
 Ne'er is the bold obdurate Sinner spar'd,  
 Nor does the Righteous miss a just Reward.  
 Sure none can censure me when I assert,  
 Our great Creator cannot Right pervert.  
 Who shall of Fraud or Violence condemn  
 Nature's Despotick Lord, and Judge supreme?  
 Is there a Being of superiour Sway,  
 Whose Laws oblige th' Almighty to obey?  
 For which of all his Kingdoms does he Homage pay?  
 With his great Power what Prince does him entrust,  
 Whose Frowns should him incline to be unjust?  
 He that with all Perfections does abound,  
 He must with perfect Justice too be crown'd.  
 His Mind without a Stain shines pure and bright,  
 No Spot appears in uncreated Light.  
 He who is Lord of all can injure none,  
 Whate'er he takes, he but resumes his own.  
 All Beings are the Creatures of his Power,  
 And only while he pleases, they endure.  
 Should he recall the Breath and Vital Fire,  
 With which at first he did our Breasts inspire,  
 Mankind would perish, and to Common Dust  
 Would straight return, from whence they came at first.  
 If thou art Wise these Observations mind,  
 And well attend to what is yet behind.

The God from whom that Truth and Justice flow,  
Which we observe in Kings that Rule below ;  
He who with Power does Potentates entrust  
Only for Good, can he be thought unjust ?  
Should we Terrestrial Kings as Tyrants blame,  
Their Wrath would show how they abhor the Name.  
If to inferiour Rulers we object  
That they in judging Law and Right neglect ;  
Would they th' opprobrious Language tamely bear ?  
When thus provok'd, would they the Offender spare ?  
How impious then is that envenom'd Tongue,  
That dares th' Almighty charge with doing wrong ?  
By him great Conquerors are esteem'd no more  
Than Captives, nor the Wealthy than the Poor.  
All Men before him stand on equal ground ;  
There Kings and Slaves are undistinguish'd found.  
On all alike he executes his Laws,  
And Judges not the Person, but the Cause.  
The High and Low, the Rich and Needy are  
Alike his Creatures, and alike his Care.  
Can he be over-aw'd ? will he to make  
Unjust Decrees, a Bribe in secret take ?  
Will he the Power of mighty Monarchs dread ?  
His Arm can in a moment strike 'em dead.  
He can affright whole Nations, and destroy  
Great Empires, when they settled Peace enjoy.  
When a proud Prince is ripe for Vengeance grown,  
Tho' God by humane means oft pulls him down,  
Yet he without them can his Foe dethrone.

For Powers unseen descending thro' the Air,  
Shall far away the trembling Tyrant bear.

His vast and wide Creation God surveys,  
Views all his Subjects, and remarks their ways.  
He sees our Thoughts first rising in the Mind,  
Knows what we do, and how we are inclin'd.  
Therefore th' Almighty cannot thro' mistake,  
Or ignorance, a wrong Decision make.  
A Judge that cannot err, unbias'd, free  
From Hopes and Fears, can't make an ill Decree.  
Evasive Arts in vain the Wicked use,  
Their Crimes in vain they labour to excuse.  
No Mist before th' Almighty's Eye can dwell,  
Whose piercing Beams will blackest Shades dispel,  
Shades from the dark and deepest Caves of Hell. }  
Therefore as God will ne'er our Guilt enlarge,  
Nor on us Crimes we ne'er committed charge ;  
So when for Judgment he appoints a day, }  
He'll the Judicial Sentence not delay,  
To hear what Man, for his excuse can say. }  
He calls no Witnesses, no Enquiry needs,  
But strait to Condemnation he proceeds.  
He breaks the Mighty, pulls the Tyrant down,  
And raises others to the vacant Throne.  
These wrathful Strokes inflicted justly, show,  
He does th' Offences and th' Offender know.  
On these he doubles his avenging blows,  
And marks them out as Heav'n's notorious Foes.

The

The Wretches are expos'd to publick fight,  
Objects of Vengeance others to affright.  
Because they hated Virtue's Heav'nly way,  
And would not God's most equal Laws obey :  
But crush'd the Needy with Tyrannic Pride,  
Whilst humbly they to Heav'n for Justice cry'd.  
And when such poor, afflicted Creatures cry,  
The God of Mercy will not help deny.  
At last th' Almighty will proud Kings dethrone,  
Beneath whose Yoke the ruin'd People groan.  
Tho' they would Pious seem, and Zeal pretend  
For Publick Good, Destruction is their end.  
Left their Examples which Contagious are,  
Should by degrees the Peoples Minds ensnare.

Therefore let all in Misery and Pain  
Suspect themselves, and not of God complain.  
Let them to God such words as these address,  
"Just are my Sufferings, freely I confess.  
"Nor will I now commit a fresh Offence  
"By pleading at thy Bar my Innocence.  
"Teach me thy Will, my Ignorance instruct,  
"And thro' the Paths of Life my Feet conduct.  
"Before my Eyes thy Heav'nly Light display,  
"Which may both cheer, and guide me in my way.  
"Forgive my Sin, my inward Peace restore,  
"Have I offended, I'll offend no more.  
Say, *Job*, didst thou in such an humble way,  
E'er due Submission to th' Almighty pay?

If thou this wholesome Counsel dost despise,  
 Be sure thy stubborn Folly he'll chastise.  
*Job* may the method I propose refuse,  
 Which I, were I in his Distress, would chuse.  
 Tell therefore, *Job*, what thy Opinions are,  
 Or let Judicious Men their Sense declare,  
 For I such Judges ask in this Affair.  
 To me, as impious *Job*'s Discourses sound,  
 And with egregious Errors they abound.  
 He argues on a Capital mistake,  
 That does the Pillars of Religion shake.  
 Therefore that he may yet be farther try'd,  
 I wish his sharp Affliction may abide;  
 Till he retract his Words, which God arraign,  
 Till he no more of Providence complain.  
 Else to the past he'll fresh Rebellion add,  
 And justify what he has rashly said.  
 He will applaud his Wisdom, and relate,  
 That he the Conquest won in this Debate.  
 Harden'd in Folly he'll his Crimes repeat,  
 And Heav'n with more indecent Language treat.

CH. XXXV. He paus'd : and *Job* not answering, *Elibu*  
 Did thus th' important Argument pursue.  
 To th' uncorrupted Judge within thy Breast  
 Thy Conscience I appeal ; will that attest  
 That thou believ'st what thou hast boldly said,  
 That *Job* does God in Righteousness exceed ?



To any other meaning who can wrest

These Irreligious Words by thee exprest ?

“ Does ever God the least concernment show

“ Whether I’m Just and Innocent, or no ?

“ What Profit shall I reap by being so ?

I will a short, but a full answer give

To thee, and those that thus of God believe.

Then up to Heav’n cast thy admiring Eyes,

View the bright Orbs, and Clouds, and distant Skies.

High as they are, they’re by th’ Almighty’s Throne

In height, as much as thou by them, outdone.

Therefore, O *Job*, the most atrocious Crime

Thou dar’st commit, can never injure him.

Nor can his perfect Happiness be less,

Should thou grown bold, and hard in Wickedness, }

By multiply’d Affronts thy Hate of God exprest. }

Nor can he e’er the least advantage reap,

Shouldst thou revere him, and his Precepts keep.

But do not thence this false Conclusion draw,

’Tis therefore fruitless to obey his Law.

Thee and thy Sons thy Goodness will avail,

And Heav’nly Blessings on thy House entail.

And thy Injustice and Impiety,

Tho’ not to God, will hurtful be to thee.

Nor does the Mischief thee alone respect,

The Crimes of mighty Men Mankind affect.

When Men of Wealth and Power Oppressors turn,

They always make their Suffering Neighbours mourn.

The

The lamentable Crys of Realms opprest,  
 What Evils wild Injustice brings, attest  
 Crush'd, and insulted by Tyrannic Might,  
 To the Just God they cry aloud for Right :  
 Who tho' unhurt himself, touch'd with the sense  
 Of their sharp Suff'rings, will be their Defence.  
 Tho' 'tis a true, but sad Remark, that none  
 Of these poor Wretches who their Fate bemoan ;  
 Do ever with a serious Mind enquire,  
 After the God who did their Breath inspire :  
 Who cannot therefore only Ease bestow,  
 And Comforts give to moderate their Woe.  
 But midst their greatest Sorrows can employ  
 Their Mouths in Songs, and fill their Breasts with joy.  
 'Tis strange, that Man has so far lost his Sight ;  
 Has not th' Almighty giv'n to guide him right,  
 Reason, a Portion of Etherial Light ?  
 By which he is enabled to collect,  
 That he who does with tender care protect  
 Brute Beasts and Birds, will never Man neglect :  
 If we not only by complaining shew  
 Our Wants, as those unreasoning Creatures do ;  
 But of our past Offences do repent,  
 And of his Goodness humbly confident,  
 Our Supplications to our God present.

He'll not, 'tis true, extend his Arm to save  
 All that Compassion and Protection crave.  
 For many to their God in Trouble cry,  
 From sense of Suff'ring, not of Piety.

To

To Pity he's inclin'd, but will not save  
Th' Impenitent, tho' they his Pity crave.  
Those who his Worship and his Laws despise,  
In vain repeat their Prayers, and graceless crys.  
And therefore tho' of God thou dost complain,  
That thou hast waited for his Aid in vain;  
Yet do not thence infer, that he's unjust;  
But go and humbly prostrate in the Dust,  
Condemn thy Self, and for his Mercy wait,  
To rescue thee from thy afflicted State.  
For 'tis because th' Almighty cannot find  
These pious Inclinations in thy Mind,  
That he this weight of Trouble on thee lays,  
And disregards thy former prosp'rous Days.  
Hereafter thy complaining Speeches spare,  
Which fruitless and unreasonable are;  
And which, besides thy other Wants and Woes,  
Thy want of Sense and Piety expose.

To this Discourse *Job* gave attentive heed,  
Which made the young Instructor thus proceed:  
I now more fully will impart my Sense,  
And urge fresh Arguments in God's defence.  
His spotless Justice I will vindicate,  
Decide with clearness this perplex'd Debate.  
Nor will I labour to entangle thee  
With artful words, and cheating Sophistry.

CH. XXXVI

I the sublimest Principles will use ;  
 Sincere and plain, and solid Reasons chuse,  
 Fit to convince the Mind, not to amuse. }  
 Know then, that God whose Throne surmounts the Skys,  
 Will ne'er the meanest, lowest Man despise.  
 Th' Almighty is too Good, too Wise, too Great,  
 His Creature e'er injuriously to treat.  
 When Men grow ripe in Wickedness, the Day  
 Of their Destruction God will not delay.  
 The Wretches he'll extirpate, and restore  
 To Slaves their Ease, their Substance to the Poor.  
 What Suff'rings e'er the Good and Righteous bear,  
 They never cease to be th' Almighty's Care.  
 And sometimes he exalts them from the Dust,  
 To Posts of highest Dignity and Trust.  
 They round the Thrones of Kings as Fav'rites stand,  
 And next to them in Power, the World command.  
 They rest secure above the reach of all  
 Who hate their Virtue, and design their Fall.  
 Or if by adverse Fate they are distrest,  
 And by Affliction's Iron Rod oppress'd,  
 This is to make them on their Faults reflect,  
 Which God is pleas'd in Kindness to correct ;  
 Sin's growing Power and Greatness to restrain,  
 Left in their Hearts it should Victorious reign.  
 Men are hereby enlighten'd, and the Mind  
 To hear Divine Instruction is inclin'd.  
 They for their Faults their Sorrow will declare,  
 Resolv'd from Virtue's Rule no more to err.

And

And if their Pains produce this blest effect,  
If thus their Faults and Follies they correct,  
If they a Zeal for Piety maintain,  
They shall their Splendour and their Power regain.  
And blest by gracious Heav'n in all their ways,  
Shall pass in unmolested Peace their Days.  
But if they persevere to disobey,  
God shall the unrelenting Rebels slay.

Enrag'd against them he shall take the Field,  
And Darts of Fire, and Bolts of Thunder weild.  
Then shall his Sword with horrid Sway descend,  
To cut off those, his Rod could ne'er amend.  
False Hypocrites, to Vengeance destin'd, lay  
Wrath up in Stores, against the wrathful Day.  
Sudden Destruction on their Heads shall fall,  
Before the Wretches can for Mercy call.  
Their Life's short Course ends at the middle Stage,  
Crush'd in the Vigour of their Manly Age.  
Unthought of Ruin shall their Seats surprise,  
Like that which Rain'd on *Sodom* from the Skies.  
But God is touch'd with Pity to the Poor,  
And saves the humble, who his Aid implore.  
He is to these, ev'n in his Anger, kind,  
Afflicts the Body, to instruct the Mind.  
His Strokes are sharp, but strike out heav'nly Light,  
Whereby th' afflicted learn to judge aright ;  
Their Eyes are open'd to discern their Sin,  
And Night without, dispels the Night within.

Hadst thou thy humble Will to God's resign'd,  
And born Correction with a patient Mind,  
When with his Rod he had thy Virtue prov'd,  
He would have all thy grievous Pains remov'd.  
Thy hideous train of Woes he had discharg'd,  
And thee from all thy pinching Straits enlarg'd.  
He would have made thy Table to abound,  
And thee with lasting Peace and Honour crown'd.  
But since thy impious, rash Discourses shew,  
*Job* thinks of Heav'n as Unbelievers do ;  
God will assert the Honour of his Laws,  
And Judgment give according to thy Cause.  
Since then thou findest th' Almighty is displeas'd,  
Fear, lest his Fury should be yet increas'd.  
Let not thy Crimes afresh his Wrath provoke,  
To cut thee off with his avenging Stroke.  
Dost thou believe he does thy Wealth regard,  
Or can thy Power thy Punishment retard ?  
No, tho' a Sovereign Lord thou wert, possessest  
Of all the Strength and Treasure of the East.  
That Power or Wealth can serve thee, do not dream,  
Pleas'd not thy self with such an idle Scheme.  
Never thy self with such vain Hopes delight,  
Not ev'n in musing on thy Bed by Night.  
For God whole Nations who soft Peace enjoy'd,  
Sometimes with suddain Vengeance has destroy'd.  
But let thy Sufferings teach thee so much Sense,  
Offended Justice never to incense.  
Too much of this thou hast already done,  
Too much thy Sin, too much thy Folly shown :

While

While thou didst rather Providence accuse,  
Then patiently to bear Affliction, chuse.

Consider, *Job*, God's vast and boundless Power,  
He does debase at pleasure, and restore.  
What Statesman shall invite him to his School,  
To teach th' Almighty how he ought to Rule?  
Who can the Master that directs him, name?  
What Visitor does his Proceedings blame?  
Where is the Censor that presumes to say  
Here thou hast err'd, here thou hast kept thy way?  
Against thy God no more Objections raise,  
But let the Contemplation of his Ways  
Excite thy Admiration and thy Praise.  
The wonders of his Providence adore,  
As much as Men admire the marks of Power,  
Of Wisdom, and of masterly Design,  
Which in the World's amazing Fabrick shine.  
All must the Maker's Skill Divine proclaim,  
Who view the Parts of this stupendous Frame.  
None are so stupid, none so dull of Thought,  
Ev'n in the Barbarous Regions far remote,  
But, if their Eyes they open, must descry  
The bright Impressions of his Majesty.  
They'll own their Reasoning at its utmost stretch,  
His boundless Power and Wisdom cannot reach.  
They may their Arms from Pole to Pole extend,  
And sooner grasp the Spheres, then comprehend  
Th' immense Eternal Mind; for who can show  
The number of his Days, that no Beginning know?

Our

Our Thoughts their way in such Enquirys miss,  
 O'erwhelm'd, and swallow'd in the vast Abyfs.  
 When we approach him, his too glorious Light  
 Quite dazles, and confounds our feeble Sight.

He does in Air the fluid Clouds sustain,  
 Which he dissolves and melts to Dew or Rain.  
 Which falling down in small refreshing drops,  
 Dispose the Earth to bring forth fruitful Crops.  
 Thus to the Earth its Vapours he restores,  
 And makes the Clouds distil such frequent Showers,  
 As lookers on with Admiration fill  
 Of this Contrivance, this surprising Skill.  
 And who has Understanding to declare  
 How he extends his Clouds, and makes the Air  
 The pondrous Burden of the Water bear ?  
 Who can account for that tremendous Noise,  
 Those awful Murmurs, and Majestic Voice  
 Which issue thence, and terribly declare,  
 That God has fixt his high Pavilion there.  
 Observe too how he spreads upon the Streams,  
 And on the Deep, the Sun's diffusive Beams.  
 Where for the Clouds they levy fresh Supplies,  
 And raise Recruits of Vapours which arise,  
 Drawn from the Sea to muster in the Skys :  
 Which he for different purpose does employ ;  
 Some serve in Storms the Wicked to destroy.  
 Others refresh the Earth with genial Rains,  
 And make his Fields reward the Farmer's Pains.

Some-



Sometimes he draws his hovering Mists between  
The Heav'ns and Earth, and makes his Clouds a Screen  
To intercept the Light, and so defeat  
The Fruits and Flowers of their expected Heat.  
Brute Beasts themselves, by Nature's instinct Wise,  
When they observe the gath'ring Clouds arise,  
Can tell, if Storms and Tempests are design'd,  
Or if sweet Showers will to the Soil be kind.

When Clouds with murm'ring Thunder laden roll, C.XXXVII  
The dreadful Noise affrights my trembling Soul.  
A noise, at which pale Atheists are distrest,  
And feel a shiv'ring Horror in their Breast.  
A noise which makes the Righteous Man revere,  
Th' Almighty's Judgments with a pious Fear.  
Attend, I pray, to this Tempestuous sound,  
Which breaking from the Clouds, does all around  
Diffuse and propagate its Force, and you  
Will the like Terror and Confusion shew.  
This dreadful Voice which Heav'n's high Arches shakes,  
Thro' all the Airy Realms its progress makes.  
Th' Almighty to the World's remotest Ends,  
His Red-wing'd Lightning always with it sends.  
First from the Clouds the flashing Flames appear,  
Then fearful Claps of Thunder strike the Ear.  
The noise augments, till Storms of Rain or Hail  
Descending thro' the Air, the Earth assail.  
He that his Thunder with such Force projects,  
Produces other wonderful Effects ;

By which the greatest Wits confounded, own  
Their Reason and Philosophy outdone.

He moulds, and whitens in the Air the Snow,  
And with its Fleeces spreads the Earth below.

He bids the Rain descend in gentle Showers,  
Or from the Clouds vast Spouts of Water pours.

Which interrupt the Labour of the Day,

And drives th' unwilling Husbandman away

From all his rural toyl, and makes him know,

That God the Seasons governs here below.

The Beasts themselves these stormy Seasons chase

From the wide Defart, to their lurking Place.

They slumb'ring in their Dens are forc'd to stay,

And in their Sleep pursue, and tear their Prey.

Mark from the Southern Regions of the Sky,

The Winds that blow, are turbulent and high.

These on their Wings do Foreign Tempests bear,

And charg'd with Seeds of Storms, and Stores of War,

Unload conflicting Meteors in the Air.

Then in the Northern quarter of the Skys,

By his Direction adverse Winds arise,

Which to remove the former are employ'd,

To purify and clear th' Aerial Void.

He by the blasts of this restraining Wind,

Does the Cold Globe in Crystal Fetters bind.

To Glafs they turn the Lakes on which they blow,

Benumb the Floods, and teach them not to flow.

He spends in Dew the Evening Mists, that stay  
And lag below, drawn by a fainter Ray,  
Spent with th' exhaling labour of the Day. }  
Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the Air  
Hangs evening Clouds, his Sable Canvas, where  
His Pencil dipt in Heav'nly Colours, made  
Of intercepted Sunbeams mixt with Shade,  
Of temper'd Ether, and refracted Light,  
Paints his fair Rainbow, charming to the Sight.  
These Meteors are directed by his Hand,  
And move, and take their Course by his Command.  
So do the rest that this low Region fill ;  
And on the Earth they execute his Will.  
Sometimes a sinful Nation to destroy :  
He Pestilential Vapours does employ.  
Which their Clandestine poison'd Darts prepare,  
And with Corruption arm th' infected Air.  
O'er all the Land their Forces they diffuse,  
And panting Thirst, and purple Plagues produce.  
But if he's pleas'd his Bounty to express,  
And will with Plenty pious Nations bless :  
Then fruitful Dews descend at his Command,  
And healthful Seasons make a happy Land.

O *Job*, Attention give, no more object,  
To God, no more on Providence reflect.  
Rather his Counsels and his Rule adore,  
Admire his Works, and Reverence his Power.  
Canst thou declare what Orders from above  
Will come, by which these Meteors are to move?

Y

Canst

Canst thou by all thy Skill so much as know,  
 When in the Clouds he'll draw his beauteous Bow?  
 Canst thou, presumptuous Man, the way declare,  
 How pondrous Clouds hang ballanc'd in the Air?  
 Canst thou expose such Secrets to the Light,  
 The wondrous Works of Wisdom Infinite?  
 Whence come the fouldry Gleams and scorching Heat,  
 When we beneath our lightest Garments sweat?  
 Why should the Southern Breezes calm the Floods,  
 Make soft the Air, and dress in Green the Woods?  
 How should they breath thro' all the heaving Soil  
 Prolific Warmth, to bless the Labourer's toil,  
 When from the South such furious Whirlwinds rise,  
 And stormy Clouds pollute and vex the Skys.  
 But now, O *Job*, proceed, and raise thy thought  
 To Objects nobler, higher, more remote.  
 Wert thou in Council with th' Almighty joyn'd,  
 When he the Model of the Heav'n's design'd?  
 To fashion them didst thou Assistance give?  
 What Ornament, what Strength didst thou contrive?  
 When he extended o'er the empty Space  
 His high Pavilion, where was then thy Place?  
 Didst thou one end of the wide Curtain hold,  
 And help the Bales of Ether to unfold;  
 Tell which *Cerulean* Pile was by thy hands unroll'd?  
 Tho' this transparent, Starry Firmament  
 Is so sublime, and of such vast Extent,  
 That it confounds our weak and feeble Sight,  
 Yet is it firm, as well as clear and bright.

If

If thou hast Skill, instruct us what to say  
Of Power Divine, and we'll Attention pay.  
We own, when e'er our Minds attempt to climb  
To Objects so unequal, so sublime ;  
Our baffled Thoughts can no Discovery boast,  
But are Confounded, and in Wonder lost.  
What words that suit the Case can I express?  
Or what to God, worthy of God, address?  
He that of God would a Description give,  
Will with a Task insuperable strive.  
Let him his Reason stretch, he'll quickly find,  
The mighty Object will distract his Mind.  
The steddieft Head will turn at such a height,  
Who can undazled, gaze at uncreated Light?  
The hardy Men that make the bold Essay,  
Immenfity of Being to survey,  
Are lost in that unfearchable Abyfs,  
In Boundless Power, and vast, unmeasur'd Blifs.  
Giddy with Splendour, and excess of Day,  
They in a Maze of Glory miss their way.  
For Men alas, their Eyes so feeble are,  
Cannot the Sun's Meridian Lustre bear,  
When Northern Winds have swept and clear'd the Air.  
Then sure with Terror seiz'd, they should decline  
The awful Sight of Majesty Divine.  
That Majesty from which we should retire,  
And at a distance humbly should admire.  
And not too far into its Nature pry,  
Or gaze upon it with a curious Eye.

For after all th' Attempts we make, we find  
 Our Reason cannot grasp th' Eternal Mind.  
 So Boundless, so Transcendent is his Might,  
 So Wise his Conduct, his Decrees so right,  
 That no Man should debate th' Almighty's Deeds,  
 Or ask a Reason why he thus proceeds.  
 If any do, God who does all surmount  
 As Sovereign Lord, need give them no account.  
 And this should humble Admiration draw  
 From mortal Man, and make him stand in Awe.  
 This should their peevish Arguments confute,  
 And teach them to Adore, and not dispute.  
 For God regards the Meek, but does despise  
 The proud conceited Man, and in his Eyes  
 All Men are Fools, who in their own are Wise.

c.xxxviii Then did th' Almighty quit his high Abode,  
 And on the Winds his swift-wing'd Courfers rode.  
 Involv'd in Darknes, down the Skys he came,  
 Whirlwinds before him flew, and Storms of ruddy Flame.  
 The trembling Poles their Terror did exprets,  
 And flying Hills their dreadful Fright confess.  
 All Nature felt a Reverential Shock;  
 The Sea amaz'd, stood still to see the Mountains rock.  
 Approaching near the place th' Eternal spoke,  
 And from an opening Cloud these awful Accents broke.

Where art thou *Job*, who by thy gross mistake,  
 Dost false Constructions of my Actions make?

Gird

Gird up thy Loyns, O Man, prepare to stand  
Before a Judge, that comes at thy demand.  
I will thy Wisdom and thy Knowledge try,  
And to my Questions, if thou canst, reply.  
Say, what wert thou, who could thy Station find,  
When by the Model in my Breast, design'd  
Before all Ages, I was pleas'd to rear  
The Frame of this capacious Theater?  
Tell, if thou canst this pitch of Knowledge reach,  
Whence for my World did I Materials fetch?  
Hast thou the unexhausted Mines explor'd  
In Chaos Bowels, which supplies afford?  
Know'st thou the Strength and Skill that I employ'd,  
To dig out Matter from an empty void?  
Know'st thou how walking o'er the lonesome Plains  
Of antient Night, I found the wealthy Veins  
Of Stones and Metals, which her Womb contains.  
Canst thou declare by what stupendous Art,  
I squar'd, and shap'd, and fitted every Part?  
How for the World I mark'd a proper place,  
And with what Compass, circumscrib'd the Space?  
How from the barren Waft I took in Ground,  
Enclos'd it for a World, and fenc'd it round?  
On what think'st thou are its Foundations plac't?  
What Cement binds and knits the Fabrick fast?  
When I to work upon the World begun,  
And of the Building laid the Corner Stone,  
Know'st thou how soon the World's high Cafe was rear'd?  
How soon the wide expanded Roof appear'd?

When

When all the Seraphs, whose Celestial Race,  
The Morning Star in Lustre, far surpass;  
The first-born Sons of God, my Praises sung,  
While the glad Heav'n's with Acclamations rung.

Who plac'd the rocky Doors before the Deep?  
And did in sandy Chains the Billows keep?  
When the disruption of the upper Earth  
Open'd its Womb, to give the Ocean birth?  
Which I with Clouds as with a Garment wrap'd,  
And misty Mantles o'er its Bosom lap'd.  
Did I not form a Deep within the Land?  
Did not the watry Troops at my Command,  
March to their Station with obsequious haste,  
And find my rocky Bolts, had bar'd their Prison fast?  
Then said I to the Sea diffus'd around,  
Behold the Frontiers which thy Empire bound;  
Hither thou may'st, but may'st no further roll,  
These Bars shall thy impetuous Waves controul.  
By Job's appointment does the Sun display  
His Morning Beams, and bless the World with Day?  
By thy discretion does the springing Light  
To lengthen or contract, the Day or Night;  
Early or later, in the East appear,  
Dividing thus the Seasons of the year?  
Dost thou with Wings equip the dawning Ray,  
Thro' the vast Gulph of Air to make its way?  
Ev'n in a moment to compleat its flight,  
And gild the Earth's remotest Bounds with Light?

Whose



Whose Heav'nly Rays the Shapes of Things reveal,  
And shew them fair as printed with a Seal:  
Nature that lay before with Shades oppress'd,  
Is now with Light, as with a Garment, dress'd.  
Light, by the Guiltless peaceably enjoy'd,  
But which obnoxious Criminals avoid;  
For if ~~detected~~ by its beams, they know  
They must the Death they Merit undergo.

Say, hast thou e'er descended to survey  
The secret Springs, that feed the spacious Sea?  
Hast thou the Ocean search'd, and wander'd o'er  
The watry Walks, their Wonders to explore?  
Did Death e'er meet thee at her Palace Gate?  
Lead thee thro' all her Guards, and on thee wait  
To see her gloomy Throne, and horrid Rooms of State?  
Did she her Arms and bloody Trophys shew,  
And draw her Armys forth for thy review?  
Did ever Hell its Realms to thee disclose,  
To thee its mournful Subjects e'er expose?  
Did it to thee its various Scenes explain,  
Of perfect Grief, and everlasting Pain?

Hast thou thy Compass ever drawn around  
The spacious Globe, and its Dimensions found?  
Say, dost thou know th' *Ethereal* Mines on high,  
Which the refulgent Oar of Light supply?  
Is the Celestial Furnace to thee known,  
In which I melt that Golden Metal down?

Know't

Know'st thou the Magazines, in which I lay  
 My Stores, and bright Materials for the Day?  
 Treasures, from whence I deal out Light as fast  
 As all my Stars, and lavish Sun can waft.  
 Can'st thou describe the silent Defart, where  
 Imperial Night does her black Standard reer,  
 To which her fable Troops, and must'ring Shades repair.  
 Whence she her gloomy Partys sends abroad,  
 To beat in chase of Day, th' Aerial Road.  
 Didst thou divide the Empire of the Air,  
 And give to Light and Shade an equal share?  
 Canst thou to favour this alternate sway,  
 By turns extinguish, and restore the Day?  
 Hast thou in all the Airy Regions been;  
 The Houses where I work my Meteors seen?  
 In which the Exhalations, which arise  
 Born on rebounding Sunbeams thro' the Skys,  
 Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd till they grow  
 A Heav'nly Fleece, and softly drop in Snow.  
 Hast thou discover'd how ascending Steams,  
 Thinn'd by the Sun's insinuating Beams,  
 Are wrought and temper'd and become so hard,  
 That they to fall in Hail-stones are prepar'd?  
 Hast thou survey'd the Magazines on high,  
 Where I repose my loud Artillery?  
 Where I my Arms and Ammunition lay,  
 To be employ'd upon the dreadful Day,  
 When I against a sinful Land, declare  
 Destructive Vengeance, and restless War.

When

When I my keen Etherial Weapons weild,  
And to discharge my Fury take the Field.

How does the Light ( I ask again ) display  
Its radiant Wings and spread the dawning Day ?  
Who the rich Metal beats, and then with care  
Unfolds the Golden leaves to gild the Fields of Air ?  
Canst thou declare which way the Architect,  
His Cloudy Forges did aloft erect ?  
How the Metallic Mass was thither brought  
From which the ruddy Thunderbolts are wrought ?  
At whose command do Winds whole Tempests blow ;  
That in those Forges make the Metal glow ?  
How in the Air are Trains of Sulphur found,  
Which, when with watry Clouds encompass'd round,  
Take Fire, and give imprison'd Lightning birth,  
Which tears the Air, and terrifies the Earth ?  
How are the Heav'nly Aqueducts contriv'd,  
Whence fruitful Floods are to the Earth deriv'd ?  
With which refresh'd the sandy Wilderness,  
Do's in its chearful looks its joy express ;  
When like a healing Balm distilling Rains,  
Cement their Wounds, and cure the gaping Plains.  
With all their Fibrous Mouths the Plants and Trees  
Drink the sweet Juices and their Thirst appease.  
The rising Sap thrusts forth the tender Bud,  
And crowns with verdant Honours all the Wood.

If thou art Master of the secret, shew  
How drops of Rain are form'd, and how the Dew.

Z

How

How is the Dew arrested in its flight,  
 Congeal'd, and whiten'd in the Air by Night ?  
 How do's it spread its Frostwork o'er the Meads,  
 Oppress the Trees, and bend their hoary Heads ?  
 What is the nature of the Icy chain  
 Which do's the fluid Element restrain,  
 Which oft compels a rolling Flood to stand,  
 Hardens the Stream, and makes the Water Land ?  
 Grown stiff with Cold the Billows roll no more,  
 But with their Crystal Arms embrace the rocky Shore.  
 Pavements of Glass conceal the Oceans Face,  
 And Armour like his spacious back encase.  
 Canst thou keep back the Spring ? close opening Flow'rs,  
 And sprouting Plants restrain, when kindly Show'rs  
 From Heav'n descend, caus'd by the Influence  
 And Lustre which the Pleiads dispend ?  
 Canst thou in Winter break the Frosty Chains,  
 With which *Orion* binds the slipp'ry Plains ?  
 And then to fit it for the Farmer's use,  
 Thro' all the heaving Soil prolific heat diffuse ?  
 Canst thou with Constellations fill the Skies,  
 And in his turn make *Mazzaroth* arise ?  
 Canst thou *Arcturus* guide around the Pole,  
 And bid his shining Sons in Order roll ?  
 Know'ft thou th' eternal Rules decreed above  
 By which the Sphears in fluid *Ether* move ?  
 What to his Crooked Path the Sun confines  
 Between the *Northern* and the *Southern* Lines ?  
 Who gave him strength to run so swift a pace,  
 And set the Stages of his daily Race ?

Do Planets chuse untrodden Roads, and stray  
By thy Appointment from the common way ?  
Dost thou on Stars their Influence bestow,  
And give them Empire o'er the World below?  
Manag'd by thee will they their Power diffuse,  
To make such Seasons here as thou shalt chuse?  
Will Clouds to Orders giv'n by thee attend ?  
And if thou call'st for Rain, will Rain descend ?  
At thy Command will ready Lightnings fly,  
And Peals of Thunder ring around the Sky ?  
Who Godlike Wisdom did to Man impart ?  
And who with Understanding fill'd his Heart ?  
Didst thou inspire him with this Ray divine ?  
Was it thy Bounty *Job*, or was it mine ?  
Who can the number of the Clouds enroll,  
Which spread the Atmosphere from Pole to Pole ?  
Canst thou the Liquor which they hold restrain,  
Or on the Earth pour down the Bottled Rain ?  
When from above sufficient Showers have bound  
The dusty Glebe, and clos'd the cleaving Ground,  
Canst thou the Sluces fix, the Waters stop,  
And in their floating Cisterns shut them up ?  
Are Forrest Beasts by thee with Food supply'd,  
For hungry Lyons do's thy Care provide ?  
If an old Lyon, that can now no more  
( His vigor wasted ) range the Desert o'er,  
Couch'd in his Den shall watch to seize his Prey,  
Thither dost thou th' uncautious Fawn betray ?

Or do's the Raven on thy Care depend ?  
 Dost thou their Portion to his Young Ones send ?  
 Dost thou thus far thy Providence extend ?

C. XXXIX. Know'ft thou the Time when the wild Goats bring forth,  
 And to the flinty Rock commit their Birth ?  
 Know'ft thou the Months which pregnant Hinds complete,  
 And when to Calve they to the Brakes retreat ?  
 In Pangs they bow themselves, and in the Wood  
 At once their Sorrows and their Birth exclude.  
 The Calves not only all their pains survive,  
 But as with Corn supply'd, grow fat and thrive.  
 To seek their Meat they range the Forrest o'er,  
 And to the Mother-Hind return no more.

Who did, O *Job*, to the wild Ass's Heart  
 A noble Sense of Liberty impart ?  
 Bravely impatient of the Bit and Rein,  
 The Beast with gen'rous Pride, a Master do's disdain.  
 He do's the Crib and proffer'd Corn refuse,  
 And Thistles joyn'd with native Freedom chuse.  
 From pop'lous Towns, he do's to Mountains flee,  
 Oft Hunger feels, but never Slavery,  
 Whatever are his wants, the noble Beast is free.  
 No Ignominious Burdens will he bear,  
 His Flesh no Driver's Whips, or Rider's tear.  
 He never pants upon the Sandy Road,  
 Choak'd with the Dust, and groaning with his Load.  
 The Hills and Forrests Pasturage afford,  
 There he can range, and there command as Lord.

With

With Freedom blest he'll not the Desert quit,  
But mocks th' ignoble Ass, that tamely does submit.

Will the wild Bull, be willing to obey,  
And a tame Lab'rer with thy Oxen stay?  
Will he receive the Yoke, submit to toil,  
And plough up Furrows in thy fertile Soil?  
Will he of any Master stand in Aw,  
And the sharp Harrow o'er the Vally draw?  
Because his Strength is great, wilt thou presume  
To let him bring thy gather'd Harvest home?

With curious Colours who the Peacock dy'd?  
Whence has his sweeping Train its painted Pride?  
Say, who the Honour to himself assumes,  
Of forming by his skill, the noble Plumes,  
And spacious Wings which the vast Ostrich wears;  
Which by her Bulk a feather'd Beast appears?  
She does her Eggs to the wild Desert trust,  
And leaves her unform'd Offspring in the Dust;  
Mean time forgets how soon it may be prest  
And crush'd by Trav'lers, or a roaming Beast.  
The careless Bird do's from her Young retreat,  
Expecting that the Sand's prolific Heat, }  
Her huge Conceptions, should at last compleat.  
When she exalts her Neck amidst the Skys,  
She does the Horse and Rider's Arms despise.

Hast thou, O Job, giv'n to the gen'rous Horse,  
His Confidence, his Spirit and his Force?

The

The deep thick Mane that cloaths the noble Beast,  
 The graceful Terror of his lofty Crest,  
 Is it thy work ? canst thou his Courage shake ?  
 And make him like a wretched Insect quake ?  
 With native Fire his dreadful Nostrils glow,  
 And smoke and flame amidst the Battle blow.  
 Proud with Excess of Life he paws the ground,  
 Tears up the Turf, and spurns the Sand around.  
 He pricks his Ears when the shrill Trumpet sounds,  
 And to the Music Capers, leaps, and bounds.  
 When from afar he hears the Foe's alarms,  
 He forward springs to meet the Warriour's Arms.  
 Fearless he runs on Swords, the Files invades,  
 And makes his Passage thro' the thick Brigades.  
 He mocks the Weapons which the Horsemen wield,  
 The ratling Quiver, and the blazing Shield.  
 In his fierce Rage he beats and bites the Ground,  
 Nor does he start at the loud Trumpet's sound :  
 Pleas'd with the Martial noise he snuffs the Air,  
 And smells the dusty Battle from afar,  
 Neighs to the Captain's Thunder, and the shouts of War.

Didst thou instruct the Hawk to rove abroad  
 A murth'ring Robber on th' Aerial Road ?  
 By thee enabled does he wing his Flight,  
 Thro' the thin Gulph, swift as a Ray of Light ?  
 What Feather'd Trav'ler beats the Plains of Air,  
 That with the Eagle's can his Strength compare ;  
 Midst cloudy Meteors that can soar so high,  
 Or with such swiftness cut the liquid Sky ?

Gay't




Gav'st thou the noble Bird her mighty Force,  
 And proper Wings to make her rapid Course?  
 Didst thou direct her where to build her Nest,  
 Where no Invader might her Peace molest?  
 She as a Fortrefs, does her dwelling keep  
 Midst craggy Cliffs, insuperably steep.  
 Tow'ring upon the Rock's impending Brow,  
 She sees with decent Pride th' ignoble Birds below,  
 She with a glance does all the Vale survey,  
 And like a Bolt of Thunder, makes her way  
 Down thro' the yeilding Heav'ns, to trufs her prey.  
 Then to her Young, her crooked Pounces bear  
 The bloody Banquet swiftly thro' the Air.


Th' Almighty paus'd, *Job* (speechless struck) suppress'd, CH. XL.  
 All his Complaints and Anguish in his Breast.  
 Th' Almighty thus proceeded, tell me why  
 To my Demands, thou makest no reply?  
 Have not the Allegations I have brought,  
 Inlighten'd thee, and full Conviction wrought?  
 He that desires the Argument to State,  
 And would with God his Providence debate,  
 To those Objections must Solutions find;  
 And more, must answer Questions yet behind.

Then humbly *Job* return'd: thy heav'nly Light  
 Shews me a wretched miserable Wight.  
 Confounded and amaz'd, I can't withstand  
 Thy Arguments, nor answer one demand.

The

The Words which I have spoken, tho' but few,  
 Too many are, and high presumption shew.  
 Prostrate before thy Footstool, I'll adore  
 Henceforth thy Greatness, but will speak no more.

Then did th' Almighty, from the hov'ring Cloud  
 In which invol'd, he did  Glory shroud,  
 Bespeak the pious Patriarch, and said,  
 Thou who desir'dst so much with me to plead:  
 Thou who so much thy Innocence didst boast,  
 Hast thou thy Courage and Assurance lost?  
 Gird up thy Loyns as for another task,  
 And answer Questions which I now shall ask.  
 Since I, O *Job*, did ever condescend  
 To all my lowest Creatures to extend  
 My Providential Care, canst thou suspect,  
 That I'll Mankind, my nobler Work neglect?  
 What cannot *Job* his Innocence maintain,  
 Unless unjustly he does God arraign?  
 Must I then be reproach'd to clear thy Fame?  
 To make thee guiltless, must I bear the shame?  
 To make thy Cause appear to others right,  
 Wilt thou, audacious Man! thy God indict?  
 Dost thou thy kind Creator thus requite?

 Canst thou like God, thy mighty Arm extend,  
 To crush the Proud, the Humble to defend?  
 Canst thou the Heav'ns astonish with thy Voice,  
 And imitate the Thunder's dreadful noise?

Canst

Canst thou swift Lightnings on thy Errand fend,  
 And will the Meteors thy Commands attend?  
 In massy Robes of State thy Limbs array,  
 Thy Triumph and Majestic Pomp display.  
 Thy dazzling Crown and costly Purple wear,  
 And on thy Throne Magnificent appear.  
 Let Throngs of humble Princes on thee wait,  
 And numerous Guards express thy Royal State;  
 That by unrival'd Glorys, thou mayst draw  
 Men's admiration, and excite their Awe.  
 Around thee Storms of vengeful Fury throw,  
 Let thy destructive Rage oppress thy Foe;  
 On all the Haughty in Displeasure frown,  
 And make them hang their troubled Faces down.  
 Again I say, let proud Oppressors struck  
 With Terror, tremble at thy angry look.  
 With thy fierce Rage oppress the wicked Race,  
 Who in their Wealth and Power their safety place:  
 Do these great things, and I my self will grant,  
 That independant *Job* does no Assistance want.

But now to humble and amaze thee more,  
 To make thee in the Dust thy self abhor;  
 Remark thy fellow Creature *Behemoth*,  
 A Beast so strong, of such prodigious growth,  
 That if on Flesh he feasted, what supplies  
 For such a mighty Hunger would suffice?  
 His vast capacious Belly would consume  
 Whole Flocks at once, and numerous Herds entomb.

Such Defolation to prevent, and spare  
The living World, it was the Maker's care,  
That pleas'd with Herbs he should incline his Head,  
And like the Ox, should graze along the Mead.  
O Man, contemplate with a serious thought,  
How firm and strong his Muscles all are wrought :  
Not only of his Back and Loyns, but those  
Which his prodigious Belly do enclose.  
His wondrous Trunk he like a Cedar moves,  
Or a tall Pine, that in the Mountain Groves,  
Are by the Fury of a stormy Wind,  
With mighty sway from side to side inclin'd.  
The vig'rous Sinews of his Thighs, are bound  
Like complicated Cords, all wrap'd and wound,  
And knit so fast, that to the gen'rous Beast  
They give such Strength, as ne'er can be oppress'd.  
Bones firm as Brass sustain the pond'rous frame,  
Or Bars of Iron, temper'd in the Flame.  
Tho' midst the various salvage Brotherhoods,  
That range the Mountains, and infest the Woods,  
Are many Creatures that in Force excel,  
Vast for their Bulk, for fierceness terrible ;  
Yet this chief work of mine, this mighty Beast,  
Exceeds in Strength and Structure all the rest.  
To wound his Foe, and guard himself from harms,  
His wondrous active Trunk, his native Arms,  
To this prodigious Beast his Maker gave,  
Which he on high does as a Fauchion wave.  
For Pasture he frequents the verdant Plains,  
And grassy Hills, where he a Monarch reigns ;

To which the Forrest Beasts in Troops resort,  
 And by the Huntsmen unmolested sport.  
 Thence to the Groves he does for Rest retreat,  
 Or to the Covert of a Reedy Seat.  
 He lies extended in the shady Wood,  
 Or by the Willows that adorn the Flood.  
 When to the Stream he does his Mouth apply,  
 To quench his Thirst, he drinks the River dry.  
 When faint with toil, and panting with his drought,  
 He hastens to the Banks, he makes no doubt  
 But he can from its Channel *Jordan* draw  
 Down his wide Throat, to the deep Gulph his Maw.  
 What hardy Mortal can approach his Sight?  
 Who dares attempt a fair and open Fight?  
 By Violence whoever undertook,  
 To fasten in his Nose the servile Hook?

Canst thou stand Angling on the Banks of *Nile*,  
 And with thy Bait *Leviathan* beguile?  
 Then strike the bearded Iron thro' his Jaw,  
 And thro' the Flood the flouncing Monster draw?  
 Hast thou a Line to hold him? canst thou guide,  
 And play him with thy Rod along the Tyde?  
 Till spent and tir'd, thou canst his Strength command,  
 And on the Flaggy Bank the gasping Captive Land?  
 Will he, like Men o'erwhelm'd in sore distress,  
 To thee soft Words, and humble Prayers address?  
 Will he with tender Accents thee entreat,  
 Thy pity to excite his moan repeat?

CH. XLI.

Him as a menial Servant wilt thou take?  
 Wilt thou a solemn Contract with him make?  
 Will he his Empire o'er the Waters quit?  
 Will he to serve a Master e'er submit?  
 Will he a tame Domestic with thee stay,  
 Fawn on thy Sons, and with thy Daughters play?  
 Shall the glad Fishermen divide the Spoil,  
 To recompence their hazard and their toil?  
 Shall each his Portion to the Market bear,  
 And to the Merchant sell for Gold his Share?  
 Canst thou his Head with bearded Spears divide,  
 Or pierce the scaly Armour of his side?  
 Suppose that thou hast Courage to assail  
 The furious Beast, would Spears or Darts prevail?  
 Shouldst thou with Life escape, his dreadful Rage  
 Thou wouldst remember, and no more engage.  
 The Hopes the bravest Warriours entertain,  
 Of Conq'ring him, presumptuous are and vain.  
 Would not the boldest Mortal, in despite  
 Of all his Courage, at the dreadful fight  
 Of such a Creature, pale with terror stand;  
 And drop his Weapons from his trembling hand?  
 Is there a Man so fierce and fearless found,  
 That dares tho' clad in Steel, approach the ground  
 Where midst the Reeds the Monster lies at ease,  
 And will adventure to disturb his Peace?  
 Is there a Man, that does not Courage lack,  
 To touch the scaly Coat that cloaths his Back?  
 The most intrepid Chief, that dares advance  
 Against the brist'ld Sword, and threatening Lance,

With Consternation seiz'd, in haste withdraws,  
Far from the reach of his expanded Jaws.  
Then canst thou *Job*, of me be not afraid,  
Who the vast Beast, and all his Terrors made?  
Whoe'er on me did Obligations lay,  
Which by my favours I did ne'er repay?  
To clear the Debt can't I Rewards bestow,  
Lord of the Worlds above, and this below?

But let us more distinctly yet explore  
The Frame, the comely Parts and wondrous pow'r }  
Of my stupendous Creature, nam'd before. }  
He that his Mouth dares open, would disclose  
The bloody Throne of Death, long murth'ring Rows  
Of Spearlike Teeth, which fixt on either hand,  
Along his Jaws in dreadful order stand.  
Impenetrable Scales, like Plates of Brass ;  
In beauteous Figures set, his Sides encase.  
Clad in this Coat of Mail, his Martial Pride,  
He does the Spear and glitt'ring Dart deride.  
They're all so firmly fixt, so closely joyn'd,  
That Air it self can no admission find.  
In strict embraces they together grow,  
Embraces that can ne'er Division know.  
Whene'er he Sneezes, from his Nostrils flies  
A flash, like Lightning darting thro' the Skys.  
The lustre of his Eyes the Meads adorn,  
Bright as the Saffron Eye-lids of the Morn.  
His reeking Breath breaks from his hollow Throat,  
As from a Forge or Caldron, boiling hot.

If

If hardy Swains his fury dare provoke,  
 His raging Nostrils belch out Clouds of Smoke.  
 From his wide Mouth, mingled with choaking steams,  
 Impetuous Sparks fly out, and fiery Streams.  
 His Neck, tho' not of formidable length,  
 Is the Imperial Throne and Seat of Strength.  
 Triumphant Terror, with its dreadful Reer,  
 Amazement, Sorrow, Woe and shiv'ring Fear,  
 Marching before, his hideous Pomp compose,  
 And seize on all around him where he goes.  
 The solid Strings of his hard Flesh, are wound  
 So fast together, and so firmly bound,  
 That Men can scarce by Violence or Art,  
 Th' adhering Muscles, and strong Sinews part.  
 His unrelenting Heart as Marble hard,  
 Did ne'er Compassion's tender Moan regard.  
 Mercy's soft Fire did never melt his Breast,  
 Which never Fear, or Pity yet exprest.  
 Try all thy Arts, thy Prayers and Tears repeat,  
 Thou't find thou only dost a Rock entreat,  
 All thy recoiling Strokes will but an Anvil beat.  
 But if amidst the Waves he reers his Head,  
 The most undaunted Hearts his Presence dread.  
 Such is their Consternation, such their Fright,  
 They know not ~~whither~~ to direct their Flight ;  
 They can't escape, nor yet abide his fight.  
 Let them with Sword in hand the Beast attack,  
 The Steel will break in pieces on his Back.



In vain the Spear and Dart th' Affailant weilds,  
His Scales are all impenetrable Shields;  
His harden'd Skin ne'er to the Jav'lin yields.  
Weapons of Iron made of every kind,  
Which the destructive Wit of Man can find;  
He values as the Bullrush by the Flood,  
And those of Brasses, as Spears of rotten Wood.  
Thick Showers of Arrows finging thro' the Sky,  
His Courage cannot shake, and make him fly.  
He counts vast Stones, with Skill and Fury flung,  
And Darts as Stubble, by th' Invader flung.  
Against him when the clam'rous Troops advance,  
He smiles at Spears, and mocks the threatning Lance.  
The sharpest Weapons from his Back recoil,  
And with their Shivers spred the miry Soil.  
When thro' the Deep he rolls from side to side,  
And tumbles in the Bottom of the Tyde;  
He shakes the Banks, and troubles all the Waves,  
Like Tempests loos'd from Subterranean Caves.  
His motion works, and beats the Oazy Mud,  
And with its Slime incorporates the Flood;  
That all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting Stream,  
Does one vast Pot of boiling Oyntment seem.  
Whene'er he Swims, he leaves along the Lake,  
Such frothy Furrows, such a foamy Track,  
That all the Waters of the Deep appear  
Hoary with Age, or Grey with suddain fear.  
On Earth, in Strength his Equal is not found,  
For tho' he's low and creeps along the ground,

Yet

Yet he the loftiest, proudest Beast disdains,  
 And o'er the fruitful Vally Monarch reigns.  
 The strongest Creatures his dread Presence fear,  
 Whom he in pastime can in pieces tear.

CH. XLII. These awful words, in which so brightly shine  
 Wisdom and Power, and Majesty Divine ;  
 Did *Job* awaken, and his Grief renew,  
 Setting his Errors fully in his View :  
 Who now a just and free Confession made,  
 Humbly submitted to his God, and said :  
 Thy Wisdom all thy Creatures reach transcends,  
 Far as thy Will thy Power its Sphear extends.  
 All thy Designs thou wilt at last compleat,  
 No Force or Art can thy Wise Ends defeat.  
 As thou art pleas'd to crush me, thou hast Power,  
 If thou wert pleas'd, my Substance to restore.  
 Convinc'd by thy Reproofs, I freely own,  
 That I have rash, audacious Folly shown ;  
 Vent'ring with Reason's short and treach'rous Line,  
 To sound the Depths of Providence Divine.  
 Searching the secret Counsels of thy Breast,  
 I have presumptuous Forwardness exprest.  
 My rash and unconfider'd Words, and all  
 My Censures of thy Conduct I recall.  
 My stupid Arrogance I now condemn,  
 That made me speak on so sublime a Theme.  
 Such Wonders all Created Wit exceed,  
 And should our silent Admiration feed.

Awful,

Awful, Myſterious Things to be ador'd,  
But not by vain and curious Heads explor'd.  
O, let thy Anger be appeas'd, and hear  
My humble Queſtions with a gracious Ear.  
I will no more to Knowledge make pretence,  
Or of thy Power, or of thy Providence.  
Do thou inſtruct me, let thy Heav'nly Light  
Diſpel the hov'ring Shades that cloud my Sight:  
Let Truth Divine its glorious Beams diſplay,  
Remove the Night, and bleſs my Mind with Day.  
Something I own I underſtood before,  
Both of thy Wiſdom, and thy mighty Power,  
But ſince thy dreadful Glory I beheld,  
Thoſe Attributes more clearly are reveal'd.  
Wherefore a Sting does in my Boſom ſtick,  
And ſelf-diſpleaſure wounds me to the quick ;  
When I reflect on my Behaviour paſt,  
My bold Aſperſions on th' Almighty caſt.  
That I thy Strokes did with Reluctance bear,  
And wiſh'd for Death ſo oft in my Deſpair,  
As if the Righteous Man no longer were thy Care. }  
My arrogant Diſcourſes I repent, }  
My Charges brought againſt thy Government ; }  
Now drown'd in Tears my Errors I lament. }  
I grieve that grown impatient of thy Rod,  
I juſtify'd my ſelf againſt my God.

So much th' Almighty this Confeſſion pleas'd,  
That againſt *Job* his Anger was appeas'd.

Then turning, thus to *Eliphaz* he spoke,  
 But thou, and these thy Friends my Wrath provoke.  
 For you have all perverse Constructions made,  
 Of those Afflictions I on *Job* have laid.  
 Who, notwithstanding all his Faults, I own,  
 Has spoken better far than you have done.  
 Sev'n Bullocks then, and Rams as many take,  
 And go to *Job*, he shall Atonement make,  
 Which I'll accept, for his my Servant's sake.  
 He shall to me his Supplications send,  
 And I to you my Mercy will extend.  
 Let this be done, left on your guilty Head  
 My Vengeance fall, because as I have said,  
 My ways you wrested to an evil sense,  
 And represented ill my Providence,  
 And would not hear my Servant *Job's* defence.

These three wise Friends, of Wrath Divine afraid,  
 Their due Submission to th' Almighty made,  
 And *Job* to be their Intercessour pray'd.  
 His humble Prayer th' Almighty did receive,  
 And these Offenders for his sake forgive.  
 While *Job* this Duty for his Friends discharg'd,  
 God from his Straights the Patient Man enlarg'd.  
 He now began that Vigour to restore,  
 And all the Blessings he enjoy'd before.  
 Nor did he cease his Bounty to repeat,  
 Till he had made him twice as rich and great.  
 Then all his Friends and Kindred, who as Foes  
 Had *Job* deserted in his Straits and Woes,

Of

Of his Deliv'rance when they heard the Fame,  
 To show their Joy, in Throngs around him came.  
 And when they first his Losses had condol'd,  
 And for his Suff'rings past their Sorrow told ;  
 They their Congratulations did exprefs,  
 For this his unexpected Happinefs.  
 Each in his Hand did for a Present bear,  
 Or Coyn, or golden Pendant for the Ear.  
 Thus God chastis'd him with a kind intent,  
 And made him Poor, his Riches to augment.  
 The Herds and Woolly Flocks he once posselt,  
 Now to a double number were increast.  
 His fruitful Wife his Offspring to restore,  
 Sev'n goodly Sons, and three fair Daughters bore.  
 One was *Jemima*, one *Kesja* nam'd,  
 The third was *Kerenhappuch*, Virgins fam'd  
 For charming Beauty, which the Sisters blest  
 Beyond the fairest Daughters of the East.  
*Job* did not, as the Custom was to do,  
 These with small Portions of his Goods endow .  
 But being with his Sons Coheirs declar'd,  
 With them his vast Inheritance they shar'd.  
 God after this so happy turn of Fate,  
 Encreast his Years, as much as his Estate.  
 Of Years an Hundred, and twice Twenty more,  
 To those were added, which he liv'd before.  
 So the Good Man his numerous Progeny,  
 Did to the fourth Succession live to see.  
 Then ripe with Hoary Age, and fully pleas'd,  
 He dyed, or rather, he from Living ceas'd.



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THE  
SONGS of *Moses, Deborah, &c.*  
WITH SOME  
Select Psalms and Chapters of *Isaiah*,  
AND THE  
Third Chapter of *Habakkuk*,  
PARAPHRAS'D.

---

By Sir *Richard Blackmore*, Kt. M. D.

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# THE Song of MOSES PARAPHRAS'D.

EXODUS, Chap. xv.

**Y**Our Shouts to Heav'n, ye Sons of *Jacob* raise,  
And celebrate in Songs of Praise  
The glorious Triumphs of *Jehovah's* Pow'r,  
Applaud th' Almighty Conquerour.  
Let all the wide stretch'd Mouths of Fame,  
From Pole to Pole his wondrous Work proclaim,  
To make Men tremble, and adore his Name.  
Let it to all the Realms around be known,  
How he his Foes has overthrown :  
How he disclos'd the Water's hideous Womb,  
And did in *Cryptal* Graves their Troops entomb.  
They sunk and perish'd in the Tyde,  
Where now triumphant Waves o'er Horse and Horsemen ride.

He is our Bulwark and Defence,  
Shielded by his Omnipotence  
We all the *Heathen* World defy :  
This mighty Warriour, this our great Ally,  
With his *Ethereal* Shield and Arms Divine,  
Does at the head of our Battalions shine.

Gripping

Gripping his bright Immortal Lance  
 He does before our Host to charge the Foe advance.  
*Israel* by strength deriv'd from him is strong,  
 And as he is our Strength, he shall be too our Song.

He to discharge us from our Bondage, broke  
 Th' inexorable Tyrant's Yoke.  
 He from our heavy Chains our Feet releas'd,  
 And our gall'd Shoulders of their Burdens eas'd.  
 He brought us from th' inhospitable Land,  
 And rescu'd us from *Pharoah's* salvage hand.  
 He terribly chastis'd these Pagan Pow'rs ;  
 And as this Lord of Hosts was ours,  
 He was our Fathers All-sufficient God ;  
 We therefore will prepare him an Abode :  
 We will an Altar and a Temple reer,  
 A sacred Place of Praise and Pray'r,  
 There we'll adore our great Deliverer.

Th' Eternal does in Arms excel ;  
 What Pow'r can his projected Darts repel ?  
 Who can against his Thunder stand,  
 Or who elude his never-erring Hand ?  
 Let him but wield his dreadful Blade  
 Of malleable Light'ning made,  
 Let him advance into the Field,  
 And lift on high his Adamantine Shield,  
 Whose brighter Lustre drowns the waining Sun,  
 As much as that the sick'ning Moon ;

Let

Let him with his Celestial Equipage

March on as ready to engage ;

And where's th' undaunted Man that would not fly,

Or if he stay'd, would not with Terror dye.

He sharply has rebuk'd th' *Egyptian's* Pride,

Who his Almighty Arm defy'd.

Against their mighty Host he did prepare

An unexpected Watry War.

He on the Deep his Terrors did display,

And drew his rolling Legions in Array :

He bad the Waves in Martial Order flow,

And made his fluid Squadrons charge the Foe.

Th' amaz'd *Egyptians* fled for fear,

While roaring Surges hung upon their Rear :

The foaming Files o'ertook them in the Chase,

And overwhelm'd the cruel Race.

Bows, Banners, Spears, an unexampled Wreck,

Lay floating on the Ocean's back.

While Chariots, Horse and Horsemen kill'd,

The Seas inferiour Chambers fill'd:

The mighty Host the Caves beneath oppress,

And the low horrors of the Deep increas'd.

Of such a wealthy Spoil the Sea before

Ne'er rob'd the Land, while pent within the Shore.

While no Detachment of its Waves it made,

The Frontier Regions to invade,

No Watry Partys sent abroad

To sweep the neighb'ring Fields, and plunder Mens Abode.

High heaps of Swords and Bucklers stood  
Like Rocks of polish'd Iron in the Flood.

The Fish made hast to seize their Prey,  
But when they saw the shining Shields display  
Thro' the dark Realm a monstrous unknown Day,

And how the Dead in Armour shone  
With scaly Sides far brighter than their own ;  
Away th' affrighted Spoilers fled,  
And thus their Arms that could not give  
Protection to th' *Egyptians* when alive,  
Protected them when Dead.

Like Stones they sank beneath the Flood,  
And the Red Sea appeas'd their Thirst of Blood.  
Glorious in Pow'r, great Lord of Hosts,  
Is thy right hand which such Atchievements boasts,  
Which has defeated *Pharoah's* Troops,  
And sunk to Hell the proud *Egyptian's* Hopes.  
In the low Prisons of the Deep  
Thou dost thy Captive Rebels keep,  
Mountains of liquid Crystal on 'em cast,  
Secure the Doors, and bar the Dungeons fast.

Array'd with fearful Glory, girt with Might,  
Thou didst thy Peoples Battels fight.  
Thou hast o'erthrown the impious Foes,  
Who against thee and *Israel* rose ;  
They were in Storms of Fury on them pour'd,  
As Stubble is by raging Flames devour'd.

Commanded by thy Breath th' obsequious Main  
Stood still, and gather'd up its flowing Train.  
Th' Almighty did the Sea divide,  
And as he rends the Hills, he split the cleaving Tyde.  
Benumb'd with fear the Waves erected stood,  
O'erlooking all the distant Flood.  
Mountains of Craggy Billows did arise;  
And Rocks of stiffen'd Water reach'd the Skys.  
Remoter Waves came crowding on to see  
This strange Transforming Mystery,  
But they approaching near  
Where the high Crystal Ridges did appear,  
Felt the Divine Contagion's Force,  
Mov'd slothfully a while, and then quite stopt their course.

Upon their March they insolently cry'd,  
Let us pursue the flying Slaves,  
We'll overtake them, and the Spoil divide;  
Where is the God that *Israel* saves?  
We'll our Revenge, and Lust of Slaughter cloy,  
Without relenting we'll destroy,  
We'll weild the Spear, and draw the Sword,  
And root this Nation out by all abhor'd.  
We'll bath the Defart with a Purple Flood,  
And heal its gaping Wounds with Hebrew Blood!  
While one vile Wretch alive is found,  
The Trumpet no retreat shall sound.  
In dreadful Language we'll declare,  
Th' *Egyptians* still their Masters are.

Tho' their Rebellion they should mourn,  
 And ask to *Egypt's* Brick-kilns to return,  
 We would not spare the hateful Race,  
 We would all marks of *Jacob's* House efface.  
 Let 'em to *Moses* cry they are oppress'd,  
 While we in Vengeance reign, and on Destruction feast.

As thus the Gulph the proud *Egyptians* crost,  
 And with loud threats pursu'd our trembling Host,  
 Thou with thy powerful Wind didst blow,  
 And strait the thawing Heaps began to flow.  
 The Waves that stood as Bullwarks were dissolv'd,  
 And *Pharoah's* Chariots and his Troops involv'd.  
 They from the roaring Deluge would have fled,  
 But to the bottom sank as Lead.

Among the Gods of all the Nations round,  
 Equal to thee is any found?  
 Any that can with Rival Glory shine,  
 And shew as perfect Holiness as thine?  
 When we thy various Triumphs sing,  
 And great Atchievements which exalt thy Name,  
 To us thy Praises Joy and Comfort bring,  
 But to thy Foes Confusion, Fear and Shame.  
 Thou art a wonder-working God, thy Might  
 Does all thy trembling Enemys affright,  
 But grateful Admiration in our Breasts excite.

When thou extendest o'er the Tyde  
 Thy hand, that does all Nature guide,

The

The conscious Waves the high Command obey'd,  
Like melting heaps of Snow they flow'd apace,  
Marching with fury on, they disarray'd,  
Then swallow'd up the impious Race.  
In great Compassion thou hast broke  
Th' Oppressor's hard unsufferable Yoke ;  
For *Jacob's* Sons in Person thou hast fought,  
Amazing Miracles hast wrought,  
And *Israel* back from *Egypt* brought.  
To sacred *Canaan's* promis'd Land,  
Thou with thy mighty outstretcht hand  
Shalt rescu'd *Israel* guide,  
Where with thy favour blest they shall in Peace abide.

Fame shall together with these Tydings spread  
Thro' all the Nations Universal dread ;  
Wild looks and gestures shall declare,  
How great their Fears and Sorrows are.  
Th' Inhabitants of *Palestina's* Land  
Shall trembling and astonish'd stand,  
*Edom's* proud Potentates shall be afraid,  
And *Moab's* mighty Men dismay'd.  
The dreadful News shall make pale Tyrants start,  
And melt within his Breast the stoutest Warriour's Heart.

The Lords of *Canaan* shall their fears express,  
And all their People their distress.  
The Terrors of thy Conqu'ring Arm,  
These of their Strength and Courage shall disarm.

Thy

Thy Wonders will their Captains so amaze,  
That they will still and Speechless stand and gaze;  
While *Jacob's* Sons by thee from Bondage brought,  
The People thou hast bought,  
And for the Purchase newly made,  
Such mighty Sums of Miracles hast paid,  
To *Canaan's* happy Land shall safely be convey'd.

Thither thou'lt lead the favour'd Race,  
And give them safe Possession of the Place;  
Thou wilt fulfil thy great design,  
By planting there these Colonys Divine,  
Their happy Dwellings shall be spread,  
Around *Moriah's* lofty head,  
On which thy sacred Dome shall stand,  
Diffusing pious Awe thro' all the Land.

The Lord shall rule with Power and Glory crown'd,  
No Time or Space shall e'er his Empire bound.  
Immortal Pillars his fixt Throne sustain,  
And as himself, Eternal is his Reign.

Not like proud *Pharaoh's*, who his Army led  
To chafe our Youth, who from his Fury fled.  
Who enter'd with his Troops the opening Sea,  
And hop'd to pass the dreadful Defile;  
But God who had his way beset,  
Drew o'er the Host his watry Net;  
To finish this miraculous Campaign,  
He loos'd the Bonds that did the Waves restrain;

Strait



Strait the congested Billows tumbled down,  
 And liquid Ruins did the Tyrant drown :  
 His Chariots and his Horse were swept away,  
 Ingulph'd, and swallow'd by th' o'erwhelming Sea.  
 But the firm Waters did erected stand,  
                     On either hand,  
 And left dry ground between till *Israel* gain'd the Land.

# THE



T H E  
Song of DEBORAH  
P A R A P H R A S ' D.

JUDGES, Chap. V.

**L**ET the Victorious Tribes of *Israel* sing,  
 Let their loud Shouts thro' Heav'n's wide Chambers  
 Let them applaud with one united Voice, [ ring.  
 Their God, the glorious Author of their Joys.  
 Let them Triumphant Acclamations raise,  
 And spend the Breath he gives them, in his Praise.

He has our Swords with Conquest crown'd,  
 And spread the fear of *Israel*'s Name around.

He to avenge us on our Foes,  
 Has crush'd the haughty Pow'rs that did our Arms oppose.  
 Our Troops from Heav'n with noble Zeal inspir'd,  
 The glorious Hazards of the Field desir'd.  
 God fir'd their Veins with Military Rage,  
 And made 'em long for Arms, and eager to engage.

Ye Potentates and Princes hear,  
 Ye Kings and Rulers of the Earth give Ear.  
 I *Deb'rah* I, will in a lofty strain  
 Sing the great King, by whom you live and reign.

D d

When

When God in Person did our Tribes command,  
 And led 'em with a mighty Hand  
 From wild *Arabia's* Rocks to *Canaan's* Land :  
 As soon as he had pass'd the Field,  
 By th' *Idumean* Farmer till'd,  
 What marks of Greatness did his March attend ?  
 What Pow'r in Miracles did he expend ?  
 What Terrors did he send before to fright  
 The Lords of *Canaan* and the *Amorite* ?  
 What Pomp and Majesty did he display ?  
 Floods of impetuous Glory delug'd all his way.  
 From his refulgent Sword, and radiant Shield,  
 Flushes of rapid Splendor spread the Field.  
 The trembling Heathen fled for fear,  
 For who could such a stress of Lustre bear ?

At every step th' Almighty Leader took,  
 Th' astonish'd Earth down to its Center shook.  
 Contending Tempests bellow'd under ground,  
 And strong Convulsions did with horrid sound  
 The low Apartments break, and all the Vaults confound.  
 The Earth with dreadful Gripes was sore oppress'd,  
 Which did its twisted Bowels wrest.  
 From their low Channels, Subterranean Waves  
 Were thrown on Sulphur Mines, and fiery Caves.  
 The Chasms of gaping Plains and Mountains rent,  
 Did yield to struggling Vapours vent,  
 And suffocated Nature to relieve,  
 To ambient Air admission give.

Heav'ns

Heav'n's Cryſtal Battlements to pieces daſh'd,  
In Storms of Hail were downward hurl'd;  
Loud Thunder roar'd, red Lightning flaſh'd,  
And univerſal Uproar fill'd the World.  
Torrents of Water, Floods of Flame  
From Heav'n in fighting Ruins came.  
At once the Hills that to the Clouds aſpire,  
Were waſh'd with Rain, and ſcorcht with Fire.  
The Waters down the Mountains Sides were pour'd,  
And o'er the Vale th' unbridled Deluge roar'd.  
*Canaan's* proud Hills with this affright  
Shook to their Baſe, and well they might;  
For *Sinai* rock'd and quak'd, when God  
Made on its Brow his terrible Abode.

In *Shamgar's* and in *Jael's* days,  
Robbers and Thieves infeſted all the ways.  
Theſe Sons of Violence purſu'd their Prey  
On publick Roads in open day.  
Poor Trav'lers to eſcape the cruel hands  
Of theſe Licentious, lawleſs Bands,  
They paſ'd thro' Ways and Paths unknown,  
Yet ſtill in fear, from Town to Town.  
The trembling People by theſe Spoilers ſcar'd,  
To Towns of Strength in Troops repair'd.  
They left their old Abodes to be poſſeſt  
By Owls and Bats, and every rav'ning Beaſt :  
Until their fruitful Land at laſt,  
Became a wild Inhospitable Waſt.

O *Israel*, these were thy sad Wants and Woes,  
 These thy Oppressions when I *Deb'rah* rose ;  
 When I arose a Mother to restore  
   Thy former Peace, and Wealth, and Pow'r.  
 Till then thy blind Apostate Sons forfook  
   Theirs, and their Father's God, and took  
   New fangled Gods, of old unknown,  
 Gods lately into Reputation grown,  
   Gods carv'd in Wood, or cut in Stone.

Heav'n thus provok'd, excited Foes,  
 Who full of rage against our Citys rose.  
 Confed'rate Kingdoms War with *Israel* wag'd,  
 And horrid Slaughter in our Bowels rag'd :  
 And well it might, for we were so disarm'd,  
   That when the Foe our Gates alarm'd,  
   Did there a single Shield or Spear,  
 Midst forty Thousand *Israelites* appear ?  
 O *Israel* then, I rose to rescue thee  
   From thy vile Chains to set thee free.

Nor can my Song too much exalt the Fame  
   Of those great Chiefs, who freely came  
 To give me Aid, and to subdue our Foes,  
   Did gen'rously their Lives expose.  
 Give them their due Applause, but chiefly bless  
   The God, who gave them Courage and Success.

Ye Lords in Courts of Judgment who preside,  
And thro' the Streets in awful State,  
With num'rous Trains attended ride,  
Th' Almighty's wondrous Work relate.  
Ye People who can leave your safe Abodes,  
And travel now secure in Publick Roads ;  
You that do now in Joy and Peace,  
Your Fig-trees and your Vines possess ;  
You who no more the noise of Archers hear,  
But unmolested to your Springs repair ;  
Do you rehearse God's righteous Deeds,  
Whence this your unexpected Peace proceeds.

Awake, awake, O *Deborah*, awake,  
Quickly thy Harp and Timbrel take.  
A Song of Triumph and of Joy rehearse,  
In lofty Strains, and noble Verse.  
A Song that may just Honour pay  
To the great Deeds of this illustrious Day.'

O *Barak* rise, arise thou valiant Chief,  
Whose Conqu'ring Arms have brought relief  
To *Israel* in our vast distress,  
And made our haughty Foes their Impotence confess.  
Thou mighty Man advance, and lead along  
Thy Spoils and Trophys thro' the cleaving Throng,  
Thy Captives lead in clanking Chains,  
All their vast Army's small Remains.

Thou

Thou who the dreadful Battel didst display  
 On that decisive, glorious Day,  
 Now draw thy Pomp and Triumph in Array.

*Jacob's* Remains by Heav'n with Empire crown'd  
 Have laid their Yoke on *Canaan's* Kings around.  
 Ev'n me the Lord has rais'd to Regal Sway,  
 And made the Mighty my Commands obey.

Thy Sons did first the War embrace,  
 Forward in Arms, O *Benjamin*;  
 And next to thee a few of *Ephraim's* Race  
 Advanc'd, and joyn'd their Troops with thine.  
 Rulers and Nobles from *Manasses* came,  
 Whose brave example did the rest inflame.  
 The Scribes of *Zebulun*, and learned Men,  
 To wield the Sword laid down the Pen.  
 The Princes and the Lords of *Issachar*,  
 Despising Danger, undertook the War.  
 With Zeal they follow'd me their Head,  
 And *Barak* to the Field their valiant Squadrons led.

Ah *Reuben*, how were we dismay'd,  
 To be defrauded of thy Aid!  
 Ah, why didst thou desert thy Country's Cause?  
 Why did not *Reuben* share this day's applause?  
 Say when thy Breth'ren arm'd with Sword and Shield,  
 For Liberty advanc'd into the Field,  
 Why didst thou sullen in thy Tents abide,  
 As if in Blood and Int'rest not Ally'd?

Couldst



Couldst thou to Arms thy Shepherd's Crook prefer,  
And rather chuse thy bleating Sheep to hear,  
Than the loud Thunder of a noble War ?

Oh, how much Trouble to our State,  
Did this ignoble Deed of thine create ?

*Gilead* beyond the Flood of *Jopran* stay'd,  
And of the haughty Foe afraid,  
Refus'd to give his Brethren Aid.

*Dan* on his Wealth and Shipping too intent,  
No Succours to our Army sent.

*Asher* with like inglorious Negligence,  
Trusting to Rocks and Caves as his defence,  
Stay'd on the Shore, and no Assistance gave,  
Our Worship, or our Liberty to save.

But oh ! what wondrous Deeds were done  
By *Naphtali* and *Zebulun* !

With what an ardour, what a warlike rage  
Did those brave Men in Fight engage ?  
Methinks I see those Warriours make  
Their bold and irresistible Attack.

Greedy and fond of Danger, they  
The Squadrons cleft, and cut the way  
To the chief Places of the Field,  
Which did the chieftest choice of ruin yield,  
Which were with plenty of Destruction stor'd,  
And all the horrid shapes of danger did afford :  
Where Death triumphant in the Battel stood,  
Besmear'd with Brains, and Dust, and Blood.

Great

Great Potentates of formidable Fame,  
Captains and Kings against us came ;  
Their confluent Troops from every Coast,  
Compos'd a vast o'erflowing Host.  
We saw th' advancing Deluge from afar,  
And all the must'ring Tydes of complicated War.  
They stopt, and in Battalia stood,  
Upon the Banks of *Kisbon's* Flood ;  
Thither our eager Squadrons flew,  
There did we fight, and there proud *Jabin's* Troops subdue.

The radiant Host of Stars above  
Drew out, and did in warlike order move.  
They did their Darts from Heav'n's high Turrets throw,  
And charg'd with fatal influence the Foe.  
They to our Aid their glitt'ring Forces brought  
And against *Sifera* in their Courses fought.

O *Kisbon*, then thy troubled Tyde  
Was choak'd with Carcasses, with Crimson dy'd.  
Swords, Helmets, Shields roll'd all beneath,  
And of the lighter Instruments of Death  
Spears, Arrows, Darts, a floating Wood  
O'erspread the surface of thy Flood.  
Thy current swept their Troops away,  
And with their mighty Spoils enrich'd the wondring Sea.  
Thy banks, and all the Vale about,  
Were spread with marks of ignominious rout.

Chariots

Chariots o'erturn'd, and scatter'd Shields,  
And broken Hoofs deform'd the Fields :  
Hoofs torn, and on the stony places cast,  
O'er which the flying Horsemen past.

Accurst th' Almighty's Angel cry'd,  
Accurst be *Meroz* who her help deny'd.  
Vengeance and Plagues on her vile People light,  
Who would not for their God and Country fight.

But let us *Jael's* Courage sing,  
Let loud Applauses thro' our Citys ring  
Of *Heber's* Wife, above the rest  
Of Womankind may she be blest.  
Great *Sis'ra* choak'd with heat and dust,  
Demanded Water from the Spring ;  
She to allay the Gen'ral's thirst,  
Did Milk and Cream in costly Vessels bring.  
She to the Nail the left apply'd,  
And with her right hand did the Hammer guide.  
And as the mighty *Sifera*  
Stretcht on the Pavement sleeping lay,  
Th' undaunted Woman with a noble blow,  
Drove in the Nail, and pierc'd his Temples thro.  
Amaz'd, not waken'd with the Wound,  
He sprung, and bounded from the ground :  
The brave Virago did her blow repeat,  
And laid him prostrate at her feet.  
He bow'd and fell, and gasping lay,  
Quiver'd and groan'd his Life away.

She drew his Sword, and with a Manly stroke,  
The Warriours Head from off his Shoulders took.

His Mother looking thro' her Window said,  
Why is his Triumph thus delay'd?  
Why does his lingring Chariot stay?  
Why roll his Wheels so slowly on the way?  
Her Maids, nay, she her self reply'd,  
The Conqu'rors stay their Booty to divide.  
The distribution made, each Chief can shew  
A Damsel for his share, or two.  
But *Sis'ra's* Prey outshines the rest,  
His is a party-colour'd Vest  
Which Gems and rich Embroidery adorn,  
Fit by the greatest Princes to be worn.

These boastful words she spoke, while *Sisera*  
Dead in the Tent of *Jael* lay.  
Lord let his Fate attend thine Enemys,  
So let them perish who against thee rise.  
But let the Men who Wickedness abhor,  
Who love thee, and thy Name adore,  
Be like the Sun,  
Who when refresh'd, does in his Vigour rise,  
Eager to run  
All the blew Stages of the spacious Skys.

THE

# David's Lamentation,

Occasion'd by the  
Death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*.

I SAMUEL, Chap. I.

When *Jonathan* and *Saul* expiring lay,  
On the curst Hills of *Gilboa*,

( Ah black, inglorious, fatal Day ! )

'Twas then, unhappy *Israel*,

Thy Beauty, Strength and Glory fell.

How were thy mighty Warriours slain ?

What a red Deluge bath'd the reeking Plain ?

How were thy Sons to Conquest long inur'd,

How were thy Valiant Chiefs devour'd

By the *Philistine's* unrelenting Sword ?

How terrible, how sudden was their Fate ?

These Pillars fal'n that prop'd thy State,

Who shall support thy sinking Empire's weight ?

Let Fame be struck with horror dumb,

That to our Foes the News may never come.

Let our dishonour be to *Gath* unknown,

Proclaim it not in *Askelon* ;

Left if their Daughters come to know

Our loss, and unexampled Woe,

E e 2

They

They in their Feasts and Dances should exprefs,  
 Insultingly their Joy at our diftrefs;  
 And impiously devout, ſhould raife  
 Their carv'd and graven Gods, in wicked Songs of Praise.

Ye Hills of *Gilboa*, the fatal place,  
 O'er which the Foe did *Iſrael* chafe,  
 Ye luckleſs Hills,  
 Spred with your Monarch's Ignominious Spoils,  
 May you the marks of Heav'n's diſpleaſure bear;  
 Be you no more the Farmer's care:  
 Let no kind Cloud hereafter, pour  
 On your parch'd Heads one fruitful Shower:  
 May the relentleſs, harden'd Sky,  
 No Rain by Day, or Dew by Night ſupply  
 To eaſe your Thirſt, and gaping clefts cement;  
 With Fire be blaſted, and with Thunder rent.  
 Let not a blade of Graſs or Corn,  
 Nor one green Tree your Heads adorn.  
 By Heav'n accurſt, to future Ages ſtand  
 Uncultivated Heaps of barren Sand.  
 For vanquiſh'd *Iſrael* o'er theſe Mountains fled,  
 There with ignoble Rout the Fields were ſpred,  
 There lay our Weapons mingled with our Dead.  
 There ſcatter'd Bucklers lay,  
 Which routed *Iſrael* caſt away.  
 There may the Shield of *Saul* be found,  
 Midſt common Bucklers on the ground.  
 Thy Body too, unhappy Monarch, there  
 Lys mixt with vulgar Corps, expos'd in open Air.

O *Saul*, O *Jonathan*, ye mighty Dead,  
You ne'er before in Battel fled.  
The Arrows from the Son's unerring Bow,  
Have pierc'd ten thousand valiant Warriours thro'.  
The Father's unresisted Sword,  
Like raging Fires around devour'd :  
By no Opposer e'er withstood,  
The crimson Conq'ror reek'd in Hostile Blood.  
Till now, you ever us'd to come  
Laden with Spoils and Trophys home.  
Your Chariots thro' the confluent, gazing Throng,  
Us'd in slow State to roll along :  
While crowds of Captive Princes chain'd,  
Wiping their Brows with dust and sweat distain'd,  
Did panting in the Pomp appear,  
Part of the long Procession of the Rear.  
Our Daughters, both in Mind and Habit gay,  
With Songs and Dances on the way,  
Met, and increast the Triumph of the Day.  
Thus Vi&ry us'd to crown  
The mighty Father, and the valiant Son.  
Now vanquish'd, o'er the Hills they fly  
From the pursuing Enemy.  
Surprising change of Providence,  
Those who resistless were, can now make no defence !

So courteous were the Royal Pair,  
So condescending, mild and *Debonnair*,  
That they became to all the Nation dear.

No

No more their kindness fail'd to move  
 The People's universal Love,  
 Than their fam'd Courage did their Neighbours fear.  
 They liv'd in strongest bonds of Love combin'd,  
 And as they liv'd, so they together dy'd ;  
 So close was their Affection joyn'd,  
 That Death it self could not the knot divide.  
 For tho' they fell oppress'd with Pagan Power,  
 Their Love still triumph'd o'er the Conquerour.  
 And yet their Clemency did ne'er abate  
 Their Courage, and their Martial heat.  
 For they, as swift as hungry Eagles, flew,  
 Or to attack, or to pursue :  
 And when they were in fight engag'd,  
 Like Lyons when provok'd, they thro' the Battel rag'd.

O Daughters of *Jerusalem* express,  
 A Sorrow worthy of our vast distress.  
 Unite your Groans and mournful Crys,  
 Unite your Tears and Agonys.  
 Apply your selves to weeping day and night,  
 Raptures of Grief be your Delight.  
 Thro' every Street lamenting go,  
 Strains of unruly Anguish show,  
 And howling Tempests raise of wild despairing Woe.  
 Too exquisite Affliction can't be shown,  
 Since *Saul* is fal'n from his Imperial Throne.  
*Saul* lyes upon the Mountains dead,  
 Who with abundance *Israel* fed :

Who



Who gave you Garments glorious to behold,  
Scarlet adorn'd with Needle-work and Gold.

Who hung rich Bracelets on your Arms,  
And with bright Gems increas'd your native Charms.

Whose Arms enrich'd your Towns with precious Spoil,  
And fill'd with Foreign Wealth *Judea's* happy Soil.

How did the mighty Prince, and all  
His valiant Chiefs in Battel fall!

How are the Hills with Slaughter spread!  
How are our Captive Sons in Triumph led!

Captives who drag th' inglorious Chain,  
Captives less happy than the Slain!

Horror and Shame! hark, how the shouting Foe,

How proud *Philistia* mocks our Woe!

Thro' all their Streets what Acclamations ring?

Hear how their Daughters sing,

See how they dance,

While their victorious Troops with *Israel's* Spoils advance.

O *Israel*, where is now thy warlike Fame?

How will thy once much dreaded Name,

By Foes so often vanquish'd, be despis'd

By all the Nations of th' Uncircumcis'd?

Oh *Jonathan*, how dear wert thou to me?

How dear must be thy Memory?

No Time can from my Breast remove

Thy Image, or thy wondrous love:

A Love, like which we none recorded find,  
A Love surpassing that of Womankind.

✱ Their Love was ne'er so tender, pure and strong,  
And never lasted in excess so long.

What gen'rous Friendship hast thou shown,  
What dreadful Dangers undergone,  
To raise thy Rival to thy Father's Throne ?

Kindest of Brothers, my afflicted Soul,  
Does thy unhappy Fall condole.  
Thy sudden, thy disastrous Fate,  
Does Agonies of Grief create.  
As in a Storm, my rolling Bowels move  
With strong Convulsive Throws of sad, distracted Love.

I would the highest marks express  
Of uncontroul'd, unmerciful distress :  
For if my Grief does not outrageous grow,  
'Tis unbecoming my unmeasur'd Woe,  
Nothing's enough that's less than all that Love can show.

T H E  
**Second P S A L M**  
 P A R A P H R A S ' D.

**W**Hat means this mighty Uproar? whence arise  
 This great Commotion, these tumultuous Crys?  
 What has alarm'd the Nations? what offence  
 Does all the jealous States around incense?  
 What does the Heathen Fire with so much Rage?  
 What *Jacob's* Sons in such Designs engage  
 As they can ne'er effect, or if they do,  
 They'll miss the end they furiously pursue?  
 Infatuated Men! you'll sure repent  
 Your rash Attempts, too late the sad event  
 Will show your Projects vain, your Malice impotent.  
 Confed'rate Princes wicked Friendship make,  
 And in their Anger desp'rate Councils take  
 Against their great Creator and his Son,  
 And hope the Lord's Anointed to dethrone.

Let us, say they, assert our Liberty,  
 And keep our Kingdoms from Oppression free.  
 We'll ne'er agree to vindicate the Cause  
 Of this new King, nor e'er obey his Laws.

Th' Almighty sets his Fav'rite up in vain,  
 We'll ne'er consent to this Usurper's Reign.  
 We his proud Yoke will never tamely bear,  
 But will his servile Chains afunder tear.

But the great God who sits enthron'd on high,  
 Above the Starry Convex of the Sky,  
 Insultingly will mock their foolish Pride,  
 Laugh at their Threats, and their vain Plots deride.  
 In fiery Indignation, he shall pass  
 A dreadful Sentence on this impious Race.  
 The marks of high Displeasure he shall show,  
 And pour Destruction on th' audacious Foe.

Thus from his Throne sublime th' Eternal spoke,  
 And with his awful Voice the Frame of Nature shook,  
 In spite of all the Princes that combine,  
 Or to retard, or frustrate my design ;  
 On *Sion's* Hill my Fav'rite I'll enthrone,  
 And fix upon his Head th' Imperial Crown.  
 Submissive States his Empire shall obey,  
 And at his Footstool Kings their Scepters lay.  
 He shall Tyrannic Cruelty correct,  
 And tenderly his Subject's Rights protect.  
 He shall assert Divine Religion's Cause,  
 Heav'n's sacred Int'rests manage with Applause,  
 And rule the World with just and equal Laws. }  
 To execute his high important Charge,  
 My Viceroy I invest with Pow'r at large :

Vast

Vast Pow'r I give him, but I give him none,  
But what is mixt with Mercy like my own.  
No other Pow'r, but what is understood  
To be intended for his Subjects good.  
His just and gentle Conduct shall confess,  
He seeks his Glory in their Happiness.

I to the World will publish thy Decree,  
That raises me to Regal Dignity.  
Thus said the Lord, let it this Day be known,  
That thou art my begotten only Son,  
Thy high Descent let all the Nations own. }  
Thou art intitul'd by thy Royal Birth,  
To all the Realms and Nations of the Earth :  
Make thy demand, and by my Grant divine,  
The Pagan States and Kingdoms shall be thine.  
I'll subject all the spacious tracks of Land,  
From Pole to Pole to thy supream command.  
Thou shalt of all the Regions be possesst,  
From the Sun's rising to the adverse West.  
Only the limits which the World surround,  
Thy Universal Monarchy shall bound.  
Arm'd with a Rod of Iron thou shalt reign  
O'er proud Oppressors, and their Rage restrain.  
Thou shalt in pieces dash, like Potters Clay, }  
Thy stubborn Foes, who insolently say,  
We'll ne'er his Title own, nor his Commands obey. }

Ye foolish Kings and Potentates be wise,  
And be instructed where your Safety lies.

The Son of God with Acclamations meet,  
And prostrate lye adoring at his feet.  
Bow down your Necks to take his gentle Yoke,  
Left your neglect his Fury should provoke.  
If you refuse this Monarch to obey,  
Be sure you'll perish in your wicked way.  
For if his Wrath so dreadful does appear,  
When scarcely kindled, what have you to fear  
Who by your desp'rate Provocations raise  
The Spark to Flames, and make his Fury blaze?  
No longer your Subjection then delay,  
The safe and happy Men are only they  
Who as their Refuge and secure Defence,  
Repose in him their Trust and Confidence.

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THE  
CIVth P S A L M  
P A R A P H R A S ' D.

**M**Y grateful Soul th' Almighty's Name adore;  
Great is his Being, great his Works of Pow'r.  
Immortal Honours, Majesty, Renown,  
And Dignity Divine his Temples crown.  
His Robe of State is wrought with Light refin'd;  
An endless Train of Lustre flows behind.  
His Throne's of massy, burnish'd Glory made,  
With Heav'nly Pearl, and Gems Divine inlaid:  
Whence Floods of Joy, and Seas of Splendour flow,  
On all th' Angelic gazing Throng below:  
Who drink in Pleasures by their ravish'd Sight,  
Delug'd in vast ineffable Delight.

He as a Tent the Heav'n's expansion reers,  
And as a Curtain stretches out the Sphears.  
He makes the Mists his Pillars to sustain  
His airy Rooms, and lays their Beams in Rain.  
The Clouds th' Almighty's rolling Chariots bear  
Their Lord thro' all the spacious Fields of Air.  
He harnesses the manag'd Winds, and flies  
On their swift Wings to visit all the Skys.

The

The various Meteors of the Air above  
 Wait his Commands, and by his Order move.  
 Tempests and Windy Vapours, rais'd on high  
 To do his Will, like Menial Servants fly.  
 Lightnings, and all his wildest Works of Fire,  
 His Ministers, to serve their Lord conspire.  
 These senseless Creatures such Obedience shew  
 To their great Master, as his Angels do.

To him her Father, Nature owes her Birth,  
 He laid the deep Foundations of the Earth.  
 He hung the pondrous heap in fluid Air,  
 And made its weight its own Supporter there.  
 Then he the Waters o'er its Bosom roll'd ;  
 And liquid Garments did the Earth enfold.  
 The Rocks and Hills conceal'd in Billows flood,  
 And o'er the Mountains tops the Deluge rais'd its Flood.  
 God's great Command chastis'd the Water's Pride,  
 He bad the Flood call down its tow'ring Tide,  
 And strait the ebbing Deluge did subside.  
 Th' Almighty form'd a vast capacious Deep,  
 Where he his Watry Regiments might keep :  
 The waves file off, and thither make their way,  
 To form the mighty Body of the Sea.  
 Where they encamp, and in their Stations stand,  
 Entrench'd in Works of Rock and Lines of Sand.

Yet some Deserters still the Sea forsake,  
 And from their Posts by stealth Excursions make.



The Sun to some lets down his helping Ray,  
They climb the golden Line, and thus convey  
Themselves in Vapours high amidst the Air,  
And to the Hills aspiring heads repair.  
Others by secret Channels from the Deep  
Pass undiscern'd, and up the Mountains creep:  
Whence gushing out in Springs they downward flow.  
And thro' the flowry Vales back to the Ocean go.

While God in Prison holds the mighty Deep,  
And does in rocky Chains the raging Monster keep,  
That it may ne'er surmount the ambient Shore,  
And with its Flood may drown the Earth no more,  
He to refresh, and cloath the Meads with Grass,  
Bids all his Rivers thro' the Vallies pass.  
Kindly their course th' indented Banks restrain,  
Kindly the Hills retard their gliding train.  
For thus the ling'ring Streams at leisure flow,  
And greater Riches on the Fields bestow.  
Beasts tame and salvage to the River's brink,  
Come from the Fields and Wilderness to drink.  
Thither the feather'd Singers of the Air,  
To quench their thirst and prune their Wings, repair.  
Then midst the Willows that adorn the Flood,  
Or on the Branches in some neighb'ring Wood,  
The painted Heralds in melodious Lays,  
Proclaim their gracious Benefactor's Praise.

He from his high Aerial Chambers, where  
Th' Almighty Chymist does his Works prepare,

Digests

Digeſts his Lightnings, and diſtills his Rain,  
Pours down his Waters on the thirſty Plain.  
He ſends refreshing Showers to cheer the Hills,  
And with his Bounty all the Vally fills ;  
The Earth made fruitful with his Heav'nly drops,  
With a rich Harveſt crowns the Farmer's Hopes.  
He does the Fields his open Table ſpred,  
Where all the Beaſts with graſſy Meat are fed.  
He Plants, for Food and Phyſic does produce  
Thro' all the Earth, for Man his Viceroy's uſe.  
He pours from Heav'n his Rain upon the Vine,  
And thus converts the Water into Wine.  
Which does revive Man's Heart, his Cares relieve,  
And to his Face a better Luſtre give,  
Than when with Oyl it does anointed ſhine,  
With Oyl, another noble Gift Divine.  
He fills the teeming Glebe with Crops of Corn,  
Which cloath the Vallys, and the Hills adorn.  
The Staff of Humane Life at his Command,  
Springs from the Furrows of the fruitful Land.

He from the Clouds does the ſweet Liquor ſqueeze,  
Which cheers the Foreſts and the Garden Trees,  
With the rich Juice he feeds their thirſty root,  
Which fills their Limbs with Sap, their Heads with Fruit.  
To this the Cedars that adorn the Brow  
Of *Lebanon*, their Height and Beauty owe.  
The Firs too thrive by drops from Heav'n diſtill'd,  
In which the Storks their Airy Houſes build.

The

The Mountains reer'd their Heads at his Command,  
 And Pillars to his Praise erected stand :  
 In these, and in the Rocks, the salvage Kind,  
 From the pursuer's Arms safe Refuge find.

He form'd the Moon the Seasons to divide,  
 And gave it Empire o'er the Ocean's tide.  
 The Sun he burnish'd, till its Orb became  
 A Spring of Light, and undecaying Flame.  
 Which knows the Stages of its heav'nly way,  
 And does by turns roll up, by turns display  
 The wide and bright expansion of the Day.  
 'Tis God who made the Day, that makes the Night,  
 He in the Air to suffocate the Light,  
 Does from his open'd Stores of Darknes let  
 A gloomy Deluge out of liquid Jet.  
 He wipes the Colours off from Nature's Face,  
 And lays on Night's deep Shadows in their place.  
 Now the wild Beasts by Hunger bit awake,  
 And from their drowsy Eyes their Slumber shake.  
 From out their Dens the Spoilers yawning come,  
 The Forests Range, and o'er the Mountains roam.  
 Young rav'ning Lyons from the Woods retreat,  
 Roar out to Heav'n, and beg from God their Meat.  
 They on his Providential Care rely,  
 Who does his Creatures various Wants supply.  
 But when with his reviving Morning Ray  
 The rising Sun regenerates the Day,  
 They to their Dens retire with Toil oppress'd,  
 Stretch out their weary Limbs, and take their rest.

But Man goes forth to labour in the Morn,  
When the tir'd Lyon does from his return.

God's Works of Pow'r our Wonder, and his Praise  
Thro' all the World his Works of Goodness raise.  
To form the Sea he drew his Compass round;  
And with the mark it left describ'd the ground:  
Then dug th' unfathom'd Hollow, which the Main  
And all the Floods and Rivers might contain.  
So populous these watry Regions are,  
That Nations numberless inhabit there.  
Mute Nations that are here supply'd with Food,  
Whose Finny Wings divide the crystal Flood.  
Here 'tis the Ships along the yielding Tide,  
Before the Wind upon their Bellys glide.  
The Whale, the Sovereign that the Sea controlls,  
Here takes his Pleasure, and in Pastime rolls.  
He plays, and tumbles in his Watry Court,  
And troubles all the Ocean with his Sport.  
He makes his Spouts for his Diversion play,  
And tofs against the Clouds th' uplifted Sea.  
Projected Billows from his Nostrils rise,  
And mix the Ocean with th' astonish'd Skys.  
This mighty Monster who does Monarch reign,  
And all the Nations that possess the Main;  
All creeping Creatures, Herds and harmless Flocks,  
All Beasts that range the Woods, or hide in Rocks,  
All Passengers that beat th' Etherial Road  
With feather'd Wings, wait for their Meat from God.

But

At his expence they eat, by various ways  
He for his numerous Family purveys,  
His open'd Hand dispences fresh supplies,  
That more than all his Creatures Wants suffice.

To substitute Successors in the place  
Of those that perish, and to save the Race  
And Kind of every living Creature, God  
Does his prolific Spirit send abroad;  
Which thro' the Earth does quick'ning Pow'r diffuse,  
And Heat, which fresh Productions there produce.  
Since on the Earth th' Almighty does dispence  
Th' unnumber'd Blessings of his Providence,  
And with his Favours has all Nature crown'd,  
Let all the World with Songs of Joy resound.  
Let Men for ever bless his glorious Name,  
Recite his Wonders, and his Praise proclaim.  
If stupid Man this Tribute should neglect,  
His God th' ungrateful Wretch can soon correct.  
If on the Earth he does in Anger look,  
It trembles at the terrible Rebuke.  
It from its strong Foundations starts for fear,  
And twisting Gripes its working Entrails tear.  
The Mountains shiver, and their Heads incline  
At the reproof of Majesty Divine.  
The Hills forget they're fixt, and in their fright  
Of all their weight they strip themselves for flight.  
The Rocks from off their Marble Pillars break,  
And which they us'd to give, a Refuge seek.

The Woods with Terror wing'd outstrip the Wind,  
And leave the heavy, panting Hills behind.  
All Nature troubled and in deep distress,  
Of God's Displeasure does her Fear express.

But I, whatever others do, will sing  
The due Applauses of th' Eternal King.  
With pleasure I'll contemplate, all my days  
His wondrous Works, and wondrous Goodness praise.  
And let obdurate Sinners, who refuse  
To give him Glory, and his Gifts abuse,  
Be from the Earth, as they deserve, destroy'd,  
While, thou my Soul, art in his Praise employ'd.

---

**T H E**

T H E  
CIVth PSALM  
PARAPHRAS'D.

WHen God a thousand Miracles had wrought,  
The fav'rite Tribes Deliv'rance to promote,  
And marching on in Triumph at their head,  
Their Host to promis'd *Canaan* led ;  
Then, *Jacob*, was thy rescu'd Race,  
Distinguish'd by peculiar marks of Grace.  
Their Happiness and Honour to advance,  
He chose them for his own Inheritance.

With whom alone their gracious God  
Would make his Residence, and blest abode.  
They were from Heav'n instructed to adore  
Their God, and with Celestial Light,  
*Canaan* was blest, as *Goshen* was before,  
While all their Neighbours lay involv'd in Night.  
God the Foundations of their Empire laid,  
The Model of their Constitution made :  
He on their Throne, their King in Person sate,  
And rul'd with equal Laws the Sacred State.

For this blest purpose *Jacob's* Seed  
Was from *Egyptian* Bondage freed,

When

When God to do this wondrous work was pleas'd,  
 Great Consternation Nature seiz'd.  
 The restif Floods refus'd to flow,  
 Panting with Fear the Winds could find no Breath to blow.  
 Th' astonish'd Sea did motionless become,  
 Horror its Waters did benumb.  
 The briny Waves that reer'd themselves to see  
 Th' Almighty's Judgments, and his Majesty,  
 With Terror crystaliz'd began to halt,  
 Then Pillars grew, and Rocks of Salt.

*Jordan* as soon as this great Deed it saw,  
 Struck with a reverential Aw  
 Started, and with Precipitation fled,  
 In haft the thronging Waves ran backward to their Head.

Vaft Hills were mov'd from out their place,  
 Terror the Mountains did constrain  
 To lift themselves from off their Base,  
 And on their rocky Roots to dance about the Plain.  
 The little Hills astonish'd at the Sight,  
 Flew to the Mother Mountains in a fright,  
 And did about them skip, as Lambs  
 Run to, and bleat around their trembling Dams.  
 What ail'd thee, O thou troubled Sea,  
 That thou with all thy watry Troops didst flee?  
 What ail'd thee, *Jordan*? tell the cause  
 That made thy Flood break Nature's Laws:



Thy Courſe thou didſt not only ſtop,  
And roll thy liquid Volumes up,  
But didſt ev'n backward flow, to hide,  
Within thy Fountain's Head thy refluent Tyde.

What did the lofty Mountains ail ?  
What Pangs of Fear did all the Hills affail  
That they their Station could not keep,  
But fear'd with danger run, like tim'rous ſcatter'd Sheep ?

But why do I demand a Cauſe  
Of your Amazement, which deſerves Applauſe ?  
Yours was a juſt becoming Fear,  
For when th' Almighty does appear,  
Not only you, but the whole Earth ſhould quake,  
And out of Rev'rence ſhould its place forſake.  
For he is Nature's Sov'raign Lord,  
Who by his great commanding Word,  
Can make the Floods to ſolid Cryſtal grow,  
Or melt the Rocks, and make their Marble flow.

# THE OLIVET PSLAM

Thy Court thou didst not only fill

And roll thy liquid Volcanos up

But didst thy eyes, as downward flow, to hide

With the Fontaine Had thy fountain

What did the forty Mountains all

What Rings of Earth did all the Hills assail

That they their Station could not keep

But fear'd with danger run, like tim'rous scatter'd sheep

For why do I demand a Cause

Of your Amendment, which deserves Applause

Yours was a just becoming Fear

For when th' Almighty does appear

Not only you, but the whole Earth should quake

And out of Rev'ence should its place forsake

For he is Nature's Sovereign Lord

Who by his great commanding Word

Can make the Floods to solid Crystal grow

Or melt the Rocks and make their Marble flow

T H E  
CXLVIII PSALM  
P A R A P H R A S D.

**Y**E bright, Immortal Colonys,  
 That People all the Regions of the Skys,  
 That in your blisful Seats above  
 Inhabit Glory, dwell in Light and Love :  
 Ye mighty Gen'als, who command  
 Th' Almighty's Host, ye Ministers that stand  
 In his blest Presence to receive  
 What Orders he is pleas'd to give :  
 Ye Guards and Household Servants who resort  
 To pay attendance at his Court :  
 Ye Saints and Seraphs who astonish'd see  
 His Greatness, and essential Majesty :  
 Tune your Celestial Harps, and sing  
 The Triumphs of th' Eternal King.  
 All ye his Heav'nly Hosts applaud  
 In long continu'd Shouts your wonder-working God.

Ye Sun and Moon and Stars, that grace the Night,  
 Praise him the unexhausted Spring of Light,  
 Whence your dependent Influence streams,  
 Whence you derive your delegated Beams.

Exalt his Name, and spread his Praise  
As far as you diffuse your Rays.  
Let all the glorious Worlds above agree  
In this Celestial Harmony :  
And let the dancing, ecchoing Sphears around  
Reverberate the Joy, and propagate the sound.

Ye thin transparent Regions of the Air,  
And all ye flying Nations there  
With one melodious Voice th' Eternals Praise declare.

Let Tempests with their stormy Noise,  
And Thunder with its roaring Voice,  
God's own Artillery, proclaim  
Thro' all the lift'ning World th' Eternal's Fame.  
From ev'ry Quarter all ye Winds arise,  
On whose swift Wings th' Almighty flies,  
When he his Progress makes into th' inferiour Skys.  
Blow all your Blasts, and all your Breath employ  
In loud Applauses, and in Songs of Joy.

Ye Vapours that by God's Command arise,  
To fill Heav'n's Magazines with fresh Supplys,  
And for the Meteors new Materials bring,  
As you ascend to Heav'n, th' Eternal's Praises sing.  
Ye Clouds that by pursuing Winds are driv'n,  
Pour with your Rain your Praises forth,  
Let these ascend, as high as Heav'n,  
As that descends to bless the Earth.

Praise

Praise the Divine Artificer,  
Ye Lightnings, which his Hands prepare,  
And all ye curious Fireworks of the Air.  
Praise him ye other Meteors of the Sky,  
Ye Hailstones, Mists and Woolly Snow,  
The Manufactures which he works on high,  
For Nature's Service here below.

Let Nature's mighty Sov'raign Lord,  
Be by the Deep, and all the Floods ador'd.  
In Confort let the Billows roar,  
And make his Praise rebound from Shore to Shore.

Let the scaly People dance  
Before 'em let their Lords, the mighty Whales advance:  
And high amidst the Air on this great Day  
Let all the Waterworks from their vast Nostrils play.

And while the Deep, the Air and Sky,  
Vocal become th' Almighty's Name to raise,  
Let not the Earth stand silent by,  
But joyn to celebrate his Praise.  
Ye Dragons, Wolves, and all ye salvage Kind  
On echoing Hills in Confort joyn'd,  
To him your Adoration pay,  
Whose Bounty in the Desert finds you Prey.  
Do you your Gratitude exprefs,  
And make his Praises ring thro' all the Wilderness.  
Ye Pines and Cedars tune your selves to play  
Th' Almighty's Praises on this solemn Day.

And sing ye Mountains, Hills, and Floods,  
To th' Instrumental Music of the Woods.

Ye Kings, the King of Kings adore,  
And at his Feet your borrow'd Scepters lay,  
Applaud the Spring of all Imperial Pow'r,  
You're here but Subjects, and should Homage pay.  
Let Songs of Praise the Gratitude attest  
Of Aged Men, long by his Favours blest.  
Let rapt'rous Zeal Young Men and Maids inflame,  
To celebrate their Maker's Fame,  
Let lisping Infants at his Praises aim.  
Let all th' Eternal's Works conspire  
To execute this blest design,  
To praise him let them all combine,  
And make the World one Universal Quire.

---

T H E  
Song of M O S E S  
P A R A P H R A S ' D.

D E U T. Chap. 32.

**A**ttend, O Heav'ns, and you Emphyreal Sphears  
 Did you possess as many list'ning Ears,  
 As Starry Eyes, all, as you roll along,  
 Should be employ'd to hear my following Song.  
 To my important words a while attend,  
 And back my Notes in tuneful Ecchoes send.  
 Peace, ye tumultuous Waters of the Deep,  
 A while ye yelling Monsters silence keep,  
 And let the Billows roll, and rock themselves asleep. }  
 Be still, ye Earthquakes, in the Caves beneath,  
 Ye Winds be hush'd, and stop your stormy Breath.  
 Thunders, your bellowing, deaf'ning Noise forbear,  
 Tempests be gone, and leave in Peace the Air;  
 That so the quiet Earth, and Air, and Sea, }  
 Without disturbance may attention pay,  
 Whilst I th' Almighty's wondrous Deeds display.

And let not my Divine Discourse be vain,  
 Let it distill as Dew, and drop as Rain,

That

That in their grassy Garments cloaths the Hills,  
 And with rich Fruits the smiling Vally fills.  
 Whilst I to all the World aloud proclaim  
 His Majesty, his great and awful Name,  
 Whilst I his Triumphs sing, ye Tribes, do you  
 To God ascribe the Pow'r and Glory due.

God is a Rock unchang'd by Ages past,  
 And by the future shall unshaken last.  
 Perfect are all his Works, and all his Ways ;  
 From Truth's Eternal Rule he never strays.  
 Upright and Equal all his Acts appear,  
 He's just, when kind, and gracious, when severe.  
 Therefore, ye Sons of *Jacob*, be it known  
 On your own heads you've pull'd Destruction down.  
 Your black Offences have incens'd your God,  
 And forc'd his hand to take his vengeful Rod.  
 Say not that yours, the Faults of Children are,  
 Which a kind Father is induc'd to spare :  
 Your Crimson Spots, your foul and loathsome stains  
 Tell the rank Poison that infects your Veins.  
 Your unexampled Contumacy shows  
 You are not Children, but invet'rate Foes.  
 Th' Almighty's Gbodness do you thus despise,  
 Ah foolish Generation and unwise !  
 Your Great Deliverer do you thus requite ?  
 His Pow'r and Mercy thus perversly slight ?  
 You by a vast expence of Wonders bought,  
 He from your Bondage back from *Egypt* brought.

He



He then advanc'd you to Imperial Sway,  
 And made the Pagan Kings your Laws obey.  
 From all Mankind he chose you for his own,  
 And did your Sons with Pow'r and Plenty crown.  
 Consult our antient Fathers, to the source  
 Of our recorded Story have recourse :  
 You'll find when God did with a lib'ral hand  
 Among the Nations give the parted Land,  
 He *Canaan's* happy Region did divide,  
 Where *Jacob's* Offspring should at last reside.  
 He from the Pagan did his People bound,  
 And for himself fenc'd this Inclosure round,  
 And blest with his Abode the sacred Ground.  
 To Wealth and Pow'r he *Israel* did advance,  
 And with his Gifts enrich'd his own Inheritance.

To seek out *Jacob* he the Defart past,  
 And found him in a lonesome yelling Wast,  
 With pain and want, and servile Chains oppress'd,  
 A Prey to every fierce *Egyptian* Beast.  
 God with Compassion mov'd to such distress,  
 Led the lost Stranger thro' the Wilderness.  
 He shielded him with his resistless Might,  
 And to direct him to proceed aright,  
 He on his Mind diffus'd his Heav'nly Light.  
 He did his Wants and Pleasures too supply,  
 And kept him as the Apple of his Eye.  
 See as an Eagle o'er her young ones flies,  
 Spreads out her Wings, and flutters in the Skys.

How

How from their Nest she does her Offspring bear,  
 Their Courage to provoke, and make 'em dare  
 To try their Wings, and trust themselves in Air:  
 So did th' Almighty *Jacob's* Sons excite,  
 From *Egypt's* Prisons to attempt their flight:  
 Which he assisted with a Father's Care,  
 And did their way thro' parting Waves prepare.  
 He thro' the pathless Desert was their guide,  
 And when the Tribes for *Egypt's* Onions cry'd,  
 He in the Wilderness his Table spread,  
 And in his Airy Ovens bak'd the Bread,  
 With which th' ungrateful Murmurers were fed.

Then marching onward with a mighty hand,  
 He led them to possess a fertile Land.  
 There they the vanquish'd Heathen Lords pursu'd,  
 Reduc'd their Towns, and their strong Forts subdu'd,  
 That they the fruitful Region might enjoy,  
 And with delights their ravish'd Senses cloy.  
 A Soil which Nature's choicest Favours crown,  
 With Floods of Milk and Hony overflown:  
 Hony, that runs in yellow, fragrant Seas,  
 From out the holes of Rocks and hollow Trees.  
 Bath'd in their Oyl their chearful Faces shone,  
 And with the Grape's rich blood they warm'd their own.  
 And yet the Tribes by gracious Heav'n carest,  
 Rever'd abroad, at home with Plenty blest,  
 Grew fat and vicious, like a pamper'd Beast.  
 They all the Bounds of grateful Duty broke,  
 Spurn'd at their Lord, and kick'd against his Yoke.

w. H.

Strange

Strange Gods inveigled their perfidious Heart  
The Worship of th' Almighty to desert ;  
Tho' he had unexampled Kindness shown,  
And had espous'd their Int'rests, as his own.  
Then in his Breast fierce Jealousy began,  
The Rage of God, as well as 'tis of Man.

They impious Adoration prostrate pay,  
And Sacrifices in their Temples flay  
To foul Infernal Fiends, that there abide,  
And in the Mock-Divinitys reside.  
The Fools, the Gods they serve, themselves creates  
All upstart Deitys of modern Date:  
Gods the productions of fantastic Fear,  
Not Gods above, but manufactur'd here;

But their Celestial Father they forgot,  
Who their unthankful Tribes from Egypt brought.  
Who as a Rock did them in danger hide,  
Remove their Fears, and for their Wants provide.  
Who gave them Riches with a bounteous Hand,  
Rais'd them to Honour, and to wide Command.  
Such their Perverseness and Offences were,  
That God his People, once his tender Care,  
In his fierce Indignation did disclaim,  
And threw his Children off, his Children but in Name.  
Henceforth, he said, I will conceal my Face,  
And hide my self from this unfaithful Race.  
Then they, and all the Nations round shall see  
The sad Event of their Apostacy.

From my Protection and my Favour cast,  
 Which they have long abus'd, they shall at last,  
 The dreadful fruits of their Rebellions taste.

}

Since the perverse and stubborn Tribes agree,  
 To fire my Soul with Rage and Jealousy,  
 Imaginary Gods while they adore,  
 And to their Fictions give Almighty Pow'r ;  
 In like designs against them I'll engage,  
 And will their Sons with Jealousy enrage.  
 The Time will come when I'll no more confine  
 My Favours and Regard to *Jacob's* Line,  
 To grieve their Sons, my Blessing I'll dispence  
 Among a salvage People void of Sense.  
 I'll, like my Sun, spread my inlightning Grace  
 On every Nation sprung from *Adam's* Race.

On thee, O *Jacob*, I thy angry God,  
 Vast heaps of heavy Mischief will unload.  
 For kindled by my Wrath a Fire shall burn  
 The Forrests down, and Hills to Cinders turn.  
 It thro' the Bowels of the Earth shall spread,  
 And scorch the cold Apartments of the Dead.  
 All Nature's Frame shall my fierce Anger feel,  
 And surfeited with Wrath, the drunken Earth shall reel.  
 I all my Stores and Arsenals will drain,  
 To pour Destruction down, and deadly Pain.  
 I'll from my Quiver all my Arrows send,  
 And *Israel* to destroy will all my Vengeance spend.

Some

Some shall by ling'ring Famine waisted ly,  
And shall not, till 'tis late, have leave to dy.  
Their Air shall be infected, and the Breath  
That fed their Life, shall now give certain Death.  
Fevers in livid, poisonous Steams convey'd,  
And burning Plagues their Dwellings shall invade,  
If any shou'd these foremost Plagues outlive,  
I'll to the Forrest Beasts Commissions give,  
And to the Serpents that in Caves abide,  
Or in the Dust their speckled Terrors hide,  
Th' Apostate Sons of *Jacob* to devour,  
That flight my Favours, and defy my Pow'r.  
If these Domestic Mischiefs can't destroy  
This stubborn Nation, I'll the Sword employ.  
I'll bring in sure Destruction from afar,  
And all the Terrors of resistless War.  
Their Innocence in vain the Virgins plead,  
Young Men their Youth, the Old their Hoary Head.  
Pierc'd with the Sword the sucking Infant cries,  
And in th' expiring Mother's Bosom dys.  
I from the Earth would these Apostates drive,  
And leave no Soul of *Jacob's* Line alive;  
Did not I fear the Heathen would blaspheme,  
Reproach my Condu't, and my Wrath condemn.  
That they would vaunt, and say their mighty hand  
*Israel* subdu'd, and chas'd him from his Land.

For *Jacob's* void of Sense, and does reject  
Th' Advice by which he should his ways direct.

O that these unconfidering Tribes were wise !  
 O that they knew wherein their Int'rest lyes !  
 That they to wholefome Counfels would attend,  
 Think on their Ways, and on their later End !  
 That they would thus reflect, God's vengeful Blow  
 Is fure and fatal, be it ne'er fo flow.  
 The Debt of Vengeance does by his delay  
 Augment the Sum, which he at laft will pay.

How fhould a Man a Thoufand chafe, and two  
 Ten Thoufand flying Enemy's purfue,  
 Had not their God in Wrath withdrawn his Aid  
 And their high Fences flat and open laid ;  
 Had he not fhut them up in Holes and Caves,  
 Or fold 'em to th'infulting Foe for Slaves ?  
 For, let our Foes be Judges, they'll declare  
 That to our God, their own inferiour are.  
 This by th' Suff'rings which they undergo,  
 Their conquer'd Towns and routed Armys know.  
 Had he been pleas'd among us to abide,  
 Conqueft had ftill attended *Israel's* fide.  
 'Tis from our felves alone our Suff'rings fpring,  
 For Sin at laft will fure Deftruction bring.

¶

I planted *Jacob* as a noble Vine,  
 Expecting thence a rich and gen'rous Wine,  
 But 'tis degenerate, and a fouler Juice  
 The Vines in *Sodom's* Fields did ne'er produce.  
 No bafier Stock did in *Gomorrab* grow ;  
 Wormwood and Gall from its preft Clusters flow.

No

No ranker Poison wild *Arabia* yields  
 Than this, that grows in *Palestina's* Fields:  
 Their Wine outdoes the Venom Asps afford,  
 Or that, with which the Serpent's Teeth are stor'd:  
 But tho' I suffer long they grossly err,  
 That thence shall their Impunity infer.  
 Their Wickedness exactly I record,  
 Their Crimes are safely with my Treasure stor'd,  
 Next to the Caves where I my Vengeance hoard.  
 To me belongs to punish and reward,  
 The Debt is ne'er forgotten, tho' deferr'd.  
 Vengeance digests, and strengthens as it lies,  
 And will at last to full Perfection rise.  
 Sin and Destruction still together go,  
 Vengeance is ripe, whenever Sin is so.  
 The black and dismal Day approaches near,  
 When Justice in its Terrors will appear.  
 A Day of greater Sorrow and Distress  
 Than Fear can apprehend, or Words express:  
 Then suffering *Israel* will in Anguish say,  
 I did not pardon, tho' I did delay.

Yet God at last will from his Wrath depart,  
 Plead for his People, and their Cause assert.  
 His tender Nature will at last relent,  
 And if his People do, he'll soon repent.  
 Commiseration will possess his Breast,  
 When he shall see his *Israel* sore oppress.  
 When he shall find the Plagues that he employ'd,  
 Has almost *Jacob's* guilty Race destroy'd.

He'll

He'll thus the stupid Criminals upbraid,  
 Where are the Gods to whom you bow'd and pray'd?  
 Now for Protection to your Idols flee,  
 The Gods you chose, when you rejected me,  
 You did your Adoration to them pay;  
 Your Sacrifices at their Altars flay,  
 And rich Oblations there profusely lay.  
 To these Abominations, *Israel*, cry,  
 In thy distress their Power and Goodness try.  
 With loud repeated Pray'rs thy Gods invoke,  
 To bring thee Aid and break thy heavy Yoke.  
 Now by your sad experience learn and see,  
 That I the Lord, ev'n I alone am he,  
 That can subdue your Foes and set your Captives free.  
 I at my Pleasure Kill and make alive,  
 I wound and heal, I health and sickness give.  
 Where is the Arm that can my Pow'r withstand,  
 And tear a Pris'ner from my griping Hand?  
 I lift my hand, most solemnly I swear,  
 And, as I live for ever, I declare  
 That when I once begin to take the Field,  
 To whet my glitt'ring Sword, and raise my Shield,  
 When I my deadly Instruments prepare,  
 And arm my self to undertake the War;  
 My Fury shall my Enemys devour,  
 And on their Land I'll Storms of Vengeance pour.  
 I'll give my hungry Sword their Flesh for Food,  
 And make my thirsty Arrows drunk with Blood.

.Their



Their Voices let the Gentile World employ,  
And joyn with *Jacob's* Sons in Songs of Joy :  
For on their Foes God will avenge the blood  
Of those who stedfast in his Service stood.  
To *Israel* he his Mercy will extend,  
And Heav'nly Light and Truth amidst their Dwellings send.

---

T H F



A  
P A R A P H R A S E  
On part of the  
xivth Cha. of Ifaiah.

Beginning at the 4<sup>th</sup>, and ending at the 24<sup>th</sup> Verſe.

**T**HE Nations round amaz'd and overjoy'd,  
 Shall crowd to ſee proud *Babylon* deſtroy'd.  
 They'll ſpread their Hands to Heav'n, and ſay,  
 O bleſt, O long expected Day!  
 How from his Throne is the great Tyrant caſt,  
 The Ravager that all our Towns defac't,  
 Ruin'd Mankind, and laid all Nature waſt!  
 How is th' Imperial, Purple Plague that reign'd,  
 And rag'd ſo long at laſt refrain'd?  
 Where are the Guards who us'd to wait  
 Before th' Oppreſſor's Palace Gate?  
 Where are the awful Enſigns of his State?  
 Where is the fawning flatt'ring Throng,  
 That to his Court did once belong?  
 Who did the Monſter as a God adore,  
 And bleſs the rav'ning Jaws that did Mankind devour.

The haughty City which the World controul'd,  
 Magnificent with Cedar, and with Gold,

K k

Which

Which tow'ring stood amidst the Skys,  
 See where her Head in heaps of Rubbish lys.  
 Is this the City will Spectators say,  
 That all the World her Empire did survey?  
 That made the Nations tremble with her Frowns,  
 And gave to Kings their Tributary Crowns?  
 How great a Change! good Heav'ns, how soon  
 Is all her Pride and Glory gone!  
 God by a great illustrious Stroke  
 Of Justice, has her Monarch's Scepter broke,  
 And freed the groaning Nations from his Yoke.  
 He has destroy'd the Tow'rs of *Babylon*,  
 And rent the Pillars that upheld her Throne.  
 He has her cruel Pow'r withstood,  
 And on her Head aveng'd the Nation's Blood.  
 She that the Faces of the Poor did grind,  
 That ne'er to Mercy was inclin'd,  
 Shall no Compassion from the Conq'rour find.  
 The People by her Yoke oppress'd,  
 By Heav'n deliver'd from their Bondage rest.  
 Kingdoms enslav'd their Liberty regain,  
 And Captives from their Feet shake off the servile Chain.  
 Loud Triumphs, universal Joy,  
 And Songs of Praise shall all the Earth employ.  
  
 The Pines and Fir-trees on the Hills rejoyce,  
 And with a grateful Voice  
 The Cedars that in stately Order grow  
 On *Lebanon's* high Airy Brow,

Cry,

Cry, we of this Deliv'rance too partake,  
 Let us as well as Men our thankful Off'ring make.  
 We Liberty, as well as they, enjoy ;  
 No more shall *Babylon* employ,  
 Her Ravagers our quiet to annoy.  
 Our Spoils shall yield no more supply  
 To the proud City's Luxury.  
 No more the Feller shall our Forest wound,  
 No more the Axe shall thro' the Hills resound,  
 Nor shall our mangl'd Limbs o'erspread th' encumber'd ground

The Grave shall for th' *Affyrian* Monarch's sake  
 Disturb the Peaceful Dead, and make  
 Her droufy Lodgers rife,  
 Shake from their Feet their Chains, and Slumber from their  
 Princes and Kings who underground [ Eyes  
 Only with Worms and Dust are crown'd,  
 She from their Beds of Darkn'ess shall release,  
 The only Thrones they now possess :  
 To meet *Affyria's* Tyrant on his way,  
 The Grave this Royal Embassy shall send ;  
 And, as instructed, they shall say,  
 O King, does thus thy Pomp and Empire end ?  
 Feeble as we art thou become ?  
 Must we conduct thee to a narrow Tomb,  
 For whom the World before had scarce sufficient room ?  
 Art thou whose Scepter had so vast a sway,  
 Whose Will ev'n Kings themselves did once obey,  
 Stript of thy Pow'r and Majesty,  
 Art thou as Naked, Poor and Weak as we ?

Could not thy Conq'ring Armys save  
 Their mighty Monarch from the Grave?  
 Must thou too in a dark and dusty Bed  
 Lay thy Imperial awful Head,  
 And be with Worms instead of Scarlet spread?  
 And must the Ear  
 That us'd to hear  
 The Viol's, or the Harp's melodious Noise,  
 Or the Flatterer's softer Voice,  
 Be now with us the Dead entomb'd,  
 To everlasting Silence doom'd?

How art thou fal'n from Heav'n, O *Lucifer*,  
 Son of the Morn,  
 How does thy Glory disappear,  
 Which once thy Temples did adorn?  
 Grown mad with Pride, by Flatt'ry fed,  
 Thou in thy Heart has oft blaspheming said,  
 I into Heav'n, will, as a God, arise,  
 And shine above the Stars amidst the Skys.  
 Worship Divine will me befit,  
 I base Mortality disown,  
 And therefore will on *Zion* fix my Throne,  
 And there to be ador'd in Majesty will fit.  
 Above the Clouds of Heav'n will I ascend,  
 And my Dominion o'er the World extend.  
 My Greatness Men shall like to God's adore,  
 And uncontroul'd, like his, shall be my Sov'raign Pow'r.

Yet,

Yet, Tyrant, thou shalt sink as low as Hell,  
And of thy State divested dwell  
In the gloomy Shades beneath,  
In the dusty Courts of Death.  
Where thy Arrival will the Dead amaze,  
On thee the pale Inhabitants will gaze,  
And cry, is this the late pretended God  
That govern'd Millions with his Nod,  
And on the Necks of Captive Princes trod?  
Is this th' Immortal Man that never cloy'd  
With Blood and Rapine all the Earth destroy'd?  
That Princes of their Thrones did dispossess  
Did wasted Nations with his Yoke oppress,  
And made the empty World a howling Wilderness?  
Who Tow'rs demolish'd, goodly Buildings burn'd  
And Cities into Rubbish turn'd;  
Who never gave his People rest,  
Nor once his Pris'ners from their Chains releas't.

When other Sov'raign Princes die,  
They lie in pompous Sepulchres, prepar'd  
To Lodge their Royal Family,  
And as they liv'd they are in State inter'd.  
But none thy Body in the Tomb shall lay,  
They'll cast it as a rotten Branch away.  
No Funeral Honours shall thy Herse adorn,  
But as the bloody Raiment of the Slain  
Whom the next Pit or Quarries entertain,

Thy

Thy more polluted Carcass shall with scorn  
Be trodden under foot, and into pieces torn.

Thou shalt not from thy Palace be convey'd  
As other Monarchs use to be,  
Nor in a stately Tomb be laid  
With costly Rites and sad Solemnity.

Because thy Salvage Hand  
Has slain thy People and destroy'd thy Land.  
God shall all Marks and Monuments efface  
Of this ungodly, cruel Race.

His Hand that rais'd them up shall pull 'em down,  
And strip them of their Glory and Renown.  
Resistless Ruin he will on 'em send,  
Their House and Empire shall together end.

Let it ye *Medes* and *Persians* be you Care  
Destruction for their Children to prepare.  
No tenderness to Age or Sex express,  
But on the Sons avenge the Father's Wickedness.

That this curst House may never more  
Regain their Splendor and their former Pow'r.

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, *O Babilon*,  
Thou 'rt fully ripe for Ruin grown:  
In Storms of Vengeance I'll against thee rise  
Which shall thy careless Sons surprise.  
Thy lofty Tow'rs I'll level lay,  
And sweep thy vile Inhabitants away.

Thee



Thee like to *Sodom* I will make,  
And turn thee to a mighty Lake.  
The lonesome Bittern shall possess  
This Fenny Seat, this Reedy Wilderness.  
The Waves shall thro' thy Cedar Chambers rowl,  
And on thy Shore shall Water-Monsters howl.  
The Palaces where cruel Kings did reign,  
In time to come shall entertain  
The mute Oppressors of the Main.  
So *Babylon* shall always be  
The Seat of Blood and Tyranny.  
A scaly Garrison shall dwell  
In every Fort and Cittadel.  
The swift Affaffins of the Flood shall sport  
Within thy Monarch's weedy Court;  
Thither shall Fish of every Kind resort.  
There thy Luxurious Sons they shall devour,  
And feed on those, who fed on them before.

no gift to my dear countrymen  
thy share shall be no more how  
land where things did lie  
time to come shall entertain  
re the Oppressor of the poor  
And how always be  
of blood and tears  
Gaily Gaily Gaily  
every young child  
with Arms of the blood shed  
within thy Mother's womb  
of the blood of the kind

T H E

# xxxivth Cha. of Ifaiah.

## P A R A P H R A S ' D.

**Y**E various Nations who disperse  
 Your Dwellings thro' the spacious Universe,  
 Inhabitants of every distant Soil,  
 Of every Continent and every Isle,  
     At Heav'n's dread Summons all appear ;  
 Let all the World collected throng to hear  
 Things that will melt their trembling Hearts with fear.

Against the Nations God's fierce Anger burns,  
 Against them he his pointed Vengeance turns.  
 He brings his oldest Stores of Fury forth,  
 Hidden Reserves of Rage, and high fermented Wrath.  
 He will the swiftest Kinds of Death employ  
     The Heathen Nations to destroy ;  
     Who mixing Arms advance from far  
     Against our Land Confed'rate War.  
 Their Bodies shall unburied lie, a Feast  
     To every rav'ning Forrest Beast.  
 Vultures and all the Rovers of the Air,  
 To the red Fields of Slaughter shall repair ;  
 Where they great Chiefs and Potentates shall eat,  
 And royal Banquets shall their Hunger treat.

From heaps of putrifying Dead,  
Amidst the Skies  
A noisome Scent shall rise,  
And thro' the tainted Air Malignant Vapours spread.

Down from the Hills on which their Armys stood  
Torrents shall run of reeking Blood,  
And rocky Fragments roll along th' impetuous Flood.  
The Plains shall lie, and all the Vales around  
Beneath the Purple Inundation drown'd.

Nature shall groan, and during this attack  
Her universal Frame shall with Convulsions shake.  
The Sun and Moon amaz'd to see  
Nature's convulsive Agony  
Shall spring, and start from out their Spears ;  
And all the glitt'ring Host of Stars  
Seiz'd with no less affright,  
Shall fly away from Mortals sight,  
And in the Bosom hide of antient Night.  
The vast Expansion drawn around the World,  
Shall like a useless Sail be furl'd.  
All the blew Volumes of the Sky shall roll  
Themselves together, as a Parchment Scrole.  
Celestial Orbs that round us shine  
Falling from Heav'n the World shall see  
As Leaves in *Autumn* from the Vine,  
Or Figgs when ripe, fall from the shaken Tree.

Th' Almighty's Sword, so 'tis in Heav'n decreed,  
Shall bath it self in Blood, and on Destruction feed.

The radiant Spoiler down the Sky  
Shall like projected Lightning fly.

On *Edom's* Fields he'll make his swift descent

To execute his dire Intent.

The reeking Ravager will march in haſt

To ſlay the Men, and lay the Country waſt.

Where e'er his Courſe the Conq'rour bends,  
Ruin in all its frightful Forms attends.

Death and Deſtruction keep an equal pace,  
And Deſolation ſhews her ghastly, waſtful Face.

The glitt'ring Glutton ſhall be gorg'd with Food  
Made fat with Spoil and drunk with Blood.

Not with the Blood of Goats and Lambs,

Nor fatted with the Fleſh of Rams,

But with the Blood of *Iſrael's* Foes,

And with their Fleſh who *Iſrael's* God oppoſe.

Princes and Lords with theſe combin'd

Againſt us, in Deſtruction too are joyn'd.

Princes and Lords who arm'd with Pow'r

The People, as their Prey devour :

Who lawleſs ſway like Unicorns poſſeſs,

Or the wild Bulls that range the Wilderneſs:

God has a mighty Sacrifice in hand

In *Bozrah*, and at his command

Vaſt ſlaughter will be made in *Edom's* Land.

## A Slaughter and a Sacrifice

Where harmleſs Beaſts are ſav'd, and Man th' Offender dies.

So great a Slaughter ſhall be made,  
That all the Land ſhall under Blood be laid.  
The Carcaſſes of *Idumeans* ſlain  
Shall cover every Hill and Plain.  
For this is that tremendous Day  
Which God appoints, wherein to pay  
The mighty Sums of Fury in arrear,  
And his vaſt Debt of Vengeance clear;  
His long contracted Debt of Vengeance due  
To Nations, that his People's fall purſue.

Their Floods to lazy Streams of Pitch ſhall turn,  
And kindled Brimſtone ſhall their Cities burn.  
The Clouds ſhall ſpouts of Flame on *Edom* pour,  
Such as *Gomorrhah* did devour ;  
Whence everlaſting Smoke ſhall riſe,  
As from a burning Mount amidſt the Skies.  
No People more ſhall e'er poſſeſs  
This ruin'd Land, this burning Wilderneſs.  
No Trav'ler ever more ſhall paſs  
Thro' this accurs'd, inhospitable Place.  
Ne'er ſhall be ſeen the footſteps of a Man,  
But the hoarſe Bittern, and the Pelican,  
The Owl and Raven ſhall inhabit there  
With all th' illboding Monſters of the Air.

God to accompliſh his deſign,  
O'er *Edom* ſhall extend his meaſuring Line :

Shall

Shall draw his Compass round about,  
And for Destruction mark the People out.

No Idumean Prince or Lord

Shall scape the Conq'ring Sword.

Thistles and thorny Trees

Shall flourish in their Princes Palaces.

Nettles shall spring around their Monarch's Throne;

Their Forts with Brambles shall be overgrown;

And mossy Turf shall cover every Stone.

Their gilded Roofs shall lodge the Bat and Owl,

And in their lofty Rooms of State

Where cringing Sycophants did wait,

Dragons shall hiss, and hungry Wolves shall howl.

In Courts before by mighty Lords posset,

The Serpent shall erect his speckled Crest,

Or fold his circling Spires to rest.

The long-neck'd Gyant of the feather'd Kind

The Ostrich, there a sandy Nest shall find.

Leopards and all the rav'ning Brotherhoods

That range the Plains, or lurk in Woods,

Each other shall invite to come

And make this wilder Place their home.

Fierce Beasts of every frightful shape and size,

Shall fete here their bloody Colonys.

Satyrs shall to their Fellows cry, advance,

Let us to Edom's Land make haf,

'Tis a filent, lonesome Waf,

There let us dwell, there let us sport and dance.

The

The Screech-Owl thither shall direct her flight,  
With all the Hooping Horrors of the Night :  
    There they shall build their Nests and breed ;  
    Their Eggs they'll unmolested lay,  
    There o'er their Young their Wings display  
And there the gaping Callow Monsters feed.  
The Vultures there and all the Eagle Kind  
    Shall rendezvous o'erjoy'd to find  
A perfect desolation to their Mind.

---

**T H E**



T H E  
xlth Chap. of Ifaiah.  
P A R A P H R A S ' D.

Y<sup>E</sup> Prophets who divine Credentials bear  
 Distinguish'd by your Sacred Character,  
 Envoys and Agents, who by my Command  
     Reside in *Palestina's* Land;  
     To whom Commission I have giv'n  
 To manage there the Interests of Heav'n;  
     Ye holy Heralds who proclaim  
 Or War or Peace in mine your Master's Name,  
     Let my desponding People know,  
 That I their God will mitigate their Woe,  
     Tell them Compassion melts my Heart  
     That I of punishing Repent,  
     And that their bleeding Wounds and Smart  
 Which my own hand inflicted, I Lament:  
     Comfort *Jerusalem*, and cry  
 The time of her Deliverance is nigh.  
     Say her Offences I'll forget,  
     Nor more my scourging Strokes repeat.  
 Her Suffrings and her Servitude shall cease,  
 And from Oppression I'll her Sons release.  
 Th' Allarims of War she shall no longer hear,  
     No more *Affyrian* Armys fear.

She

She shall enjoy uninterrupted Ease,  
Gather'd beneath the downy Wings of Peace.

The Sufferings she has undergone  
Abundantly my Wrath for all her Sins atoned.

Hark! What a loud Majestic sound  
What awful Accents from the Hills rebound!  
Listen with Rev'rence, Hark! the noise  
Grows more distinct; 'tis the commanding Voice  
Of one that in the Desert cries,  
Let all the Nations round arise:  
Ye Pioneers of Heav'n prepare a Road  
Thro' the pathless Wilderness,  
Make it plain and strait and broad,  
And let your Shouts your Joy express.  
Th' obstructing Groves and Forrests level lay,  
And for th' Almighty make a way;  
For he in Person will his People head  
And out from *Babylon* his rescu'd Captives lead.  
He will from Heav'n descend to free  
The Nations from Infernal Slavery.  
He'll bring them out by Miracles of Might  
From Pagan Darkness to Celestial Light.

Sink every Mountain, every Hill,  
And with their Ruins every vally fill.  
Smooth every rugged, rocky place,  
And every narrow Defile enlarge,  
For God this way in Triumph means to pass,  
As he from *Babylon* conducts his Charge.

Make

Make an open, easy way,  
 Where God his Glory may display;  
 For the Divine Deliverer  
 Will on his March in Majesty appear.  
 His high Perfections he'll reveal, and shew  
 Th' astonish'd World what Wonders he can do.  
 That he'll effect this mighty Work, the Lord  
 Has giv'n his never-failing Word.

Th' Almighty bid his Prophet say,  
 All Men are subject to decay,  
 And wither, like the Grass, away.  
 To every Storm or Blast they yield,  
 And fade, like Flowers, that paint the Field;  
 But the Almighty's Word shall stand secure,  
 And like himself for ever shall endure.

O Zion! whose impending, airy Brow  
 Surveys the Hills, as well as Vales below.  
 The joyful Tydings thou hast got, impart  
 To raise my People's drooping Heart.  
 Lift up thy Voice and let the Ecchoing sound  
 From Wood to Wood, from Hill to Hill rebound,  
 And ring thro' all the Vales and all the Towns around.

Cry with a loud and fearless Voice,  
 Let all thy Cities, *Palestine*, rejoyce.  
 Your sinking Heads ye Towns of *Judah* rear  
 Behold your God your great Deliverer  
 In Person to your Aid advances near.

See where th' Almighty Conq'rour takes the Field ;  
 In his strong Hand what Terrors does he wield?  
 How dreadful are his Steps? how bright his Sword and Shield?

See how the Forrests at his Prefence bow  
     How silently the Rivers flow,  
 How do the Plains, thro' which he marches, smoke!  
     How do the troubled Mountains rock !  
 He needs the Aid of no Confed'rate Pow'r,  
 His fingle Arms will Victory ensue.  
 He brings to crown the Just a bright Reward,  
 And for the Wicked Vengeance has prepar'd.

He as a faithful Shepherd, will attend  
 His Flock with tender Care, and condescend  
 To carry in his Arms the Feeble Lambs,  
     And gently lead the pregnant Dams.  
 His People in his Word may rest secure,  
 For Boundless, as his Mercy, is his Pow'r.

In the wide hollow of his Hand may sleep  
 All the collected Waters of the Deep :  
 Let all the Rivers too be thither roll'd,  
 The vast Abyfs will yet more Seas and Rivers hold.  
 His Span across the widest Heav'ns can stretch,  
 And the vast Void beyond 'em over-reach.  
 The Rocks and Hills he in a Ballance lays  
 And high amid't the Air th' uplifted Mountains weighs.  
 This Globe when held in his Capacious Hand,  
 Seems a small Atome, or a fingle Sand.

When

When God the Draughts of Heav'n and Earth design'd,  
And form'd the noble Platform in his Mind,  
Did any skilful Architect  
Help him his wondrous Model to correct?  
When he the World's Foundations laid  
And rais'd the lofty Pillars with his Hand,  
To give him or Advice or Aid  
Did any Wife Surveyor by him stand?  
Did he from any, Counsel need  
How in Creation to proceed?  
When by a thousand Wonders wrought  
His vast Design was to perfection brought,  
What Councillour of State did him instruct  
The World his Creature to conduct?  
Who taught him how the Universe to sway,  
And form the Maxims of his Government,  
To settle Nature in a stedy Way,  
And all destructive Uproar to prevent?  
How, where ten thousand Creatures disagree,  
To make their Motions end in perfect Harmony?  
How with unerring Methods to pursue  
The glorious Ends he had at first in view?

God does the Nations of the World regard  
As a small drop with the vast Deep compar'd;  
Or Dust that in the Ballance gives no Weight  
To press the Scale and change its equal State.  
God by their rocky Roots takes up the Hills,  
And from their Oazy Beds the Isles.

He hurls them from their former Seat,  
As things of neither Bulk, nor Weight.

*O Lebanon* whose spacious Head  
Is with aspiring Cedars spread,  
With Wood sufficient is thy Forrest stor'd,  
Or can it Beasts enough afford  
For a Burnt offering for all Nature's Lord?  
Against him should the Nations rise  
He would neglect their weak alarms,  
This wretched Host of Worms he would despise,  
And laugh at empty Vanity in Arms.

If God the Spring of Life and Pow'r  
By whose supplies his various Worlds endure,  
Held back his Streams, Mankind would soon expire,  
Dissolve, and into nothing strait retire.

Since his Perfections so transcendent are,  
What Image can his Being represent?  
What can you with Almighty Strength compare?  
What Figure of Infinity invent?  
The senseless Heathens to the Artist run  
Who deals in Deities of Wood and Stone;  
The Fools bespeak an Antick lacker'd God  
To Guard their Persons, and Abode.

The melted Metal in the Furnace flows  
Then in the Mould the stiff'ning Idol glows:  
And when their God grows Hard and Cold,  
The Workman makes him fine, and daubs him o'er with Gold.

The

The Crowd their gaudy Deity admire  
Th' effect of Art, the Creature of the Fire.  
Then leaft their Feeble God should fall  
With Silver Chains they fix him to the Wall.  
A likely Guardian this, to fave  
The Men, that his Protection crave.

The Man that's grown fo Indigent and Poor  
He can't an Off'ring for his God procure,  
To Idols he's fo much inclin'd,  
Will ways to get Materials find,  
And to engage the chiefeft Artift's Care  
A Graven Image to prepare.  
Tho' after all his Coft and Pains  
The worthlefs Piece fixt in his Place remains.  
It can't advance a Step, or move a Hand  
In his Defence that does his help demand.

Ye Pagan Realms that cover'd lie  
With the thick Darknefs of Idolatry,  
How can a Truth to all reveal'd,  
As clear as Day, be ftill from you conceal'd?  
That is, that God's the only God, to whom  
You fhould with humble Adoration come.

The Starry Heav'ns which he has made,  
The Earth whose deep Foundations he has laid,  
His Being and his Majefty declare,  
And fhew how boundlefs his Perfections are:

*Above*

Above the Circle of the Earth, on high  
 He sits enthron'd amidst th' Imperial Sky ;  
     Whence when he casts his Eyes around,  
     And views the Earth hung low in Air,  
 As little Insects creeping on the Ground,  
     Contemptible Mankind appear.  
 The Heav'nly Sphears as Curtains he expands,  
     With Orbs of Light Magnificent,  
 His fine transparent Ether with his Hands,  
     He spreads to form his Royal Tent.  
     He at his Pleasure can destroy  
 The Kings that greatest Pow'r and Wealth enjoy.  
     He can their royal Heads uncrown  
 And from their Thrones can cast them headlong down.  
     Deep Root they shall not take nor spread  
     Amidst the Clouds their shady Head.  
 Blasted, and with th' Almighty's Breath oppress'd,  
 As with a furious Tempest from the East,  
     Their ruin'd Branches shall decay,  
     And fade, like with'ring Plants, away.

Where then, says God, can Men my Equal see?  
     What Object can resemble me?  
 Lift up, O Man, on high thy wond'ring Eyes,  
 Regard the Palace of the Holy One,  
 View the bright Constellations of the Skies  
 Where he has fixt his Adamantine Throne.  
 Did not th' Eternal from th' Abyfs of Night  
 Call forth those Heav'ns, and all those Orbs of Light?



Do they not run their Courses and dispenſe  
At his Command their Light and Influence ?  
He their great Gen'ral Day by Day  
Draws out his glitt'ring Armys in Array.  
In conſtant Muſters on th' Etherial Plains  
The Squadrons he reviews, and all their Poſts ordains.  
As Maſter of his Starry Family,  
He calls his ſhining Servants out by Name,  
Gives them their Tasks to which they all agree,  
Whereby his Pow'r and Greatneſs they proclaim.

Why doſt thou ſay, O *Jacob*, I complain,  
And make to God my moan in Vain.  
He to my Sorrow no Compaſſion ſhows,  
Neglects my Tears, and diſregards my Woes.  
The proud Oppreſſors cruel Yoke  
Does not his vengeful Wrath provoke.  
I am no more th' Almighty's Care,  
Elſe he would hear my mournful Pray'r,  
And not deſert me in my deep Deſpair.  
He'll be no more my Advocate,  
My Cauſe to manage in debate.  
He will no more my Injuries redreſs,  
No more condemn my Foes, who me oppreſs.  
He's pleas'd ſo long his People to diſown,  
That now our Caſe is deſp'rate grown.  
Now, if he would, he can't aſſiſtance give,  
We're ruin'd, and undone, paſt all retrieve.

O, dost thou not unthoughtful *Jacob*, know  
Who made the Heav'ns above and Earth below?

Did not thy God, th' Eternal Lord  
Create them with his great commanding Word?  
He rules the World he made, with equal Laws,  
Will such a God desert his Peoples Cause?  
Will he that all things wisely does direct,  
His People's Interests neglect,  
Will he their Suff'rings slight, and earnest Pray'rs reject?

He grows not faint, nor does his Vigour wast  
With Age, or with his Labour past.  
His undeclining Strength feels no decay,  
Still can he punish those who disobey.  
He can as strong an arm as e'er extend  
To crush his Foes, his People to defend.  
Nor dos he with a less attentive Ear  
The Crys of guiltless Suff'ers hear:  
But then the Seasons of Deliv'rance rest  
As Secrets in th' Almighty's Breast.  
The Depths of Providence are fathomless,  
Nor will its Heights admit access,  
And therefore in his Pleasure Man must Acquiesce.  
He to his People still Deliv'rance sends  
When it promotes their Good, and serves his glorious Ends.  
His Counsels, which so far exceed our reach,  
Sould Patience and Submission teach.

He

He gives supplies of Pow'r to those that want,  
Strengthens the Feeble and revives the Faint.  
The Youngest Men in whose distended Veins,  
And brawny Nerves Athletic Vigor reigns,  
    If they on God should not rely,  
    Would quickly languish, sink and die.  
But those who humbly on his Strength depend,  
    Their stock of Vigor ne'er shall spend.  
He'll reinforce them with recruits of Pow'r,  
    And their decaying Strength restore.  
They shall on Wings like Eagles mount on high  
And with like force and swiftness cut the Sky.  
They shall or Walk or Run, still forward press,  
    And ne'er complain of Weariness.  
    God daily shall their Strength encrease,  
That they their Burdens may sustain with Ease,  
Till he shall chuse his time his Captives to release.

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 Strengthens the Feeble and revives the Faint.  
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 And brawny Nerves Athletic Vigor reigns,  
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 And their decaying Strength restore.  
 They shall on Wings like Eagles mount on high,  
 And with like force and swiftness cut the Sky.  
 They shall of Walk or Run, still forward press,  
 And ne'er complain of Weariness.  
 God daily shall their Strength encrease,  
 That they their Burdens may sustain with Ease,  
 Till he shall change his time his Captives to release.

## Part of the LII

And the whole

# LIII Chap. of Ifaiah,

## P A R A P H R A S ' D.

**M**Y Servant shall acquire divine Renown,  
And regal Honours shall his Temples crown.

Kings at his Feet their Diadems shall lay,  
And all the willing World his Empire shall obey.

His Godlike Government and righteous Laws  
From Men and Angels shall receive applause.

He shall his own and Subjects Rights maintain,  
Protect his Friends, Oppressors rage restrain,  
And everlasting Peace shall bless his glorious Reign. }

As Men at his Affliction were amaz'd

And on his wondrous Woe with Horror gaz'd,  
( Whose Face was so deform'd, his Flesh so worn  
With all the Toyl and Torments he had born,  
No Eye e'er saw, no Tongue can e'er express  
Such perfect Grief such infinite distress. )

So shall he be exalted and his height,  
Shall bear proportion to his humble state.

His Heav'nly Doctrines on the Nations round  
Shall fall as dropping Rain upon the Ground.

Attentive Monarchs with a greedy Ear  
 Shall all his wise Divine Instructions hear.  
 They'll with profound Humility receive  
 The Oracles and Counsels he shall give.  
 No more their impious Tongues shall him condemn,  
 No more Religion or its God blaspheme.  
 His Godlike Wisdom they shall all adore,  
 And joyful Tydings hear they never heard before.  
 Tydings that new and wondrous Things assert,  
 That God the Nations will at length convert  
 And of his Kingdom make the Heathen World a part.

CH. LIII. When the *Messiah* by his Love inclin'd  
 And tender Mercy mov'd to lost Mankind,  
 From his Immortal Throne on high descends  
 To compass all his great and glorious Ends,  
 Who in the blest Redeemer will believe?  
 Who'll the Divine Commissioner receive,  
 Or to his Heav'nly Message Credit give?  
 He'll not advance in Pomp and regal State,  
 No shouting Crowds shall on his Chariot wait.  
 No Harbengers or Heralds shall proclaim  
 His coming down, and spread abroad his Fame.  
 He shall no Guards, no long Retinue take  
 Like earthly Kings that Publick Entrys make.  
 He'll not as Lords and mighty Conq'rours do,  
 Vast Armys head the Nations to subdue,  
 And found an Empire for th' ambitious Jew.

Mean

Mean and obscure shall be my Servants Birth,  
As that of Plants in dry and barren Earth.  
Expecting some great Gen'ral should arise  
The Jews his Poor Extraction shall despise.  
They will his Sacred Person too condemn,  
And the great Pow'r and Word of God blaspheme.  
As his Condition and his Birth are low,  
Mean and despis'd, his Person too is so.  
They'll in his Face no Air of Greatness see,  
Nor in his Mien the marks of Majesty.  
He'll by uncommon Beauty ne'er be known  
Distinguish'd by Calamity alone.  
His Presence will not cause or Love, or Aw,  
But great Contempt from all Spectators draw.  
Hence Men will my Commissioner neglect,  
And all his gracious Overtures reject.  
His Life shall be but one continu'd Chain  
Of Labour, Sorrow, and consuming Pain.  
He dayly shall converse with Grief and Woe,  
And with Affliction shall familiar grow.  
Unmeasured Sufferings, exquisite Distress,  
And pondrous Trouble shall his Soul oppress.  
These sad Companions shall around him stay,  
Consume his Flesh and on his Vitals prey.

Th' obdurate Jews my Servant will defame,  
And of his low Estate express their Shame.  
The guiltless, just and wondrous Man shall bear  
Such heavy Grief and Torments so severe

Th'

Th' Almighty's high displeasure to atone  
 For other Mens Transgressions, not his own.  
 He shall the whole Collected Guilt assume  
 Of lost Mankind, and suffer in their room ;  
 Yet will the spiteful Jew blaspheme, and say  
 That God did all this Vengeance on him lay  
 To punish his enormous Crimes, who ne'er  
 Was known from Virtue's strictest Rule to err.  
 No, our Offences all his Pains procure,  
 For our Transgressions he'll his Wounds endure.  
 By his most free and merciful Consent  
 He'll undergo the mighty Punishment  
 Due to the Sins of Men, and so remove  
 Th' Almighty's Wrath, and make our Peace above.  
 He on his Guiltless self our Guilt shall take,  
 And by his Suff'rings full attonement make.  
 By his sharp Stripes he'll Ease to us procure,  
 And by his Death Eternal Life ensure.

Since *Adam* fell, all his degenerate Kind  
 The Heav'nly Paths of Virtue have declin'd:  
 Fond of their own pernicious, sinful way  
 They're lost like straggling Sheep and gone astray.  
 All-gracious God has on his Servant laid  
 The Sins of all, for all have disobey'd.  
 All the black Streams of Guilt do hither flow  
 As all the Rivers to the Ocean go.  
 He that so vast a load would not decline,  
 Must sure be conscious of a Strength Divine.

Justice.



Justice incens'd did Punishment demand,  
 Exacting Payment at th' offenders Hand:  
 And since we could not pay so great a Sum,  
 The blest *Messiah* Surety did become.  
 He did himself the mighty Debt discharge  
 Due to offended Heav'n and Mankind enlarge.  
 When God's Right-Hand with Vengeance arm'd, design'd  
 To execute his Wrath on Humane Kind,  
 He interposing, on his Guiltless Head  
 Receiv'd the Blow; and suffer'd in our Stead.  
 For as the harmless Sheep beneath the Shears  
 Is Dumb, and all his Suff'rings meekly bears,  
 Does ev'n without Resistance, Noise or Strife  
 When to the Slaughter led, lay down his Life:  
 With like Submission does the Lamb of God,  
 Bear furious Persecution's Iron Rod.  
 In prosecution of his blest design  
 His Pains he'll undergo, his Life resign  
 Serene as Heav'n, and mild as Love Divine.

'Tis true, at last he shall surmount his Woes,  
 Break all the Pow'rs, that his high Aims oppose,  
 And Triumph o'er the Malice of his Foes.  
 He'll from the Iron Prisons of the Dead,  
 And from the Dust raise his Victorious Head.  
 He shall with brighter Glory to the Skys  
 After a red and bloody Setting rise.  
 The Conq'rour shall ascend in Royal State,  
 And Death it self in Chains shall on him wait.

When thus Exalted he shall live to see  
 A numberless believing Progeny.  
 Of his Adopted Sons the Godlike Race  
 Exceed the Stars that Heav'n's high Arches grace.  
 A willing Victim he resign'd his Breath  
 In all the Tortures of a ling'ring Death.  
 To suffer as a Criminal convey'd.  
 The Grave his Bed he with the Wicked made.  
 Tho' so much Pain and Shame he underwent,  
 Yet was he Righteous, Pure and Innocent.  
 He all his Ignominious Torments bore,  
 Man to his Maker's Favour to restore.  
 To raise laps'd *Adam's* Race from Death and Hell  
 To the most happy State from whence they fell.

Tho' he was just and spotless, yet his God  
 Was pleas'd to bruise and wound him with his Rod.  
 When that a Ransom may for Man be paid  
 He of his Life an Off'ring shall have made,  
 He from the Grave shall as a Conq'rour come,  
 And next his Father's Throne his former Seat resume.  
 Where he shall dwell secure from Death and Pain,  
 And endless, as his Life, shall be his Reign.  
 A numerous Seed a pure and Godlike Line  
 Breathing Repentance, and Belief Divine,  
 Quicken'd by his Prolific Death shall crown  
 His Suff'rings past, and him their Father own.  
 His work compleated he'll with great content  
 Review the Torments which he underwent.

He shall enjoy the Travel of his Soul ;  
 Pleas'd to have drank th' Almighty's wrathful Bowl.  
 The Glory of his Father he'll regard  
 And Man's Redemption as a full reward.  
 For by his Knowledge and Celestial Grace  
 He'll many save of *Adam's* sinful Race.  
 He of their Guilt shall the vast Burden bear,  
 Shall all their Debt by Sin contracted clear,  
 And at th' Almighty's Bar their Advocate appear.

Therefore th' Eternal said, above the Skys  
 My righteous Servant shall in Triumph rise.  
 He with the Mighty and the Great shall share  
 Renown, Applauses, and the Spoils of War.  
 Wide as the World shall be his regal Sway,  
 And subject Monarchs shall his Laws obey.  
 He all triumphant Conq'rours shall excel,  
 Rich with the spoils of Death, the Grave and Hell.  
 His Chariot-Wheels shall drag along the ground  
 Destruction ruin'd with a deadly Wound.  
 Captivity expos'd to publick scorn,  
 A fetter'd Slave his triumph shall adorn.  
 These Honours on my Servant I'll confer,  
 Because he chose the Pains of Death to bear,  
 From Man impending Vengeance to avert,  
 And of the ruin'd Race a chosen part  
 To save from Death and Hell, their due desert.



T H E

# III Ch. of Habakkuk.

## P A R A P H R A S I D.

**A**S God advanc'd from lofty *Teman's* Head,  
 And o'er the Plains of *Paran* came,  
 The Heav'ns around were with his glory spread,  
 And Wonders on the Earth his Prefence did proclaim.  
 He did the Marks of Majesty display,  
 And fearful Ensigns of Omnipotence,  
 Ten thousand Prodigys prepar'd his way,  
 Such Power th' Almighty did dispence.

Torrents of Glory dazling bright,  
 Too fierce and keen for Humane Sight  
 Broke from th' immense Abyfs of uncreated Light.  
 Ev'n from his Hands a bright Eruption came,  
 A pointed Efflux of Immortal Flame.  
 Transcendant Splendor did th' Almighty shroud,  
 No less than did the thick surrounding Cloud.  
 His Being thus lay hidden either way,  
 In too much Darknefs, or in too much Day.

Of thirfty, panting Plagues a fiery Train,  
 Pale Pestilence and yelling Pain,

His dreadful Equipage, before him ran,  
 And of his Terrors led the Van.  
 While Famine, Desolation and Despair,  
 Wringing their Hands and tearing off their Hair,  
 A formidable Troop, came howling in the Reer.

Th' Almighty on the Frontiers made a stand  
 To measure out the promis'd Land.  
 He did distinctly circumscribe  
 Th' Inheritance of every Tribe.  
 That done the Nations he afunder drove,  
 And march'd the Lords of *Canaan* to remove.

His swift-wing'd Whirlwinds onward flew,  
 And o'er the Hills his Chariot drew ;  
 Whose awful Wheels roll'd on in Clouds and Smoke,  
 Whence Flakes of Fire and flashing Lightnings broke.  
 Such Bolts were cast, such Thunder claps did roar,  
 As shook the Rocks which never shook before.  
 The shudd'ring Hills exprest their dread  
 And everlasting Mountains bow'd their aged Head.

When *Isr'el* march'd o'er dry *Arabia's* Sand,  
 By *Moses* led to *Canaan's* Land,  
 How were the States on either side  
 At their approach alarm'd and terrify'd ?  
 How did the Tents of *Cushan* shake ?  
 How did the Kings of *Midian* quake ?  
 How did they dread the Fame of *Isr'el's* God,  
 And his great Gen'ral's wonder-working Rod ?

That

That Rod which turn'd to Cryſtal Walls the Flood,  
Its Virtue ſtill retains;  
And in the trembling Heathens Veins  
Chills and congeals their Vital Streams of Blood.

Did e'er the Rivers God diſpleaſe?  
Or did his Anger riſe againſt the Seas,  
That he their Waters did divide,  
And roll'd them up on Heaps on either ſide,  
When he prepar'd his warlike Equipage  
His Chariots and his Horſe King *Pharoah* to engage?  
No, thoſe amazing Miracles were ſhown  
To make his kindneſs to his People known.

His Chariots and his Horſemen brought  
Salvation to the Tribes, for whom he fought.

He did his fatal Bow prepare,  
And all his dreadful Instruments of War,  
Which put the Pagan Lords to flight  
And from their Country chaſ'd the Cananite:  
Thus to his Promiſe God was true  
Which to the Tribes he did ſo oft renew.

As *Iſrael's* Hoſt advanc'd to *Canaan's* Land,  
Oppreſt with drought amidſt the Sand.  
Reſreſhing Streams were in the Deſart found,  
And bubbling Springs broke from the thirſty Ground.  
Inſtead of Fire th' Almighty ſtruck  
Freſh Water from the Flinty Rock.

When

When God in Triumph did appear,  
 The lofty Mountains shook for fear.  
*Jordan* held back his cleaving Flood  
 And high in Craggy Heaps the Crystal Waters stood.  
 Bare and defrauded of its Tyde,  
 The sandy Chanel lay from side to side ;  
 This Passage for the Tribes th' Almighty did provide :  
 Th' obsequious Deep did raise its roaring Voice  
 And split asunder with prodigious noise  
 It shew'd as if by lifting up the Hand  
 It's Readiness t' obey the high Command.

At God's command the restless Sun  
 That as a Gyant loves his Course to run,  
 Did in his full Career his Chariot stay  
 On Heav'ns Descent, and stopt the falling Day.  
 Progreffive Time was at a stand,  
 His drooping Wings unable to expand.  
 The Constellations, and th' astonish'd Moon,  
 Halted to gaze upon the standing Sun.  
 So long its ling'ring Orb its Light did lend  
 As *Joshuah's* Troops had Spears to spend ;  
 As long as they had Darts to cast away,  
 Or there remain'd a Foe to slay.

In Indignation God thro' *Canaan* past,  
 And with his terrible alarms  
 And Conq'ring Arms  
 He chas'd the Kings, and laid the Nations wast.

*Ifr'els*



*Ifr'els* Salvation to compleat  
He onward march'd the Heathen to defeat:  
To save his People and to crown  
Great *Jofua's* Arms with Triumph and Renown,  
To *Canaan's* Kings he gave a deadly Wound  
And did their Friends and Familys confound:  
He overthrew their Palaces  
Th' Imperial Seats of Pride and Wickedness:  
He broke the Pillars that sustain'd their weight,  
And raz'd the strong Foundations of their State.

God did by *Ifr'el's* Arms subdue  
Their Towns and all their Villages o'erthrew:  
Tho' at the first the Nations round arose  
And like a Tempest did our March oppose,  
They onward came with Shouts of Joy  
As sure the Tribes they should destroy:  
They did our Army so much flight  
They thought they came to Plunder, not to fight.  
O *Israel*, in despite of these alarms,  
In spite of all their Plots and Arms:  
Thou with thy Conq'ring Sword didst make thy way,  
From *Jordan's* Flood to the great Western Sea.

Thus for the Tribes th' Almighty did appear,  
Once to their God his People were so dear.

But now he threatens to employ  
*Affyrian* Arms his People to destroy.  
For this my Blood hangs curdled in my Veins,  
And strong Convulsions rend my tortur'd Reins

My

My Bones all rattle in their rocking Frame,  
And in my Heart Fear damps the Vital Flame.  
Horror my Spirits does possess,  
Nor can my quiv'ring Lips one perfect word express.  
I Tremble now, and Weep and Mourn,  
That when the sad amazing Turn  
Shall happen, and the gloomy Day  
Of Vengeance all its Terrors shall display ;  
Safe from the Tempest I may find,  
Peace in my House, and Comfort in my Mind.  
I'll to th' Almighty's Mercy fly  
And on his faithful Providence rely,  
When *Babylon's* insulting King  
Shall all his fierce and numerous Armys bring,  
Armys to Blood and Rapine bred,  
To pull down *Isr'el's* lofty Head,  
And dreadful Desolation o'er our City spread

And then tho' Famine should invade,  
Tho' Plants and Flow'rs and Fruits should fade;  
Tho' on the Vine no Clusters should appear,  
And tho' the Fig-tree should no Blossoms bear ;  
Tho' th' Olive yields not to the Dresser Oyl,  
And barren Fields defeat the Farmer's toyl ;  
Tho' the high Folds no bleating Flocks surround,  
And in the Stalls no lowing Heards are found ;  
Yet I'll rejoyce in God my sure defence,  
And in his Strength repose my Confidence.

Still

Still will I trust him still I will believe,  
That he will *Isr'el's* Captive State retrieve :  
That to our Country he'll our Sons restore,  
And rescue them from *Babylonish* Pow'r.

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**F I N I S.**